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OUR COVER

● Our cover girl is a one-year-old Australian silky terrier, and her name is Scamp. She belongs to Lisa Fox, seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fox, of Rose Bay, N.S.W. The picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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SEVENTH STATE—THE



● "Grand Old Man" of the New State Movement, Dr. P. A. Wright, Chancellor of the University of New England, Armidale.



● Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich Ellis. Mr. Ellis is campaign director, his wife has been for years an enthusiastic full-time voluntary worker.



● Captain Hugh Moreton Frewen, aged 83, ardent New State supporter, is a first cousin of the late Sir Winston Churchill.

ON April 29, the people of northern New South Wales will be given the chance to say whether they're content at being governed from Sydney, or whether they think it would be seventh heaven to become the seventh State.

It's a billion-dollar question, which will be answered when nearly half a million northerners go to the ballot boxes to say "yes" or "no" in the New State referendum.

Meanwhile, though things may seem pretty calm around Sydney Harbor or Botany Bay, a determined battle is being waged up north to break away from the rest of New South Wales.

The reasons are many and complex. Basically they add up to the fact that the New Staters believe the N.S.W. Government is sucking the life-blood of the rich northern areas to build a bigger and better Sydney, to the detriment of northern and Australian development.

The proposed new State, which takes in an area of 74,300 square miles, stretching from just south of Newcastle to the Queensland border, and west beyond Moree, contains 24 per cent of New South Wales and more than three-quarters of a million people.

"This area is God's own country," says 33-year-old Garry Nehl, chairman of the New State Referendum Council, one of the dynamos of the New State Movement.

"The trouble is that it's losing its people, produce, and potential to Sydney, which is already too big."

"Without self-government we have no future, because there can be no future without balanced development for the whole State."

"The present situation,

For northern New South Wales this could be "Year of Lion"

where vast development is being centred on areas sitting in the lap of Sydney, is much like somebody's house and garden, where the front garden gets fair treatment, the back garden is neglected, and the utmost care and attention is lavished on the pot-plants in the picture window."

Mr. Nehl, who is Administrative Assistant of the Department of University Extension at the New England University, Armidale, says that New Staters are not preaching a gospel of "we hate Sydney."

"We don't hate Sydney," he said emphatically. "But as New Staters we are concerned from the national viewpoint that Sydney has more people than South Australia, Western Australia,

Tasmania, and the Northern Territory together.

"We are concerned, too, that more than 70 per cent of the national population increase between 1961 and 1966 went to capital cities, and in the same period Sydney gained more people than have been settled in Newcastle since the dawn of settlement 200 years ago.

"Our critics say we're parochial, that we can't see beyond our own paddock and its needs, but this is not true. Our concern is not only with our own area but also with the future of our country.

"Australia has possibly the most spectacular potential for growth and development of any country in the world today. But we will not achieve that potential if we

go jamming every possible person into capital cities."

To people living outside the New State area, all this talk and work for secession may seem like momentary madness or the latest whim of a collection of cranks.

But to the people of northern New South Wales the New State idea is no seven-day wonder. There's been a separatist movement in the area since 1859, when Queensland was formed, and there was substantial support for secession to Queensland or for the formation of a new colony.

More recent and organised moves date back to the years just after Federation, and in 1915 the late Sir Earle Page, one-time Prime Minister, launched a New State Movement in Grafton.

In 1925 a Royal Commission reported against the New State, but further agitation led to the Nicholas Boundaries Commission in 1934. This commission reported that northern New South Wales was suitable for self-government, and recommended a referendum.

It has taken 33 years to get a State Government to agree to the referendum, and New Staters believe they have their "do or die" chance on April 29.

One of the big factors affecting the vote will not be political or economic arguments but social implications.

It is the factor which has made the average housewife or man-in-the-street aware of the New State cause — more so, perhaps, than all the

economic arguments or talk of decentralisation.

In the past ten years 48,000 people have migrated from northern New South Wales, not because they didn't like the area but because there are not enough opportunities for young people.

Young men and women follow their fortunes to Sydney, and the Mums and Dads, unhappy at seeing families separated, follow.

Garry Nehl says: "We hear a lot of talk about the tragedy of the 'brain drain' from Britain to America, etc., but it's nothing like the 'brain drain' from the country to the city."

"We need to be able to offer all the attractions and facilities modern families and young mods want for happy living today. Only then will we be able to arrest the population drift."

Mr. Nehl is on leave without pay from his university job for the three months he is fighting the New State cause.

"This loss of income means we will have to put off plans for building our home for another 12 months," said his attractive wife, Susan.

"It also means we'll have to go on living in a 120-year-old house, which is delightful but lacks every mod con. But we're not complaining. We think it worth while."

During the campaign, Mrs. Nehl is leading a life as busy as her husband's.

In addition to looking after their sons, Andrew, 9, and David, 7, manning the telephone when her husband is away on his marathon "barnstorming" campaign, visiting her mother (who is in hospital) and her father (just recovering from a car accident), she spends hours answering questions on the New State at an information centre in Armidale.

The "grand old man" of

BILLION-DOLLAR QUESTION

PUBLIC LIBRARY
12 APR 1967
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



● New England Movement flag (above), bearing a rampant lion, and (right) Mr. Garry Nehl, chairman of the New State Referendum Council, and his wife, Susan.

— Pictures by staff photographer Bill Payne



the New State Movement is Dr. P. A. Wright.

Dr. Wright, who is Chancellor of the New England University and President of the New England State Movement (the "modern" movement launched in 1948), says he has been associated with New State agitation for as long as he can remember.

"It's the only thing for Australia's future," he said. "The New State area is three times the size of Tasmania. It's bigger than England and Wales together, and several times the area of many independent countries such as Holland and Switzerland."

"You can't govern an area this size satisfactorily from Sydney."

"America has grown great through its system of many States, several of which are small. They've found them easy to manage."

"There's no valid argument against our New State proposal. The only real argument comes from people who think their own hip-pocket might be affected, people who are thinking of themselves first, their country and their heritage second."

Another stalwart in the New State Movement is the campaign director, Mr. Ulrich Ellis.

Mr. Ellis, who is also per-

manent Secretary of the New England New State Movement, has been "tied up" with active New State work since the late 1920s. In 1933, he wrote a book on the history of the movement in N.S.W.

"We believe a New State will enable tax money paid by northern people to be spent on northern development," said Mr. Ellis.

By
CYNTHIA ROBINSON

"The main question people seem to be asking is not why should we have a New State but things like: 'How can we buy the railways?' and 'How will we pay our way?'"

"Just as the existing States manage their own financial affairs, so will we. We will have the same powers and the same financial resources."

"In fact, the New State, on a per head basis, will be the wealthiest in the Commonwealth."

"Every man, woman, and child in the New State area produced \$1009 in 1964-65, while the Australian average was only \$832."

"With a New State, our revenue will be invested

where it is produced, for the benefit of the area and the nation."

"As for us going broke buying the railways, etc., we won't have to buy our own property. The railways belong to all N.S.W. citizens."

"If the partnership is dissolved for a New State, we will be entitled to take our share with us. As the story applies to railways, so it applies in all other fields."

Mr. Ellis waved his arm at the large New State map on the wall.

"I don't want you to think that we've declared war on the rest of New South Wales, or that we shouldn't care if we left it bankrupt."

"New South Wales minus the New State would still be the giant among Australian States."

Mrs. Ellis is just as enthusiastic as her husband.

The first woman member of the Commonwealth Censorship Board and an MBE, Mrs. Ellis has been working voluntarily full-time for several years in the Armidale office of the New England Movement.

One of the most fascinating personalities among the New Staters is 83-year-old Captain Hugh Moreton Frewen, of Bellingen, a first cousin of the late Sir Winston Churchill.

In a room at his home rich with volumes and pictures signed "To Hugh from Winston," Captain Frewen's eyes were bright as he said: "I was born a Londoner, but it's my dearest wish to die a New Englander."

Captain Frewen claims he could talk for hours without repeating himself on why he wants a new State.

"If you want it in a nutshell, however," he said, "just look at this money being spent on the Opera House in Sydney. And now there's talk of spending \$86 million on the Eastern Suburbs Railway, just to make Sydneysiders' travel-

ling a little faster and a bit more comfortable. And so the story goes on."

"I'm not opposed to the Opera House. I'm a great lover of the arts. I'm not opposed to better facilities for people living in Sydney."

"But think what we could build for Australia's future if we had the money that's earmarked for the Eastern Suburbs Railway to build roads and dams and things of worth in development in this part of the country."

Captain Frewen laughed. "You've got me on my pet subject. Once I get going, I'm pretty fiery, you know. That's one thing Winston

and I had in common. And you know where we got this determined streak? We're both one-sixteenth American Indian. We were both proud of that strain passed down by our mothers, the Jerome sisters of New York."

During the referendum campaign, it has been declared illegal to fly the New England lion flag, but many New Staters have defied this ban.

Maybe, in the years ahead, the flag will flutter over a new Parliament House.

Maybe. For this could be the Year of the Lion for nearly three-quarters of a million Australians.



SENIOR NURSING SISTER Rosemary Ware feeds Raymond, one of the charges of the Australian Inland Mission's hospital at Fitzroy Crossing, W.A. Raymond was left at the hospital when his mother entered a leprosarium. He was a favorite patient for Rosemary, who had worked at the AIM's base hospital of the Far North Children's Health Scheme, "Warrawee," near Adelaide, before going to the outback. She is now at the AIM hospital at Coen, North Queensland.

ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE NORTH

● The mission founded by Flynn of the Inland more than 50 years ago to care for the isolated people of the outback is providing a modern-day challenge for adventurous young women who want to play a part in the development of the rich but lightly populated north.



SISTER PAT McPHERSON takes her services to her patients, many of them Aborigines camped beside rivers. She covers cattle-station territory with her mobile clinic. This new medical service was planned by the Australian Inland Mission in consultation with the Western Australian Medical Department.

THE willingness of these young women to suffer the hardships of outback life in order to give service where it is most needed has enabled the Australian Inland Mission to extend its service greatly — it now covers about 2,000,000 square miles.

As nursing sisters, deaconesses, and hostel matrons, the women are staffing outpost hospitals or providing basic community services in the numerous tiny townships beside the new mining sites or other projects mushrooming in the north.

Eleven outpost hospitals are at present staffed and run by the AIM. Twelve other hospitals, founded by the mission, have been successfully transferred to community or Government control.

Other services organised by the AIM are homes for children and old people, schools and kindergartens, and their latest venture, planned with the co-operation of the Western Australian Medical Department, an itinerant nursing service.

Two highly trained nursing sisters, Pat McPherson and Grace Finlayson, have been given Land-Rovers



ABOVE: The Aborigines have composed corroboree chants about the sisters with "big fella needles." Here a patient at Fitzroy Crossing takes an injection given by Sister Ware.

LEFT: Melbourne-trained nurse Sue Perry preferred the challenge of nursing in the outback to city life, and quickly won the confidence and affection of patients at the far north Kununurra Hospital. This Aboriginal mother, from "Ivanhoe" cattle station, came to the hospital when her baby was due. Working in the outback, Sister Perry met and married a civil engineer, David Currie, of the Public Works Department.

equipped as small mobile clinics. With these they cover 75,000 square miles, taking their nursing service to people who are otherwise without medical aid.

To the people of the far north, they are known as "the Land-Rover sisters." Typifying the spirit of these girls is a recent adventure related by Pat.

"On a Monday morning I was called to Cherrabun Station to give some help. They had had a lot of rain, the radio was faulty and the airstrip unusable. I left my Land-Rover at Chestnut Bore and crossed Christmas Creek in the station vehicle. I completed my work at Cherrabun and prepared to be on my way — but the rain had set in and I was stranded.

"On Tuesday we set off through the mud and water to try Christmas Creek again. I was even prepared to swim, but to no avail. We dejectedly sloshed back to the homestead.

"Next morning we made an attempt to get through the back country on a bore run. We went well for three hours, then met desert country and were bogged five times.

"I thought we would never stop digging and scraping and jacking, and I estimate I knocked over, broke up, and carted 20 anthills to pack the 'excavations.' We had to turn back.

"Finally we trudged back to the flooded creek and the water was low enough for me to be roped across. I went by foot back to Chestnut Bore and the Land-Rover — and then home."

The base for Pat and Grace is the hospital at Fitzroy Crossing in the West Kimberleys. Typical of the out-post hospitals of the AIM, it is staffed by three nursing sisters who last year cared for 505 in-patients, and gave treatments to 2129 out-patients.

There are daily consultations with a flying doctor based at Derby, who picks up any urgent cases.

The Rev. Fred McKay, who succeeded John Flynn 15 years ago as leader of the Australian Inland Mission, said the wonderful work done by these women was known to few people. "It is an up-to-date, co-operative effort by Government and mission to provide the best of benefits in the outback."

—BARBARA MARTYN



DEACONESS WILMA CLARKE, another of the many young women working with the AIM, is at Exmouth, a new town growing beside the American naval communications base in W.A. Here she has organised a much-needed day kindergarten in an improvised shed.

Heathermoor, how could you?
Such big bad bulky knits



HEATHERMOOR

What do you do about the big bad winter. If you're Heathermoor you love it. Make big bad bulky knits. Make them cleverly, cunningly, swingingly, fully fashion them so they'll keep their pretty shapes. Big bad winter, we love you.

"I'm having a ball," said Ray Milland

RAY MILLAND, one of Hollywood's most successful actors, winner of the coveted Best Actor Academy Award, star of at least 150 movies, director of many more, and now a successful stage actor, has never been in love with acting.

"I was not cursed — or blessed — with that terrific dedication of some actors who cannot wait to get to the theatre," he said.

"I cannot wait to get out of it."

"I'm always frightened on stage."

"I have no fear at all when I am directing. I am a much better actor when I am directing than when I am acting."

Milland, in Sydney to star in "Hostile Witness" at the Tivoli Theatre, directed the hour staff photographer Don Cameron and I spent with him, and made it a smash hit.

An unfortunate picture was published of Ray Milland taken the night before, when he'd arrived in Sydney after a long flight from Honolulu (he'd gone there for sun and swimming and it rained all the time).

He was pictured with his hat on. He looked tired, rather jowly, and old, without a trace of glamor.

He wouldn't take his hat off because his hair was "all in his suitcase."

The old newspaper cuttings I'd read had gone on at length about him and Marlene Dietrich in that famous old movie "Golden Earrings." He'd played a British flyer and she was a gipsy with golden earrings, match.

I thought maybe that would put him in a mood of rare old nostalgia and he'd go on about the golden age of Hollywood.

He was staying at the Australia Hotel in the suite that was decorated for Dietrich.

When I met him in all the seductive glamor of low lights, low couches, all ivory, gold, and off-white, I thought I was meeting the brother of the man in the picture.

He is tall, 6ft. 2in., trim, narrow hiped. His skin is olive, eyes a sparkling blue, and his brown hair looks as thick as in the old movies.

I wrenched my eyes away from it and said my opening piece about how nice to meet him and how fitting in the Marlene Dietrich suite.

He looked puzzled, and asked, "Why? Someone else said that to me, too."

I told him about him and Marlene and those earrings. "Good God," he said, "I'd forgotten all about it. How did you know?"

I told him about reading the cuttings. Then, fascinated about the way Marlene had slipped his mind, I asked, "How about Constance Bennett in 'Bought'?"

That really floored him. He sank down on to the couch. ("These things are all too damn low," he said. "Grab a cushion"). "Good God," he said again. "I made that in 1931; 36 years ago."

We had a lovely time. He kept asking about the cuttings and reminiscing about the old movies.

The big milestone for him was "Three Smart Girls," with Deanna Durbin.

"That was 1934," he said. "I couldn't act at all, not at all. I was giving riding lessons at an academy at Pasadena and got a call to go to Universal Studios and see Joe Pasternak."

"He took one look at me and said, 'You are ideal.'"

Before we left the old movies, I asked him which of his leading ladies he had liked working with best — Ginger Rogers, Maureen O'Hara, Merle Oberon, Anna Neagle, Jane Wyman . . .

He remembered his favorite all right—Claudette Colbert.

"Claudette Colbert was always immaculate, with a wonderful sense of humor. She was kind, very con-

siderate, always knew her lines, was always ready to rehearse at length, very professional—an all-round wonderful person."

By this time Don Cameron had the camera out.

He and Don got technical over the camera. He was so absorbed that I got the chance to have an uninhibited stare at his hair.

You could never tell it is a hair piece. I wasn't sure. So I asked did he really arrive with his hair in the suitcase.

He laughed and his left eyebrow quirked up at one end as it does in the old movies on TV, and he said, "Well, no, not really."

"My hair is thin and I wear what is known as an auxiliary hair piece."

"One of my troubles," he said, "is that everyone remembers me from the movies, and I have to try to look as like that as I can."

By
NAN MUSGROVE

"I went thin in the hair practically overnight making 'Reap the Wild Wind.'"

"I had to have my hair marcel waved with hot irons every day, and it used to come out in handfuls."

Don Cameron told him he should have sued, but he said he couldn't because he'd "marcelled for gain."

Don Cameron is 26, the same age as Ray's son, Daniel, who is 6ft. 6in., blue eyed, and handsome. "But a roamer," Mr. Milland said.

Milland (real name Reginald Truscott-Jones, then Jack Milland, and finally Ray Milland) has been married for 35 years to the same wife, Mal, who arrives in Australia to join him as soon as the first night of "Hostile Witness" is over.

The Millands were divorced a year after their 1931 marriage, but the divorce was never finalised, and the marriage is doing that wonderful thing, living

ask her what she was doing for dinner that night and be surprised that she was cooking for her husband. 'For WHO?' he'd say.

"After we'd been married about a year, when life really is quite hard, I lost my temper over something her father said and stormed out of the house to England."

"As soon as I got there I knew what a mistake I'd made, but I had to work for quite a while to get the fare back."

"In the meantime, Mal had sued for divorce and got

"They think I'm terribly English," he said.

He looks it. He was wearing a shirt so white it should be used in an advertisement, slim-legged blue trousers, and a Savile Row blazer.

I have never seen a better bit of background than that blazer — a double-breasted blue serge, beautifully cut. The buttons are brass, his old regimental buttons, the Royal Household Cavalry, The Blues.

He has long, narrow English feet, wears fine black socks, and Italian shoes, and

can't bear her to suffer his theatre opening night.

"I find first nights an embarrassment," he said, "and I like her so much I wouldn't want it for her."

But having survived the New York first night of "Hostile Witness" he can live through anything.

"That night I started to wonder just exactly what is an illegitimate actor? One from Hollywood, apparently."

"You have no idea how snooty those New York actors are. They are legitimate actors, they say. They

● Academy Award actor Ray Milland, who is in Australia to star in the stageplay "Hostile Witness."



"Dietrich? I'd forgotten all about that!"

happily ever after, 36 years later.

"My wife's father loathed me," Milland said. "His first objection was that I was an Englishman, his second that I was an actor without talent, and Mal was his favorite daughter."

"We got married anyway, but he carried on his objections most childishly. He never knew my name, for instance, would ring Mal and

● With Marlene Dietrich, his gipsy of the 1940s film, "Golden Earrings." He'd forgotten it.

it, but it wasn't finalised, so we went on from there."

The Millands also have a very pretty blonde daughter, Victoria, called Vicky or Vic. She is a schoolteacher at a bilingual school in Paris and has just returned to take her Master's Degree at the University of California.

Milland is a naturalised American, but his English ancestry shows. His voice is accentless, but he'll be more British in "Hostile Witness," which is a British play.

He tries to cultivate an American accent to make life easy for his friends.

has long-fingered, well-manicured hands.

Milland loathes TV. "Working on TV is like writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin," he said, "a helluva lot of work and nothing to show for it."

"I just loathed 'Markham,' a TV series in which I was a detective. We used to make two a week, sometimes three, with two days allotted for each episode — that's quality for you!"

Milland is waiting for his wife to arrive before he looks round Australia much. He

obviously know they're very superior to Hollywood actors."

Milland could show them a bank balance in money and happiness that would be superior to most people's.

Incidentally, he has retired twice, in 1959 and 1962, but it didn't last long.

"I am having a ball," he said. "Anyone who retires is out of his mind."

"There is a helluva lot of the world to see and experience, and no one can live and work long enough to experience it all."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1967

SISTERS SHARE SUCCESS

● Sisters Kaye Foster and Caroline McKillop find that being models in the same family has advantages. With their almost identical measurements and their similar taste in fashion they are able to exchange modelling gear and swap clothes.

"WHO would have thought those two lanky sisters, with long faces, big, soulful eyes, and skinny legs encased in grey stockings beneath grey uniforms, would ever become successful models?"

Schoolfriends and the people who sat near the sisters in the local bus every day could be excused for saying just that when they see the girls now, staring at them out of newspapers and magazines.

Today, 23-year-old Kaye Foster and her sister Caroline McKillop, 20, find their long faces and wide eyes an inspiration for the camera lens, and their slender 5ft. 9in. frames ideal for wearing glamorous couture clothes.

Kaye and Caroline are Melbourne's only top-model sisters.

Photographers and heads of model agencies can remember only two other sisters who made the top grade in modelling. They were Kathy Patchell and Patti Perkins, who reigned 12 years ago.

Kaye entered modelling five years ago, but was out of circulation until last year because she broke a leg skiing, then went to London.

"I couldn't model there — I was too fat," she said. "I was really enormous after all the good living on the Continent."

She returned home a shapely 8½ stone, and found young sister Caroline in the teething stages of modelling.

Recalled Caroline: "I was getting two jobs a month and I thought it was marvelous."

Now she often works seven days a week, 12 hours a day, with an interstate trip thrown in.

"After leaving school I dallied around for a year working in a fashion house and doing a modelling course before really making up my mind to become a model," said Caroline.

"I think I was scared by all the beautiful girls. I felt I could never be like them — and I still feel that way when I walk into the agency and see the lovely models."

"Originally I had set my heart on doing a handcrafts course, but the Red Cross waiting list was too long.

Then the day I was supposed to start the course I said, 'No,' and joined a model agency instead."

When Kaye discovered her sister was earning \$100 a week as a mannequin and photographic model, she brought out her old model's carry-all bag, ordered a fringe wiglet, several pairs of colored shoes and stockings, and began the rounds of the advertising agencies and photographers with new portraits in hand.

She resented having to buy the extra gear today's models require. "When I started, a model needed only navy, bone, and black shoes," Kaye said. "Now we must have pink, blue, orange, and green shoes, as well as stockings to match. And any model worth her salt must have a headhunter's collection of hairpieces."

Sister Caroline had equipped herself with a full blonde wig and long and short wiglets, 20 pairs of shoes, and a dime-store collection of jewellery.

Kaye was delighted to have a sister who had a ready-made wardrobe.

If she needs gold shoes, she borrows Caroline's. Short of a wiglet? She wears Caroline's. A long, formal dress in a hurry? Caroline to the rescue.

Caroline doesn't mind — two can play at that game. Amicably they arrange swaps and loans.

Their XSSW measurements are almost identical. Caroline is 35-25-36, Kaye 34-24-36, and their feet are near enough in size to be able to fit comfortably into one another's shoes.

Their taste in clothes is as compatible as fish and chips. Neither girl is a swinging Mod or madly haute couture — they like feminine, uncluttered, pretty clothes, and their own interpretation of the latest looks.

They manage this easily, as both girls are devoted to dressmaking.

Unlike most models they don't take advantage of having the pick of manufacturers' ranges at cut prices.

"Once you've worn a dress for a week at parades, you're sick of it," said Caroline. "We seldom buy more than one garment a year."

But they do take ideas from the clothes they parade — a top from one, a skirt from another.

They make everything — even their beach bikinis and

fun jewellery, such as a bracelet made from the plastic lid of a hairspray can.

This quaint oddment Caroline concocted by peeling off the edge of the cap and covering it with material left over from navy-and-white Op-art silk culottes.

She showed her fashion initiative when she turned two ping-pong balls into dramatic, three-inch-long earrings for a cost of 25 cents.

She covered the ping-pong balls with pale blue water-

color paint; punctured the balls with a hot needle; covered them with opalescent blue sequins (using clear glue); threaded through a wire disguised beneath blue bugle beads; and attached the wire to ten-cent flat pearl earrings stuck with sequins.

Recently Caroline wrestled with 74 yards of quarter-inch satin ribbon, sewing it diagonally over an aqua organza cage evening dress. To add to the pretty confusion, she dotted 300 pearls over the ribbon.

BELOW: Kaye Foster, sitting, adds finishing touch to a silk gown made and worn by Caroline, who also made Kaye's slacks-suit.

KAYE, right, wearing a cream wool dress at a parade in Melbourne. Caroline was in the same parade in a look-alike gown.



Pictures by Brian Ferguson

AS TOP MODELS



ABOVE: Caroline, left, and Kaye had to coax their poodle, Murie, to share the limelight at the North Balwyn (Vic.) home of their father, Dr. W. J. McKillop.



CAROLINE, right, surrounded by some of the gear a model needs to survive. Different colored shoes, wigs, and wiglets have to be packed into a model's bag and carted around on her assignments.



CAROLINE, above, modelling a hot-pink evening gown in a Melbourne fashion parade. Previously she wore her hair long like Kaye's, but had it cut to avoid people confusing their identities.

KAYE, left, in a role she enjoys—hostess for a dinner party. She is wearing a gingham hostess skirt she made herself. A frill, edged with red rick-rack braid, is around the hem.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

● Molly Daley, Sydney research librarian, who supplies answers to questions from all over Australia and New Zealand.



Wonder-woman

MOLLY DALEY is a "wonder-woman."

Ask her any question from how to make wine, to politics in Vietnam, to sex education for children. If she can't answer right away, she guarantees to find the answer for you.

Every year Molly answers upwards of 10,000 questions on an incredible range of subjects for men, women, and children throughout Australia and New Zealand.

Molly runs the Library Research Department of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

In this capacity she is daily bombarded with questions from people in all walks of life.

Teachers, students, farmers, pet-lovers, amateur brewers and chefs, housewives and little children all come to her for help on thousands of complicated, curious, and sometimes amusing subjects.

One of Molly's most amusing queries came from the manager of a Queensland company.

It read: "Would you kindly send details of equipment and knowledge necessary to survive in a radiation-permeated atmosphere resulting from war?"

A postscript added, "Please expedite, there is not much time left."

A young girl wrote this gem: "At school we are doing a project in Egypt Pasted and Present and I was wondering if you could send me some information and pictures. I have encyclopaedias at home but they are too good to cut up."

Molly believes that the changing types of questions reflect public interest of the times.

For instance, the most frequent questions today are on Vietnam, its politics and history.

When decimal currency was introduced it set off a spate of questions on old Australian coins and their values.

Sex and sex education for children — mainly from harassed parents — are also other frequent topics.

Lately, Molly has received a number of inquiries on how to make beer.

"These are probably from New Australians who are accustomed to making their own wine in their home countries and have now got the taste for beer," she said.

"I just hope I'm not getting these bootleggers into trouble with the Excise people, though."

Molly DID land in trouble trying to find the answer to one question recently.

A Queensland CMF soldier wrote asking for information on army tactics.

Molly got in touch with Victoria Barracks, asking if there were any published reports or other printed matter on the subject.

She was finally referred to a very irate major who told her that this sort of information was classified.

A couple of days later two security officers visited her Sydney office wanting to know why she was interested in army tactics.

When she told them, they asked the name of the soldier so that he could be security "cleared."

"I got such a fright," said Molly.

"Now I try to avoid these military matters."

One of her most important jobs is to research questions to be put to the Quiz Kids in their broadcasting program.

Here, too, Molly has to watch her step to make absolutely sure that the answers are correct.

One question was, "Can a snake die from its own poison if it bites itself?"

"All the printed matter I could find said a snake was immune to its own poison," Molly said.

"But when I asked the people at the Zoo they said that it could happen."

"So I guess they will have to leave that question out."

THERE'S no doubt about the U-Ball committee—they're quite determined not to do only the usual things committees do. A few weeks ago they started their appeal for 10,000 books for a Book Fair next year, and on April 23 they're having a concert at the N.S.W. University in the Science Theatre—but it's a concert with a difference. To be called "The Best of Two Worlds," the concert will feature a jazz orchestra and a classical one. During the evening they'll play alternately, and, finally, will combine to play a piece written for the two orchestras. Incidentally, the whole concert will be recorded and the records will later be for sale.

MRS. BRUCE MACFARLAN sounded so excited over the telephone when she told me that her daughter Babette will arrive back in Australia on April 30 after living abroad for two years. She worked in Bermuda and is planning to return via Greece and Hong Kong.

GREAT excitement also in the Arthur Mills household with the arrival of their son Arthur from England. He is a dentist, and has been working just out of London, where he shared a flat with four other Sydney boys at Ealing. On his way home he visited two of his former university friends in Hong Kong. His parents are planning a welcome-home party at their home at Gordon.

COUNTRY visitors Mr. and Mrs. Bill Poolman, of "Lockwood," Canowindra, who came down for the Show and the races, stayed on for the wedding of their son, Peter, and Helen Croxon, of "Glenella," Coonamble, on April 1. Helen and Peter left in the Canberra for an eight-month honeymoon tour in America and Europe, where they plan to visit Hereford and Brahman stud properties. When they return they will live on "Oakley," Canowindra.

AND also in the Canberra was Mrs. Bill MacArthur, who left for a six-month combined business and holiday trip to England and Europe. She is looking forward to seeing friends and relatives in England, and while in London will make the Mayfair Hotel her headquarters.

THERE'S no special reason for the dinner party Alec and Peg Leventhal are having on April 14 at their Clifton Gardens home for twenty-four of their friends, but it does sound as if it will be a delightful evening, with guests listening and dancing to records after dinner. Among those who will be going to the buffet dinner are the Richard Condons, Albert Byroms, and John Austins.

WAS so thrilled to hear from Mosman girl Jane Anderson when she rang from Hobart last week. She has been there since last June and will return this June to share birthday celebrations with her twin sister, Mary, on July 7. Three days after they turn twenty-one the girls will leave for a holiday in Las Vegas.



MARRIED. Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Stratton, following their marriage at St. Paul's College Chapel at the University of Sydney. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Nelson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. A. Nelson, of Armidale. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stratton, of Wahroonga.

VISITING Australian-born London artist Michael Garady will give an exhibition of his paintings at a cocktail party which the Rum Runners will give on April 14 in the Garden Cafe at Sydney Hospital. Michael has been living in London for the past ten years, and is out here to visit his parents. Proceeds from the party will go toward the cost of buying equipment for the Worrell operating theatres at Sydney Hospital, which are being refitted.

WHAT an unusual telephone call newly-engaged Glenys Wykes and Robert Boyd had on their recent holidays. Robert was on his way home from a three-month trip overseas. Glenys was on a three-week island cruise, and as their ships passed in mid-ocean Robert telephoned her from ship to ship. Robert (who had a trip around America, Europe, and Britain with four of his friends) and Glenys plan to marry in March next year, and will live on a property at Wagga.

DATE for your diary . . . the preview of "Hostile Witness" at the Tivoli Theatre on April 18, starring Ray Milland, which has been organised by the RPAH King George V Appeal and the Asthma Foundation of N.S.W.

AND another one. The monster jumble sale in the grounds and hall at the Methodist Church at Paddington on April 28. Proceeds will go toward the cost of building a new gymnasium at Scots College.

POSTCARD from newlyweds Lillian and George Erber from Hong Kong, where they are honeymooning, tells of the wonderful time they are having. From there they go on to Singapore and Bangkok before returning to make their home at Double Bay.

A FOLLOW-UP function to the very successful party, which they called "Rum On the Rocks," has been arranged by members of the junior group of the New South Wales branch of the National Trust of Australia on April 29. It's a series of inspections, which will include visits to Cadman's Cottage, the Observatory, Bligh House, Holy Trinity Church (The Garrison Church), and the Hero of Waterloo Hotel. After the inspection there will be a Rum Party in the Argyle Bond Stores, with Bundaberg Rum Punch as the *piece de resistance*.

ON the fashion front two of the young fry stole the show at the Abbotsleigh Ball mid-week. Pretty fair-haired Bronwyn Turk looked delicious in aqua Thai silk with two patch pockets heavily beaded in matching beads, and raven-haired Meg Nangle had lots of compliments about her strapless Empire-line ballgown. The knife-pleated skirt was in white-spotted navy chiffon, the top in plain navy, and at the front of the bodice was a soft, white bow.



LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harris leaving The Parish Church of St. John at Hampstead, London, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Susan Ellingworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Ellingworth, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. J. M. Harris, formerly of Hampstead.

See the exciting FABRIC-ations! supplement in the centre of this issue.

PARADES IN SYDNEY STORES

● Don't miss the parades of the wonderful winter wools illustrated in the Top Designs In Winter Fashions supplement in this issue. They will be modelled at Grace Bros. Department Stores at these times:

ROSELANDS: April 12, 13, 14 at 11.45 a.m., 12.30, 1.15 p.m.; and April 18 at 11.45 a.m., 12.30 and 1.15 p.m.

TOP RYDE: April 12 at 11 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12 noon, and 2 p.m.

CHATSWOOD: April 13, 14 at 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 1.30 and 2.30 p.m.; and April 17 at 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 1.30 and 2.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: April 17 at 12 noon, 12.30, 1.00, and 1.30 p.m.; and April 18 at 12 noon, 12.45 and 1.30 p.m.

BONDI: April 19, 20, 21, at 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 2.30 and 3.30 p.m.

PARRAMATTA: April 19, 20, 21 at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 and 1.30 p.m.



AT LEFT: Mrs. John Melocco (at left) and Mrs. John Lasslo were among the 100 guests at the Chapeaux and Champagne Luncheon held by the Woollahra branch of the Save the Children Fund at the Bellevue Hill home of the president, Mrs. Lance Scandrett.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Leo Violini after their marriage at St. Patrick's Church, City. The bride was Miss Kay McNeill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle McNeill, of Bourke. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Violini, of Calgary, Canada.



FASHION PARADE. Mrs. Robert Brash, Mrs. John Lance, and Mrs. John Carberson (left to right) at the parade of clothes from the Peter Pan Opportunity Shop which was held at the Royal Blind Institute. Proceeds from the shop will aid the Peter Pan Kindergarten. Committee members modelled clothes.



AMERICAN VISITORS. Admiral David L. McDonald, Chief of Naval Operations, United States Navy, and Mrs. McDonald, who will arrive in Australia on April 30 as guests-of-honor for the annual Coral Sea celebrations. During their two-week stay the McDonalds will visit all States before flying to New Zealand for Coral Sea celebrations there.



OCTOBER WEDDING. Mr. Robert Clark and Miss Anthea O'Neil, who have announced their engagement, will marry in October. Miss O'Neil is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Neil, of "Yarrangah," Murga. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clark, of "Silverwood," Rugby.



TO WED. An October wedding is planned by Mr. Phillip Gurner, of "Yarrawin" Stud, Brewarrina, and Miss Mary Vandervord. Miss Vandervord is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vandervord, of Vacluse. Her fiancé is the son of Mrs. N. Gurner, of Muswellbrook, and of the late Mr. Gurner.



ENGAGED. Mr. Robert Corbett and Miss Laraine Dawson, who have announced their engagement. Miss Dawson, who is wearing a diamond engagement ring, is the daughter of Mrs. C. D. Dawson, of Castlereag, and of the late Mr. Dawson. Mr. Corbett is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Corbett.

The man who moves mountains



SIR WILLIAM HUDSON

● THE SNOWY SCHEME BOSS, RETIRED FROM THE JOB HE WAS "MARRIED TO," WOULD LIKE TO GO ON WORKING ("I BELIEVE IN WORK")

"I WAS the black sheep of the family," said Sir William Hudson, "I had six brothers — and two sisters — and all my brothers were brilliant. One of them was a Rhodes Scholar.

"At school, I was anything but brilliant; in fact, I failed my Matric the first time I sat for it. I also spent a good deal of my time in the detention room."

But the Hudson black sheep grew up to be a man who moves mountains, as Commissioner of the Snowy Mountains Authority, which has been engaged since 1949 on one of the Seven Engineering Wonders of the World.

On the roof of Australia, it has changed a whole rugged landscape, created lakes and townships, driven tunnels through mountains, changed the course of rivers.

And, living on the job with his family, Sir William has been Great White Father to as mixed a bag of humanity as has assembled together since the Pyramids were built.

He was born in a little town called Nelson, in the South Island of New Zealand. His father was a doctor, and a stern disciplinarian after the biblical mould.

"Ours was a long line of

doctors," Sir William told me. "Doctors and farmers. All my brothers followed the pattern, became doctors or farmers. All except me. "And they've all done very well."

He smiled broadly. "They've certainly made more money than I have."

He sat back in his big chair, a lean-faced man with white hair and direct blue eyes, his complexion ruddy from nearly 20 years up in the high country round Cooma. He is erect, articulate, quick to laugh. He is very much alive.

"From when I was a little boy," he said, "all I

ted me to amount to much.

"He was very strict, especially with me. Mother was a very sweet and very gentle person, and do you know, in the long run she exerted more control over us.

"Mind you, we had some unorthodox ways of getting our own back when Father was too hard on us.

"He always kept the weather records for the town, so when he upset us

very promptly, "I'm an Australasian.")

Characteristically, it was on a production job that he found a wife.

She had come up to the project on a visit. Her sister was the wife of one of Sir William's engineering colleagues. Her name was Eileen.

When they married she was 21 and he was 30. It was the beginning of an adventurous and often lonely life for the future Lady Hudson.

There were two daughters of the marriage, Margaret and Anne, both now married, and five grandchildren.

The beginning of the really great years was 1949, when the Snowy Scheme got under way, with engineer Hudson at its head.

To divert two rivers inland through the mountains, and build a great power system, men came from the world over. An international settlement grew up on the Snowy which was an almost unparalleled success in integration and human relationships.

"We didn't get there in a day," said Sir William. "We made a lot of mistakes in the early days.

"Two-thirds of the work force was New Australian, often direct from Europe. The rest were old Australians.

"The Authority had one rigid rule: that it didn't matter where you came from, only how useful you were to the Scheme. That applied to promotion, allo-

the book. All major contracts so far have been completed ahead of time, except one which was completed on time."

The Hudson family have lived, from the beginning, in a modest house in Cooma, where they sometimes played host to the great, like the Duke of Edinburgh.

"It's a weatherboard house with a tiled roof," Sir William said, "and it's usually painted white. We have a really lovely garden, for which I can claim no credit at all. My wife's often up at 5.30 a.m., and gardens till dark."

Remembering that authoritarian father of his, I asked what kind of father

On April 26, on the eve of his 71st birthday, Sir William retires as Commissioner of the Snowy Mountains Authority, but he intends to go on working, both at a job ("can't say much about that at this juncture") and at his numerous interests.

Most of them have to do with the progress and prosperity of this nation. Perhaps paramount is his concern for the development of the North and the utilisation of its rainfall. He has hoped for a long time that when the Snowy job is finished the Authority may be able to swing over as a going concern to this or to some other national undertaking.

"In Australia we've been lucky," he told me. "Much of our prosperity has been due to luck — and the hard work of the pioneers. But if you don't earn your luck it will desert you."

Retirement for the Hudsons means leaving Cooma, which they love. "It has the best climate of any place I have ever lived in," said Sir William.

"Personally, I like the country, or small country towns.

"I'd like to live on a mountain, but my wife wants to live near a golf-course. So far we haven't been able to find a golf-course on the top of a mountain, so we're still arguing.

"But you know how it is, don't you? The ladies always win . . ."

— KAY KEAVNEY

"I broke the news to Father. 'An engineer,' he snapped, 'is all you're good for.'"

wanted to be was an engineer, to build bridges and dams and railways.

"But in our family the course was clear. One became a doctor — or a farmer.

"In due course I broke the news to my father.

"An engineer," snapped my father. "An engineer is all you're good for."

"So it was settled. It was strange, though. I was a failure at languages and the classics, but I merely tolerated maths and science. I was completely wrapped up in sport.

"Even as an engineer, I don't think Father expected

we put a cup of water in the rain gauge, which increased the district rainfall.

"He was also a keen astronomer, with his own observatory. When we'd been in really bad trouble we'd sneak in and put the sidereal clock on half an hour. Then he couldn't find the stars."

I asked who thought up these reprisals, but Sir William only laughed. He went on:

"Though he agreed to my becoming an engineer, Father insisted I study at University College, London, which was best known as a medical school.

"So I went off to England in 1914. The war broke out, and I served in France."

He graduated after the war, then crossed back to France, to the University of Grenoble, for a post-graduate course in hydro-electrical engineering.

In the years ahead he picked up experience in many fields, in many parts of the world. It included railway construction in New Zealand and hydro-electrical work in Scotland.

In 1928 he joined the Sydney Water Board and became its engineer-in-chief, working on projects like the Captain Cook Graving Dock and the Warragamba Dam.

"I've lived about half my life in Australia," he said, "and a quarter in New Zealand and a quarter in Great Britain."

"What does that make you," I wondered, "an Australian or a New Zealander?" And he answered

cation of houses, everything.

"The New Australians soon got to know that they had as good a chance as anybody, and they settled in. I knew we were on the right track when they started saying they came from not Italy or Hungary or Germany, but from Tumut or Island Bend.

"And the old Australians were marvellous.

"I take off my hat to them, especially to the returned soldiers up there.

"What we forged was a real community. We had almost no labor trouble, and our workers broke nearly every work record in

PRICE RISE TO 15c

● Rising costs have forced an increase in the price of The Australian Women's Weekly. Next week the paper will cost you 15c.

The price of The Australian Women's Weekly has been 10c (1/-) since 1961.

As every woman knows, prices have risen sharply in the past six years.

Our production costs have risen enormously, but we carried these increases, hoping to avoid a price rise.

We greatly regret the necessity to increase the price now.



ABOVE: *Madame Butterfly* with her bridesmaids, back row, from left, Bernice Tock, Kiang Hwa ("Butterfly"), Susan Yan, Katsuko Aono, Niki Turner. Front row, Olive Jan, Jocelyn Gardiner. AT RIGHT: Marriage broker, Goro (John Heffernan), with the bridegroom, Lieutenant Pinkerton (David Williams), and his bride, Madame Butterfly (Miss Kiang Hwa).

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"

WHEN Puccini's famous opera "*Madame Butterfly*" was being filmed in the ABC-TV studios in Sydney, the camera crew and channel staff paid an involuntary compliment to the high standard of acting.

In the dramatic third act, where Butterfly embraces her child, Trouble, in a tender farewell scene before she kills herself, the onlookers were so moved that there was a pause in production activities while they dabbed moist eyes.

Peter Page's lavish one hour 50 minute production of "*Madame*

Butterfly" promises first-class entertainment.

The ABC brought Chinese opera singer Miss Kiang Hwa from Hong Kong specially for the starring role. Previously she had sung the role on stage in Rome and Hong Kong.

David Williams makes a handsome Lieutenant Pinkerton. His wife in real life, Chin Yu, is also in the cast as Suzuki. Others with major roles include John Heffernan as the marriage broker, and Ronald Macdonaghie as the Consul.

The beautiful sets were designed by Quentin Hole.



• "*Madame Butterfly*" may been seen on ABC-TV in Sydney and Melbourne at 8.30 p.m., April 19; Brisbane, 8.30 p.m., May 3; Hobart, 8.30 p.m., May 17; Adelaide, 8.30 p.m., May 24; Perth, 8.30 p.m., May 31.



A break for viewers: "Big Valley" returns

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The first new American series to be bought by Australian TV channels for two years, "Big Valley" will be back in its old time-slot on TCN9, Mondays, at 7.30 p.m., from April 24.

"BIG VALLEY" breaks the drought for viewers who, without any new American shows, have had a lean time watching repeats of old shows over and over.

The drought was broken when some American film companies at long last agreed to sell the new series at prices agreeable to Australian TV channels.

Two years ago Australian channels, faced with an ever-spiralling rise in the price of American shows, got together and agreed to stop buying till prices stabilised.

It has been a long two years for viewers, with a bonus of some new Australian shows and some good English ones, but the American shows have been missed.

Popular western

"Big Valley," a mammoth western — still the most popular of all types of series — will get a great welcome from viewers. It scored high in popularity in the one short season it had before the electronic economic curtain dropped.

It is no wonder. "Big Valley" is a big and beautiful western, set in a new part of the TV west, in lush, beautiful country specially chosen for color TV.

People say "Big Valley" is just a female "Bonanza," a copy of this success. I couldn't agree more. But what a copy it is.

"Bonanza," of course, is a patriarchy with Lorne Greene, who has three sons, one of whom, Adam (Pernell Roberts), has defected on account of his principles; "Big Valley" is a matriarchy headed by Barbara Stanwyck

as widow Victoria Barkley with five grown-up children.

They are an unusual five — her three sons and lovely daughter Audra were joined in the first episode by Heath Barkley, who arrived at the ranch and announced himself to one of his half-brothers as "your father's bastard son."

The four legitimate Barkley children are Jarrod, a suave worldly man (Richard Long); Nick, a violent hothead (Peter Breck); Eugene (Charles Briles); and blond daughter Audra (Linda Evans).

The illegitimate one, Heath, is played by Lee Majors. Majors caused a furore among the mid-teen-agers here when "Big Valley" had its premiere season and quickly became "in."

Even after its long absence from the screen I still get letters asking for pin-ups of Majors, who is a rather heavy-looking fair young man of 26.

The widow Barkley is no crinolined ranch mistress who merely pours the tea. As played by Barbara Stanwyck she is a hard-riding efficient female, a stern disciplinarian who rules her family and the ranch with a steel-lined riding whip.

"If you want someone to tiptoe down the Barkley staircase in a crinoline and politely ask where the cattle went, get another girl. That's not me," she told the producer.

Barbara got her way, and is far more likely to be seen cutting the villains off at the pass than sitting behind the tea-table.

Barbara Stanwyck, now 60, has survived years of movie stardom to become a grande dame on TV — even the credits on "Big Valley" list her as Miss Barbara Stanwyck, an honor not given to any other star I know of.

Television



● Tony Charlton, who conducts interesting interviews every week on TCN9, Monday, 10.05 p.m.



● Suzanne Baker questions a man in the bar at the Dunedoo Show during the Project '67 documentary "The Australian Male."

Another view on Australian men

"THE AUSTRALIAN MALE" — a Bird's Eye View, a Project '67 documentary made to discover what the Australian male is like, was telecast recently, and left me up in the air.

Everyone seemed to have trouble sticking to the point and I ended up not knowing what anyone really thought, in essence.

So I asked the producer of the documentary, Suzanne Baker, who is also an attractive, unmarried career woman of 27, what she

thought of the Australian male herself. Would she like to marry one?

"I think he's all right," she said. "I think I am more likely to marry an Australian than anyone else. They have a similar background — the same sort of experience growing up."

Suzanne says she would like to be both a successful career woman and a wife and mother.

"Having done this program I feel more tolerant toward the Australian male, because I now understand him better."

★ ★ ★
NO TV idol has ever dropped in the public's

esteem like Danny Kaye, whose show when it started on ABC-TV, Saturdays, was a must for everyone. Today I would rather switch the set off than be forced to sit through one of his shows.

Kaye seemed so completely one-eyed about everything that I was agreeably surprised to hear that he cancelled his own show.

He finished the show by writing a letter to network officials through his attorney saying he had elected not to continue.

As one Hollywood cynic said, "Considering the low rating the show was getting, Kaye's move was a real 'do unto others as they might do unto you' ploy."

turns in an interview that is so topical, so much the story of the week as the one he did with Dr. Malcolm Mackay, MHR, TCN9 could put it in the 6.30 p.m. news in part or full?

The Mackay interview, about the hush-hush business of an Australian syndicate trying to buy the giant Cunard liner Queen Mary for the Australian migrant run, was certainly worthy of such treatment.

Charlton did a splendid job interviewing Mackay, an eye-opening job to me.

I had only seen him previously being measured punctuation in the Godfrey Winn minuet-type monologues about high life in England.

I thought as an interviewer he fell far short of his brother Michael Charlton, sometime of the ABC and now of the BBC in England.

Having seen Tony work on Mackay and get a first-class story out of a man who obviously didn't want to give it, and then switch over to a different type of interview with Spanish dancer Luisillo, I have changed my mind about his ability.

I think he is just as good as his brother as an interviewer. Indeed, he has a nicer, more Australian voice and presses his firm line of knowledgeable questions less brusquely.

Charlton, though, must be very discouraged by the lack of attention given to the production. I watched both lengthy interviews with Mackay and Luisillo, and after Charlton's first introduction no indication was given of who the people on the screen were.

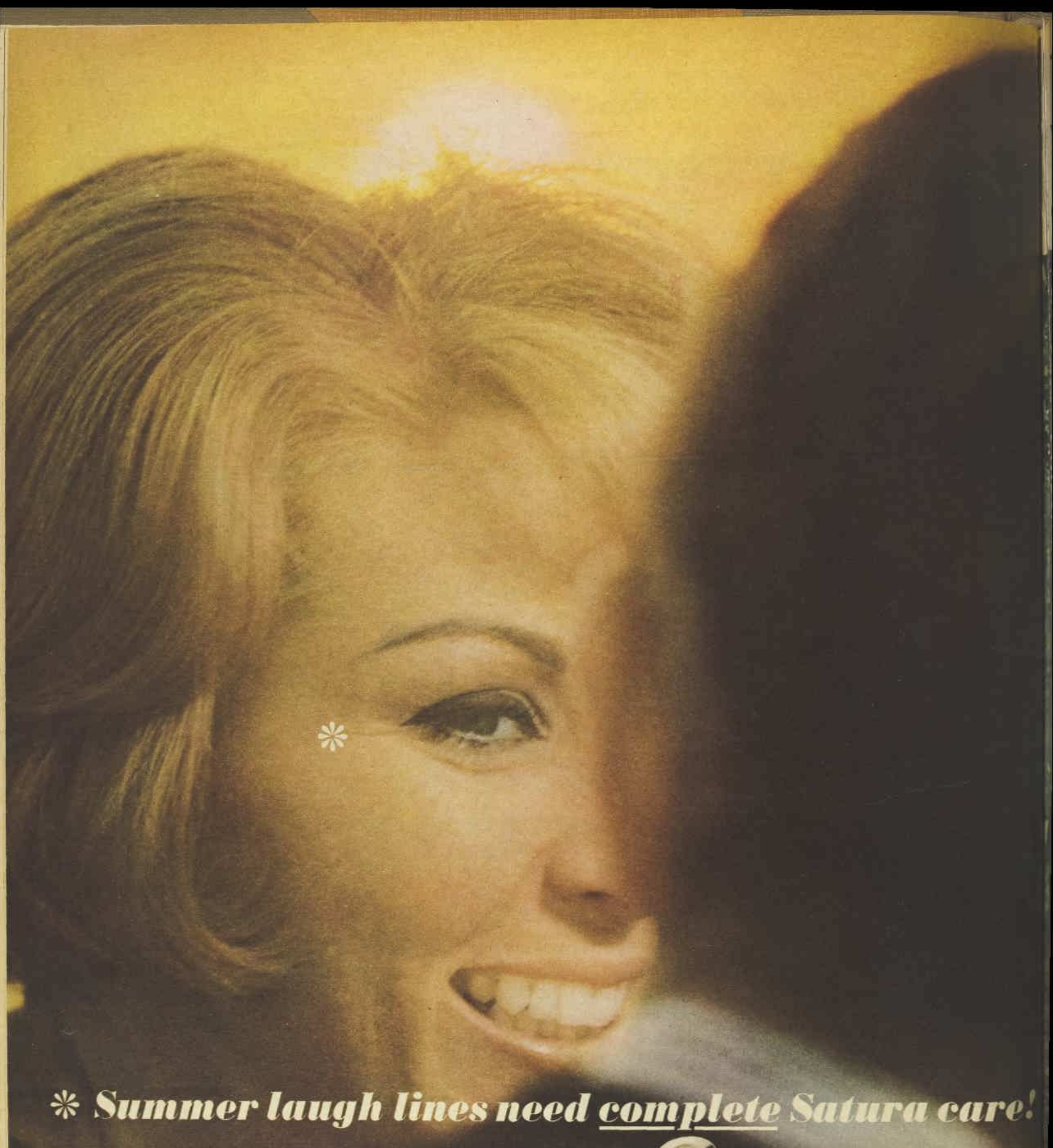
A standing nameplate is all that is required to give this essential information to viewers tuning in after the first few minutes. It would improve the blood pressure of irritated viewers and gain bigger audiences.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "The person who said money is the root of all evil was sure right. Stop and think. Most divorces in the world are caused by (a) a lack of money or (b) too much money . . . or a husband working so hard to make money that he forgets he has a family he's making the money for. And I think it accounts for most suicides, too — from either not being willing to face bankruptcy or, once again, having too much money and being bogged down in the 'what's the use of living? I've done everything and seen everything' phase. I think if we got down to the basic causes of all the strife and turmoil in the world today you'd find that 99 percent of it is caused by money."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Money can't buy friends, but at least it does attract a better class of enemy.



*** Summer laugh lines need complete Satura care!**

Now Dorothy Gray's Gold Medal Award-winning Satura Moisturiser can be used with its own Freshener and Cleanser! Use this moisturising trio to replace the precious moisture summer has taken away from your skin . . . smooth out laughter lines that turn so quickly into wrinkles. Satura's Gold Medal Award and world-wide reputation have been built on results, not promises.

COMPLETE SATURA CARE IS AN INVESTMENT IN BEAUTY FOR ALL YOUR TOMORROWS.

Dorothy Gray did it!

Page 16

New Satura Cleanser — a moisture-enriched milky cleanser — so fine it penetrates even the driest skins, to cleanse deep down.

New Satura Freshener — a moisturising freshener — shake it and you can actually see the tiny beads of moisture it contains. Suitable for all skin types — essential for dry skins.

Satura Moisturiser — available in luxurious cream or lotion, to soften and protect. Use under make-up and at bed-time.

available now at fine cosmetic counters throughout Australia,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967



Gold Medal Award of the International Society of Cosmetic Chemists.

THE WHITE WAY OF PARIS

● White, once again, makes an impact in fashion. It appears in every Paris collection and in all the newest autumn shapes. White can look just as striking as any of the season's vivid colors. In pure wool, it's wonderful. Take your pick from icy white, ivory white, and powdery white. Forward fashion note: Don't overlook the leg encased in patterned white nylon. Worn with low-heeled white suede day shoes, it's right with-it for spring. — BETTY KEEP.



● Ricci's superbly cut white wool one-piece (right) has the new diagonal seaming and a hip pocket. The dress is worn with a white felt hat finished with a flattering down-turned brim.



● Ricci's fabulous white satin at-home pyjamas (right). The chic little overblouse with its rolled collar is matched to belled pants. The floor-length coat is in wide silver- and white-striped satin.



● Dior's Dr. Zhivago floor-sweeping evening coat (left) is one of the stars of the winter season. Made in pure wool, the coat has a double-breasted fastening, standing collar, and narrow wrist-length sleeves.

The most precious stockings
in the world

Cantrece[♥]

No wrinkling, no sagging – not even at knees or ankles, where most nylons show up. That's the big difference with Du Pont's new nylon, **Cantrece**. It fits your legs perfectly, just like a silken second skin. What if it costs a trifle more? Your legs deserve this sheer flattery! **Cantrece**...the most precious stockings in the world. Soft, silky-smooth and caressing. Stockings in **Cantrece** – made by Hilton...Holeproof...Kayser and Prestige.



♥ Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibres, not hosiery. Sole distributors in Australia and New Zealand, P Rowe International Pty Ltd. Better things for better living... through chemistry.



PICTURED is a 1-16th scale model of Captain Cook's Endeavour, photographed in Sydney Harbor by Douglass Baglin. The model, exact even to the color of the hull, was built by Finecrafts Scale Models Pty. Ltd. Many hours were spent in research to get the details of the Endeavour's structure, and the Endeavour Trust, which was set up to raise funds to enable Allan Villiers to sail a full-size Endeavour to Australia for the 1970 celebrations; also assisted with information.

APRIL 16

1831 Governor Darling issued a proclamation in the "Sydney Gazette" that trading in Maori heads must stop. The N.S.W. Customs returns on which duty was payable show "Baked Heads from New Zealand."

First record of this gruesome trading can be traced back to January 20, 1770, when Cook's botanist, Joseph Banks, exchanged an old pair of linen drawers for a tattooed head.

APRIL 17

1817 The Chapman mutiny. The transport Chapman witnessed death and violence when, hoping to gain favors, convict Michael Collins told Captain Drake that his fellow prisoners were planning a massed rising. The news unnerved the soldiers and the crew and they magnified the slightest sounds from the convicts' quarters.

On this night a cook on sentry duty near the prison-hold heard a sudden rattling of chains and shouted an alarm. Soldiers and seamen rushed to arms and fired indiscriminately through the bulkheads. Most of the convicts were asleep and in irons. They cried out for quarter, but the firing continued for an hour and a half. At dawn a strong guard ventured in and counted 12 dead. These were thrown overboard, 30 of the wounded taken to hospital, and the others starved, flogged, and double-ironed.

The military officers on board blamed the captain and said he was drunk for most of the voyage. The captain retaliated by saying the troops "were in a mutinous and disorderly state." Governor Macquarie found to his dismay that under the existing laws the ship's officers could not be charged.

APRIL 18

1841 Birth of Henry Kendall, one of the most important Australian poets of the 19th century. Kendall's first book of verse, "Poems and Songs," was published when he was in his early twenties.

1951 Death of Daisy Bates. An Irish-woman, she was commissioned by the Western Australian and South Australian Governments to study and engage in research work on the Aborigines, to whom she was known as Kabbarli — "Grandmother." She lived with them and was admitted to their corroborees and initiation ceremonies. The Aborigines flocked to her, often from long distances. She fed and clothed them, tended them in illness, and arbitrated in their disputes. Mrs. Bates made copious notes on native lore and legends. She was always mindful of tribal rules and her chief desire was that the tribes should live as far as possible untainted by civilisation. She was created CBE in 1934.

APRIL 19

1873 Death of Hamilton Hume, explorer. Born at Parramatta, he spent most of his boyhood hours in bush adventures until 1814, when, with his older brother, he explored the Berrima district, subsequently exploring Sutton Forest, the Goulburn Plains, and Lake Bathurst areas. For these feats he was given a grant of 300 acres. In 1824 he

became leader of an expedition from Lake George toward Spencer Gulf. Governor Brisbane invited William Hovell, the explorer, to accompany the expedition. Hume was rewarded by a further grant on the Crookhaven River.

In 1855 Hume entered into a public controversy with Hovell about their partnership in the expedition, the points at issue being who led it and who was responsible for mistaking Corio Bay for Westernport. It was quite apparent that there was continual bickering between the two on the journey. Even 30 years earlier, evidence of jealousy between the explorers was shown by an anonymous advertisement in the "Australian," which claimed the whole credit of the discoveries for Hume and accused Hovell of being totally lacking in bushcraft.

APRIL 20

1770 Captain James Cook first sighted the Australian mainland. At daybreak, he saw land at a point south of Cape Howe, which he named Point Hicks, in honor of his first lieutenant. A photograph of an identical model of Cook's vessel, the Endeavour, appears above.

1773 Birth of John Piper, pioneer officer, nicknamed "the Prince of Australia." Scottish-born Piper came to Australia as an ensign in the New South Wales Corps. He was the first man in Sydney to have the title of Comptroller of Customs, an office which was a combination of being in charge of the Customs House, Harbor Trust, and Water Police. He collected the harbor dues and Customs duties, and

was paid a commission of five percent on the amount collected. Piper received \$8000 a year (a tremendous sum in those days) and was given grants of land around the harbor foreshores at Vaucluse, Neutral Bay, and Woollahra. He built a beautiful home on Point Eliza (later Point Piper) and entertained lavishly.

Piper, with his coach and four horses, was a typical specimen of the sporting character of his day. Invitations to his splendid dinners were much sought after. In spite of his large income, he fell into serious financial difficulties. Sooner than become a shadow of his former glory, "the Prince of Australia" determined to end his life on a grand scale. Manning a boat with some of his friends, together with a brass band, they rowed well down the harbor, through the Heads, and out to sea. After many rounds of grog, interspersed with songs and music, Piper shouted: "Now then, lads, 'God Save the King'." The band struck up the anthem and Piper waved to his friends and plunged overboard.

Alas, for his determination. A stalwart sailor leaned over and fastened a boat-hook to the would-be suicide's trousers so that he floundered ingloriously. They bundled him into the boat and landed him damp and shivering at Circular Quay.

Piper had by this time lost his office and his mansion, together with other properties, including Vaucluse House, but his friends stood by him and secured him a home at Bathurst.

1856 First Eight-Hour Procession in Melbourne.

● A weekly series
by Bill Beatty

APRIL 21

1861 Burke, Wills, and King returned to Cooper's Creek only to find the depot party had left just seven hours before, after waiting for more than four months. Burke and Wills, emaciated from starvation, died within a few days.

APRIL 22

1857 First sitting of the South Australian Parliament under system of responsible Government.

1860 McDouall Stuart reached the centre of Australia. John McDouall Stuart already had an established reputation as an explorer, when, in 1859, the South Australian Government offered \$4000 reward for the first man to cross Australia from south to north. Setting out from Adelaide the following year, he eventually reached the centre. On both this and a later attempt, he was forced to turn back, but in 1862 he reached the coast near Darwin.

1865 Death of Sir James Stirling, first Governor of Western Australia. When the colony of Western Australia was formed, Stirling encountered many difficulties. Lack of sufficient preparation, want of foresight in the selection of colonists, and the size of the holdings allocated to them caused the people to drift back to the eastern colonies. By 1832, the total population was only 1500. Stout-hearted Stirling saved the colony from complete abandonment. With more faith than appearances justified, Stirling stayed on with his 22-year-old wife. Little by little, under his guidance, the colony made progress.



AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC



SIR THOMAS MORE (Paul Scofield) being interrogated in the Tower of London by, from left, Archbishop Cranmer (Cyril Luckham), the Duke of Norfolk (Nigel Davenport), and Thomas Cromwell (Leo McKern) in the screen version of Robert Bolt's play "A Man For All Seasons." Here Cromwell tries to trap Sir Thomas into incriminating himself.

"A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS"



Page 20

THE drama of a man who obeyed the dictates of his conscience rather than the dictates of his King—Henry VIII of England—is the theme of Robert Bolt's celebrated stage play "A Man For All Seasons," which has been adapted for the screen.

The man is Thomas More, a successful lawyer and brilliant writer of the 15th century who became a friend of the king, rose to the position of Lord Chancellor in the English Court, and was subsequently beheaded because he refused to take an oath in support of Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, his marriage to Anne Boleyn, and his leadership of the Church of England.

More goes to the executioner's block declaring, "I die His Majesty's good servant, but God's first."

A contemporary of Thomas More once wrote: "More is a man of angel's wit and singular learning . . . a man of marvellous mirth and pastimes, and sometimes of as sad a gravity; a man for all seasons."

Columbia Pictures' screen version of Bolt's play has its premiere season at the Lyceum Theatre, Sydney, this month. Paul Scofield, who won unanimous acclaim from London critics when he played the role of Thomas More in the stage production, is the star of the film.

Wendy Hiller is More's understanding wife.

LEFT: Henry VIII (Robert Shaw) and Anne Boleyn (Vanessa Redgrave). Vanessa's brother, Corin Redgrave, is also in the cast. Vanessa refused payment for the film, saying she worked out of love for the play, director Zinneman, and Scofield.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967




ABOVE LEFT: King Henry VIII tries to get Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, to agree to his divorce, but More refuses and is later arrested and imprisoned. Paul Scofield first played the role of the highly principled Chancellor in the stage production in London.

ABOVE: Margaret More (Susannah York) places the chain of the Lord Chancellor around her father's neck while her mother, Lady Alice (Wendy Hiller), looks on. The film covers the last seven years of Thomas More's life. Margaret was the Chancellor's favorite daughter, unusually well educated for a girl in that era.



LEFT: Cardinal Wolsey (Orson Welles) questions Thomas More about the charges laid against him and warns him of the dangers of the situation. The Cardinal, brilliant and cynical, is prepared to yield to the King's wishes.

A black and white photograph of a baby sitting up, holding a can of Johnson's baby powder. The baby has a small white bow in their hair and is looking directly at the camera. The can is white with orange and blue accents. The text on the can reads "Johnson's baby powder", "PUREST PROTECTION", and "Johnson & Johnson".

THIS PERFUME COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S

Our powder smells more like
"fresh clean baby" than fresh, clean babies do.

The perfume in Johnson's is made
the same way as the great French perfumes.

It's subtle, and it lasts.

Why don't you share a can of Johnson's
with your baby this week?

You couldn't get a finer, softer talc.

Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you.



● Melbourne's floral clock, presented to the city by The Watchmakers of Switzerland, who have given similar clocks to New York City, Detroit, Frankfurt, Bologna, Madrid, Bangkok, Beirut, and Kuwait.

A CLOCK GROWS IN MELBOURNE

● Photographer Brian Ferguson rode 40ft. aloft in a Melbourne City Council travel-tower — a truck with crane-like apparatus used for lopping trees — to get the bird's-eye view (above) of the city's floral clock.

PRESENTED to the city by The Watchmakers of Switzerland, the clock is in the Queen Victoria Gardens, facing St. Kilda Road, with a majestic memorial to King Edward VII in the background.

Ten thousand plants

make up the clock — echevaria for the letters City of Melbourne, 1967, on a carpet of ajuga; exhibition border for the minute markings; and begonias ranging from brown to red, pink, and white for the clock face.

The clock keeps per-

fect time, with a variation of only 1-10th of a second in 24 hours. All of its hands move.

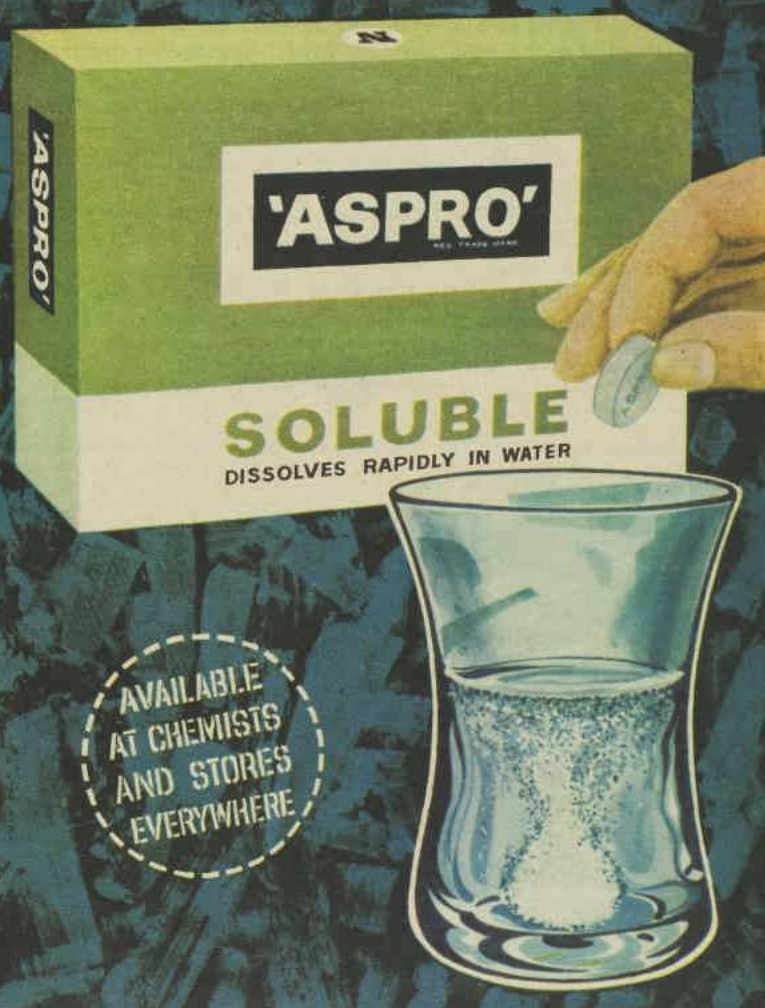
A team of Melbourne City Council gardeners lavishes loving care on the clock, and will replant it three times a year.

—Beverley Cooper



● The clock in its beautiful setting on a sloping stretch of lawn in the Queen Victoria Gardens, facing St. Kilda Road, Melbourne.

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember -



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2½ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

stop headache and pain

'ASPRO'

MICROFINED

NOW WORKS 2½ TIMES FASTER

REG. TRADE MARK

GP145/NE96

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Read a few home truths neither fad nor fashion

Ours is a society of abundance. Supermarkets are crammed with foods our parents never even dreamed of. Fruit and vegetables are plentiful and fresher than ever before. We live an outdoor life. Active. Wholesome. Children of the sun. All in all, we should be the healthiest, best-fed people in the world. We should be. But we're not. And the reason? So much of the food we eat lacks the essential nutritional value we need. Because so much of it today is processed-away in mass production.

At Sanitarium Health Foods, what natural protein, vitamins and minerals that may be lost in manufacture, we put back. Equal to what nature provided. We honestly try to make the best possible products we can. Foods rich in natural goodness. And we make certain they reach you just as wholesome.

So, if you're prepared to take more of an interest in the food your family eats, don't think of it as either a fad or a fashion. Think of it as a fact of life. We do. Health is our middle name.

You'll recognise the wonderful family of Sanitarium Health Foods by the symbol in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Look for it at all food stores.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

Check the foods shown on these pages. Some of them you may not know; so we've included some interesting recipes for you to enjoy.



These golden breakfast biscuits give you all of the build-up goodness of whole wheat. 24 man-size breakfasts in every large packet. Compare the price, weight for weight. Weet-Bix give you more value for your money than any other breakfast cereal. Try them this delicious way as well—

CAULIFLOWER & MUSHROOM CASSEROLE:
1 cauliflower, 4 Weet-Bix, 1 tin mushroom soup (10½ oz.), 2 dessertspoons margarine.

Slice layers of cauliflower into small casserole. Salt slightly. Cover with mushroom soup. Bake 30-40 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove cover. Cut Weet-Bix into small squares with serrated knife, and cover cauliflower. Pour over melted margarine. Bake a further 10 minutes until golden brown, with cover removed.



Our new Skippy Corn Flakes are wonderfully crisp and satisfying. Try this wonderful new dessert—

APPLE CRUNCH:

1 lb. apples, 2 oz. dates, little sugar to taste, 4 oz. Skippy Corn Flakes, water, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar.

Put sliced apples and dates with very little water and sugar into saucepan, cook slowly until mixture is nearly tender and thick; transfer to pie dish. Cream margarine and sugar, add corn flakes, press on top of apples. Bake in moderate oven until top is crisp. Serve with cream or custard. Do not use apples that are too juicy, as the mixture on top will "sink in." Any other fruit is equally good in this recipe.

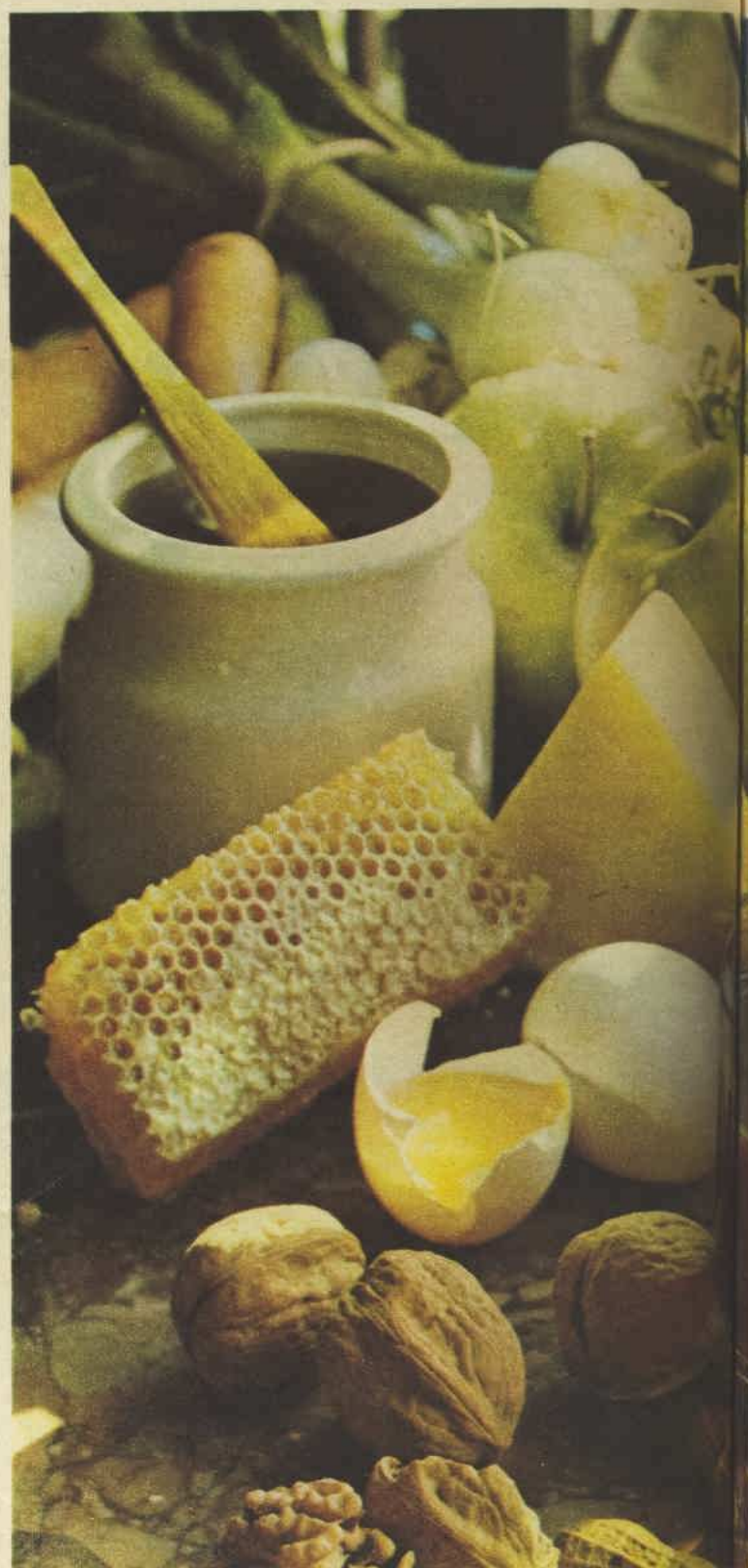


Marmite is a rich source of Vitamin B1 and a wonderful appetite builder. Here's a tasty new way to serve it—

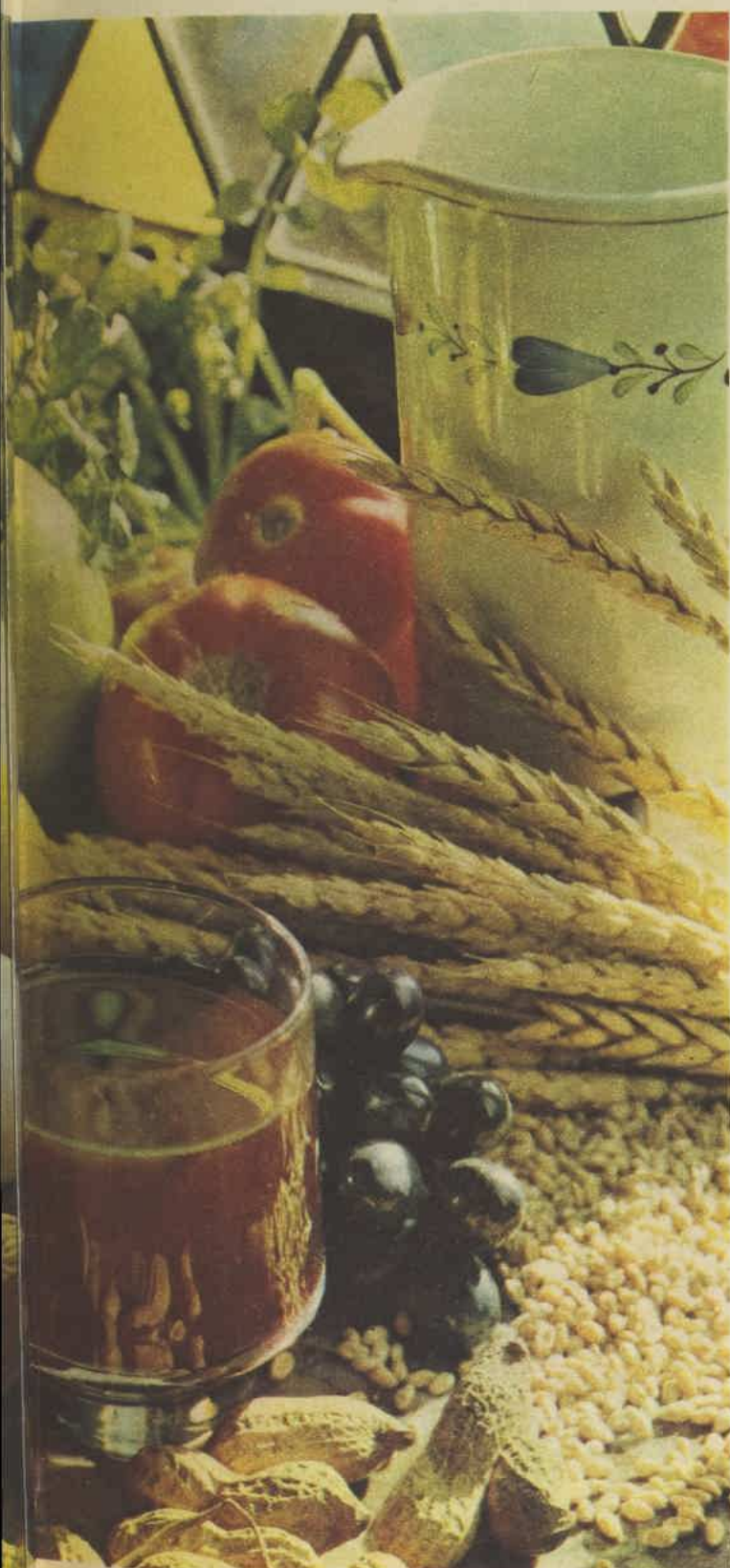
FRENCH ONION SOUP:

5 tablespoons butter, 4 cups thinly sliced onions, 1 dessertspoon Marmite, 5½ cups boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup diced fried bread, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Heat butter, add sliced onions and saute till deep golden brown, add salt. Add 5½ cups boiling water and Marmite, and stir well. Simmer for 1 hour, covered. Pour into soup bowls, sprinkle with grated cheese, add a scattering of fried breadcrumbs and serve at once. Serves 5.



about health, and why it's today, but a fact of life!



Made from plump, golden peanuts, "Sanitarium" Peanut Butter is a real storehouse of energy. Two tempting varieties: Smooth and Crunchy (studded with peanut chips). Here's a good idea—

"CRUNCHY" PEANUT BUTTER BARS:

1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 oz. butter, 1 cup "Sanitarium" Crunchy Peanut Butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup coconut, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt twice. Cream butter and peanut butter, gradually add sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and beat well. Sift in dry ingredients, add coconut and vanilla. Spread into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Cut into bars while still warm, dust with sifted icing sugar.



Blend honey and glucose together, and you have a superb natural energy builder. Sanitarium Honey and Glucose. Wonderful this way, too—

SANITARIUM HONEY-GLUCOSE TOFFEE:

2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon Sanitarium Honey and Glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter.

Grease saucepan well with butter. Place all ingredients in pan; bring to boil. Boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard; do not stir at all. Pour into patty cases; leave until set. If desired, sprinkle coconut or nonpareils to decorate.



Two delicious cereals from Sanitarium. Both are made from whole wheat and puffed many times their original size. Toasted to tempting crispness. To Weeta Puffs we add maple syrup as well. You'll love them this way—

WEETA PUFF HONEY BALLS:

3 oz. Sanitarium Honey, 1 oz. butter, 6 oz. sugar, 1/2 cup chopped marshmallows, 4 oz. Weeta Puffs.

Place honey, butter, sugar and marshmallows in saucepan; cook gently until sugar has dissolved. Set aside until almost cool. Pour over Weeta Puffs; stir, coating well. Shape into small balls; refrigerate until set.



Nutolene and Nutmeat—high protein that's good to eat, interesting to cook—and surprisingly moderate in cost. Try this appetising meal—

NUTOLENE CASSEROLE:

1 large tin Nutolene, 1 large tin tomato puree, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 clove garlic, chopped parsley, 1/2 capsicum, chopped, grated cheese. Seasonings—Mono Sodium Glutamate, herbs to taste, 3 tablespoons oil.

In the oil saute the onion, garlic and capsicum (all finely chopped) until clear but not brown. Add the tomato puree and seasonings (1/2 teaspoon sugar and pinch of herbs, 1/2 teaspoon Mono Sodium Glutamate). Simmer together for 10-15 minutes while dicing the Nutolene. In a casserole place alternate layers of Nutolene, hard-boiled egg slices, tomato mixture and grated cheese. Bake in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes.

Ry-King is the world's best-se. ig crispbread, with all of the unique flavour of Swedish rye. If you want to be slim and trim, try a Ry-King lunch like this—

RY-KING 300-CALORIE LUNCH:

2 Ry-King crispbreads spread with 1 oz. butter and Marmite (120 calories). 1 hard-boiled egg (80 calories). 1 sliced tomato (30 calories). 1 piece fruit (apple or orange—70 calories). Plus your favourite hot beverage without milk or sugar.



SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

Health is our middle name

AP7a.6

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The closer he gets...the better you look!

Now it's here! Shampoo-in hair colour so natural it invites close ups! ☐ Now you be the girl who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting... when your hair glows with the soft, natural colour of new "Nice'n Easy" by Clairol*. ☐ It's easy to do! "Nice'n Easy" simply shampoos in... and suddenly your hair glows with a new excitement! Close-up it looks so natural. Can't rub off because the colour shines out the way natural colour does. Your hair is left

shining, vibrant — in wonderful condition! No wonder this famous hair colouring by Clairol is the favourite of beautiful women all over the world! "Nice'n Easy" is so rich in formula it can lighten... brighten... deepen... cover grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. Every time, new "Nice'n Easy" comes out naturally... beautifully. And you can choose a shade... or change it as you please! Try it for a lift... for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups! ☐ The closer he gets... the better you look!



1. Pour it on... work it through.

2. Wait just minutes, rinse... shampoo!

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New! Nice'n Easy
by Clairol

the natural-looking hair colour
you just shampoo in!

Clairol — the people who know more about hair
colouring than anyone else in the world.



THE TOWER ARRAY, the 13 enormous steel towers which make up the clock face of the American Naval Radio Station completed in Exmouth. This picture shows them silhouetted against the sunset.

EXMOUTH— Country town, city people

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Almost all over Australia, the worker's week is seven days long; five days work and two days leisure. But in Exmouth, on North West Cape, Western Australia, the worker's week is a king-sized 14 days — 13 days of work, followed by one day of leisure.

THE 13 workdays are marked off by the howl of the wake-up siren every morning at 5.15, and daylight reveals what man has done since he took over this barren semi-desert area from the emus and galahs in June, 1963.

In almost four years North West Cape, a remote peninsula sticking 60 miles out into the Indian Ocean, has become Exmouth, an American Naval Radio Station—an electronic town. The king-sized working week explains the amount of work done. Money in fat pay packets explains why men spent months and years working in this desolate spot.

Exmouth today is an American Naval Radio Station, designed to talk to nuclear submarines and other naval vessels, officially described as "a Very Low

Frequency Communications Facility," abbreviated to a VLF Station.

Thanks to the work of Australia's Monier Industries, the electronic voice of the VLF Station is heard all over the world. Monier has also built a pier which provides the U.S. with "other naval facilities."

Unusual clock

The very end of the long finger of land, that is North West Cape, is Vlaming Head, crowned with a lighthouse that flashes out to the Indian Ocean. A scallop of beach runs round to Point Murat, and the pier, almost finished, juts out 1500ft. from its approaches on Point Murat into the deep waters of Exmouth Gulf.

Two and a half miles inland from Point Murat, the VLF Station rises, a collection of 13 immense steel towers, called "The Tower Array."

The 13 towers are domi-

nated by Tower Zero, an elegant steel monster sprouting out of a heavy squat concrete building that is constructed round it and houses the pulsing heart of the VLF Station.

At first sight the Tower Array seems to have no particular shape, to be an overpoweringly big and elegantly monstrous collection of masts, but it is, in fact, two enormous clock faces, one inside the other, a bit more than one-third of a mile apart, sitting across the Cape.

The outside clock circle is five miles round and marks the odd hours 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11; the inside clock circle is two and a half miles round and marks the even hours 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12.

Dead centre of the clock faces is Tower Zero, which rears up 1278ft.

The even hours, nearer Tower Zero, are marked by towers 1195ft. high. The odd hours in the outer circle

are marked by towers only 995ft. high.

Looking up at the centre tower it seems like a gigantic maypole. From Tower Zero hundreds of miles of ribbon-like antennae radiate out and are held in place by the hour towers in a delicate diamond pattern known as a "Top Hat" Antenna.

Strangely, I found that Very Low Frequency Stations need very high masts, while two high frequency stations also being built on the Cape have low masts, only 200ft. tall. VLF mast men dismiss them as "toothpicks."

Between the Towers and Exmouth is a collection of aluminium skinned pre-

fabricated camps that are the living quarters, the huts, and offices of the Monier men who built the VLF towers.

The camps look like giant-sized sardine tins cast off into the coarse red sand, but inside they are extremely comfortable and very attractive. With the VLF job finished, the camp has been disappearing day by day as its installations are sold and hauled off to other construction jobs.

It is amazing the way the Towers dominate the whole Cape, because, for some reason of visibility or light, unless you are right up against them, they seem to fade into the sky and become

CIVIL COMMISSIONER, Colonel Ken Murdoch, and his staff, stand (left) on the town's pride, the square of grass outside the Civil Administration Block. Beside them is one of the two much admired 15ft. eucalypts, the tallest trees in the area. Below is Lighthouse Beach, where some families spend the week-ends swimming, fishing, and exploring the gorges.



— Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON.



just a pencil etching against the blue.

Exmouth, Australia's strangest country town, is seven miles south of Tower Zero.

It is a big little town designed to house U.S. Navy personnel and Australians who will man the naval station. It is designed to house 2000 people plus, and is already well on the way to completion.

There are 280 houses in Exmouth. The town is completely sewered, has an excellent bore-water supply, telephones, daily airmails, public library, school, police station and court house,

Continued overleaf



It's very 'IN' to have a fitting for your Berlei Gothic bra

... for only in a fitting room can you be sure of getting the bra that's fitted for you—not stretched for you.

Be a perfectionist—try on several bras. Discover the comfort of a fitted-for-you garment. If you have a small bosom, the special Gothic patented undercup will help you to make more of yourself. If you have a fuller figure the same

patented undercup gives you added support. Shapes you, makes you look trimmer.

Straps feel secure without cutting or grooving. Cleavage is smooth, separation perfect.

Comfortable? Of course!

Now wasn't the few minutes you spent in the fitting room worth it. Not only for a better figure's sake, but for your sake!

Be fitted today for Berlei Gothic with regular or stretch straps, in bandeau or long line. Choose snow-white cotton or lace in white, skin-tone or black.

If you already know your Berlei Gothic fitting it's very 'In' to buy your favourite Gothic bra over the counter at your usual store.

990 Berlei Gothic bra in white lace with stretch straps. \$4.50.

From page 27

Olympic swimming-pool, first-class hotel-motel.

What made it so unlike other country towns soon became clear.

It is a country town without country people. The people of Exmouth come from cities or suburbs in Australia or other countries. They act like city people.

There are no friendly "g'days," or nods of greeting that are commonplace in country towns.

In Exmouth itself I found only one man with that accepting outback manner, the town taxi-driver and service station owner, Len Dargie. He lived further up the North West coast at Derby for years before he came to Exmouth.

Beautiful "mud"

As soon as I met him I knew what I missed about Exmouth — real country people.

Exmouth lacks other things, too. There are no old people. No one has ever been buried in its cemetery. There are no churches, no cows, no horses. I saw only two dogs. I didn't see a cat or a chook.

And Exmouth hasn't grown into its earth yet — indeed, the earth was puzzling. It is a deep, brilliant terra-cotta color, like coarse sand, which is called pindan.

No one mentions dirt, earth, soil, loam. "The pindan will grow anything if it gets water," they say.

Pindan is the most gorgeous color, but it is the devil to live with. It gets into your clothes, your hair. A Perth geologist said it was an earth composition found in barren, semi-desert areas like North West Cape, but I preferred Len Dargie's description.

"Pindan is blackfellow talk for mud," he said.

The pindan is sealed for seven miles in links of roads that join the town's houses. All of them eventually lead to Exmouth's Pot Shot Inn.

"Pot Shot" comes from World War II, when it was the code name of a combined Australian-American operation set up on North West Cape in 1942 to deal with an expected Japanese invasion from Timor.

It was in Operation Pot Shot in Exmouth Gulf that one of Australia's best-known RAAF aces, Squadron Leader "Bluey" Truscott, was killed in 1943.

The attractive Bluey Truscott Memorial Club, though built by the Exmouth RSL, is open for membership to everyone in the town over 21. It looks out on to the restful, unusual sight of a well-grown, beautifully cut bowling green.

Grass is more treasured than gold in Exmouth. It grows well in the pindan, but it has to be coaxed and looked after. At the time of my visit, most of the houses had only a suggestion of grass coming through the red or runners planted.

At the Pot Shot Inn is a well-grassed courtyard, bordered with young hibiscus, that is the town's pride and joy.

Colonel Ken Murdoch, the town's Civil Commissioner, has the best square of grass in the town in front of the Civil Administration Block.

His square also has two young eucalypts about 15ft. high. This is an enormous height for a tree on the Cape, and people look at them, exclaim over them. Colonel Murdoch has planted many trees, including poincianas and athel pines round the town.

He also has a very good lawn at his own house. He is an old hand in the town, has lived there for over three years, so his grass is a green lawn, his vegetable patch flourishes, and Sturt's desert peas stand up like scarlet-clad soldiers round his front steps.

Until a Sunday when it rained three inches, the first rain for the year, Colonel Murdoch was having trouble with his home lawn.

Every evening at dusk seven kangaroos appeared out of the spinifex and had their evening meal off the lush, watered grass. Since the rain they hadn't appeared after nightly visits for nearly a year.

In Western Australia I had heard all kinds of stories about a kind of racial situation in Exmouth — that Australians and Americans didn't get on well, that Americans thought they "owned" the Cape, that the Australians weren't treated so well.

I didn't find any sign of discrimination. The Americans and Australians get on famously. The big bone of contention in Exmouth is the houses.

Housing controversy

The houses built by the Americans for the Americans are air-conditioned, the houses built for Australians by Australians are not.

The American houses, built of grey concrete blocks, squat heavily in the pindan, have small windows.

The Australian houses are built of asbestos, up off the ground, with maximum windows, opening panels in all outside walls, and louvred inside walls to catch every breeze. Every room has a big three-blade 30in. fan in the ceiling. Kitchens have exhaust fans.

Both types have window protection and are designed to withstand cyclones, from which the area suffers.

The lack of air-conditioning in the Australian houses is the basis for the "discrimination" stories, and the silliest basis I've ever met.

The Australian houses are airier, more comfortable, more suitable in every way, and many American wives share my opinion.

One, Mrs. P. Kilpatrick, whose husband is an American Construction Corps inspector, has lived in Exmouth for 15 months, through the bad months of January, February, and March, and wouldn't change into an American house for anything.

"I love my Australian house," she said. "When I entertained Admiral Paul H. Ramsay, the U.S. Deputy Chief of the U.S. Air Naval Operations and his staff, he admired it, too.

EXMOUTH, a town in frontier country with a 20th-century purpose. It is built on a semi-desert peninsula projecting 60 miles into the ocean.

"I enjoy living here very much. Everybody discusses the house business so much, it is tiring. All the time I hope they don't shift me and my husband into an American house."

Mrs. Kilpatrick let me into the secret of why so many American wives condemn the Australian houses. Air-conditioning or its lack has nothing to do with it. The trouble is the toilet, housed separately, not in the bathroom.

The American wives I talked to found this both weird and uncivilised and were quite relieved to hear that it wasn't universal in Australia, although the usual thing in new homes of any size.

Until recently U.S. Naval Personnel in Exmouth have all been members of the U.S. Navy's Civil Engineering Corps, whose function is to design, build, and maintain shore establishments.

With the completion of the Tower Array, the seagoing Navy men who will man it, and their families, have been moving in.

Lieut. Donald R. Austin and his wife, Maryland, 25, and daughter, Amanda, aged six months, were the first permanent Navy personnel to move in.

The Austins have been married five years. Maryland is a Bachelor of Arts.

She finds Exmouth "surprisingly social." "There is more social life here than in a larger place," she said. "People are very friendly. But the social life is more formal than you would imagine.

"For the Red Cross Ball at the Pot Shot Inn, Exmouth's first ball, which Ambassador Ed Clark attended, the ladies wore floor-length dresses and long white gloves.

"I found it strange, because when the men are really dressed formal here they wear a tie with their white shirts."

Like all the women in Exmouth, Maryland Austin is starved for shops. Exmouth has only one shop, run by an Australian-born Italian family, the Madaffaris.



THE PROS AND CONS of the Australian houses and the American houses are often debated. Above is an Australian house, without air-conditioning, but airier and more comfortable. At right is Maryland Austin with her daughter, Amanda, outside their concrete American house.



Madaffaris sell everything from afternoon dresses to bananas, salami, underwear, spanners, tough shorts for Exmouth's kids, newspapers, and magazines.

As well as being the general store, it is the butcher, the greengrocer, the candy store, the barber. It is the only place for 300 miles north or south where you can buy an ice-cream in a cone, and is one of the town's social centres.

High costs

Mrs. Austin craves a real beauty salon (so do all the other women), a gift shop, and more shops, so there will be more competition.

Living is dear in Exmouth. Everything comes by road, by huge motorised supply trains and refrigerator vans.

Milk, for instance, comes frozen and sells at 22 cents a pint; all meat is frozen, so are most vegetables.

Many Exmouth women club together into small co-operatives and "import" their food from Perth.

Australian Anne Cummins, wife of field engineer Peter Cummins of Monier, told me that she saved money by joining with two other young wives in "importing."

Milk brought in this way costs Mrs. Cummins only 18 cents a pint, a can of soft drink, very important in Ex-

mouth, where the average annual temperature is 85 degrees, costs 11 cents instead of 16.

Exmouth's 13-day working week and the big pay packets (builders' laborers average \$120-\$130 a week, riggers \$200) make every second Saturday night, before the prized Sunday off, a gala.

The young marrieds and the middle-aged ones entertain. Cards and charades are the thing after dinner.

On that Saturday night, too, there are cocktail parties and dinner parties, in the white and gold dining-room at the Pot Shot, that finish up with dancing in the concrete-floored beer garden.

More adventurous types like the young Cummins often take off on Saturday night to Lighthouse Beach, or the Bay of Rest down at the foot of the Gulf, beyond Learmonth Airport, which serves the town, and camp overnight. They spend Sun-

day swimming, looking for shells, fishing, or exploring the fantastic gorges.

Under the sun which blazes down in Exmouth, large close-fitting curved sunglasses are a necessity beneath the compulsory safety helmets the workers wear. Beneath the glasses their faces are tanned to the color of mahogany.

At night the picture is different. Showered and above a dazzling white shirt, the suntan looks darker than ever and is topped by a clearly defined mask — the white skin round the eyes and the forehead.

The working mask of Exmouth makes the men look as if they may be locust-eyed creatures from another planet.

But they're not. They are very happy men now. More wives are arriving, more houses are becoming homes. Long working week or not, it is not a bad life.

PERMANENT SMILE, SHARP CLAWS



NEPOMUK'S FINGERS command respect. But they're primarily for climbing. The sloth is shy, gentle, patient, and his smile is for ever. His coloring provides a camouflage.

HUNG OUT TO DRY



WHEN WET, Nepomuk hangs up on the clothesline to dry. He will sleep in this position.

THE BABY SLOTH didn't like the water, but would go swimming on an adult's back (right)

● From the book by Hermann Tirler, at whose home Nepomuk the sloth lives

A SLOTH IN THE FAMILY

● IS A SLOTH SLOTHFUL?

— The answer is yes. Nepomuk, the three-toed sloth of our story, likes to sleep 15 hours a day. But his permanent smile, trusting and affectionate ways, and comical antics have endeared him to Mr. Hermann Tirler's family in Brazil.

MR. TIRLER, a Swiss civil engineer, lives with his wife, who is a zoologist, and their two daughters in a house on the fringes of Rio de Janeiro. The garden is large and full of jungle trees, and beyond the garden is the jungle itself.

Nepomuk lives mostly in the trees, but is quite happy in the house, too. He likes a human lap to sit on, and a proper bed for a sleep after Sunday lunch with the family.

Indeed, until he got a wife, it's a moot

question whether he thought he was a human like the people, or whether the people were sloths like him.

This is how he joined the family:

Mrs. Tirler had wanted a sloth for a long time, to complete her jungly garden.

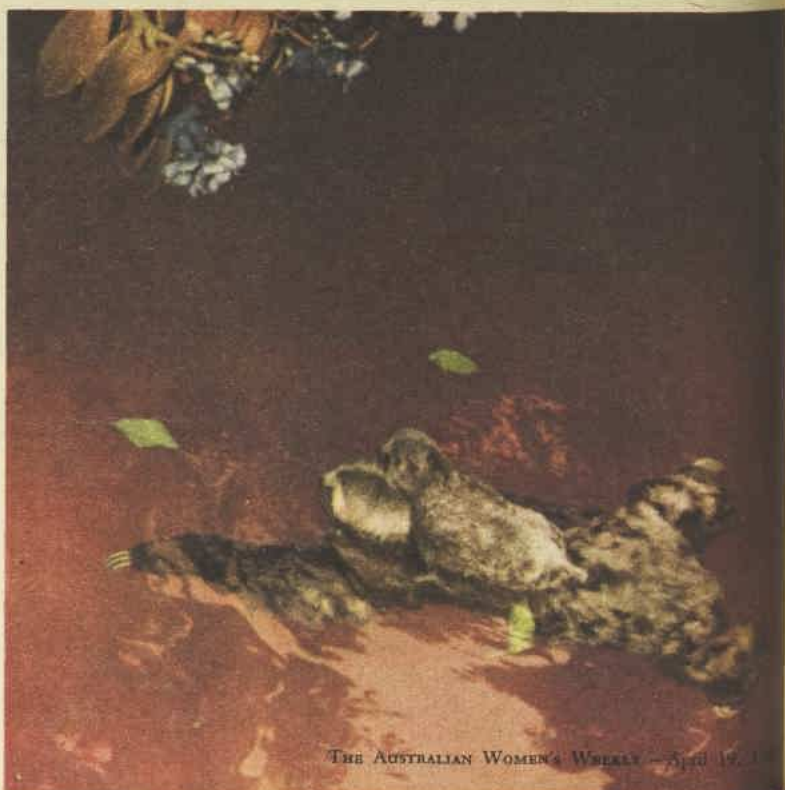
Mr. Tirler knew nothing about the creatures, but said he'd get one.

In an ancient book, "Tractates of Haine Beastes," he found a description of sloths:

"... this wight is so abominably sluggish that to get from one tree to another, he doth squander twain whole days ..."

Continued overleaf

BABY SLOTH SWIMS PICKABACK



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 19, 1964

NEPOMUK IN A FAVORITE POSE — ASLEEP

● Here are some points about three-toed sloths like Nepomuk:

● The heart is ridiculously small for the body size, so movements are mostly slow, and sleeping is a major occupation.

● A peculiar double-jointedness allows them to perform the most gruesome — or comical — acrobatics, such as turning the head full circle.

For instance, Nepomuk (something of a rubber man) has "a sickening habit of turning his head round and round, until you are sure his neck is going to snap off. But it doesn't . . ." Because of an astonishingly long gullet and windpipe, he can revolve his head without interruption to eating or breathing.

Also, while hanging from a branch by a leg, he can turn his whole body almost full circle (the Tirlers' blood ran cold when they first saw him at this, but they got used to it).

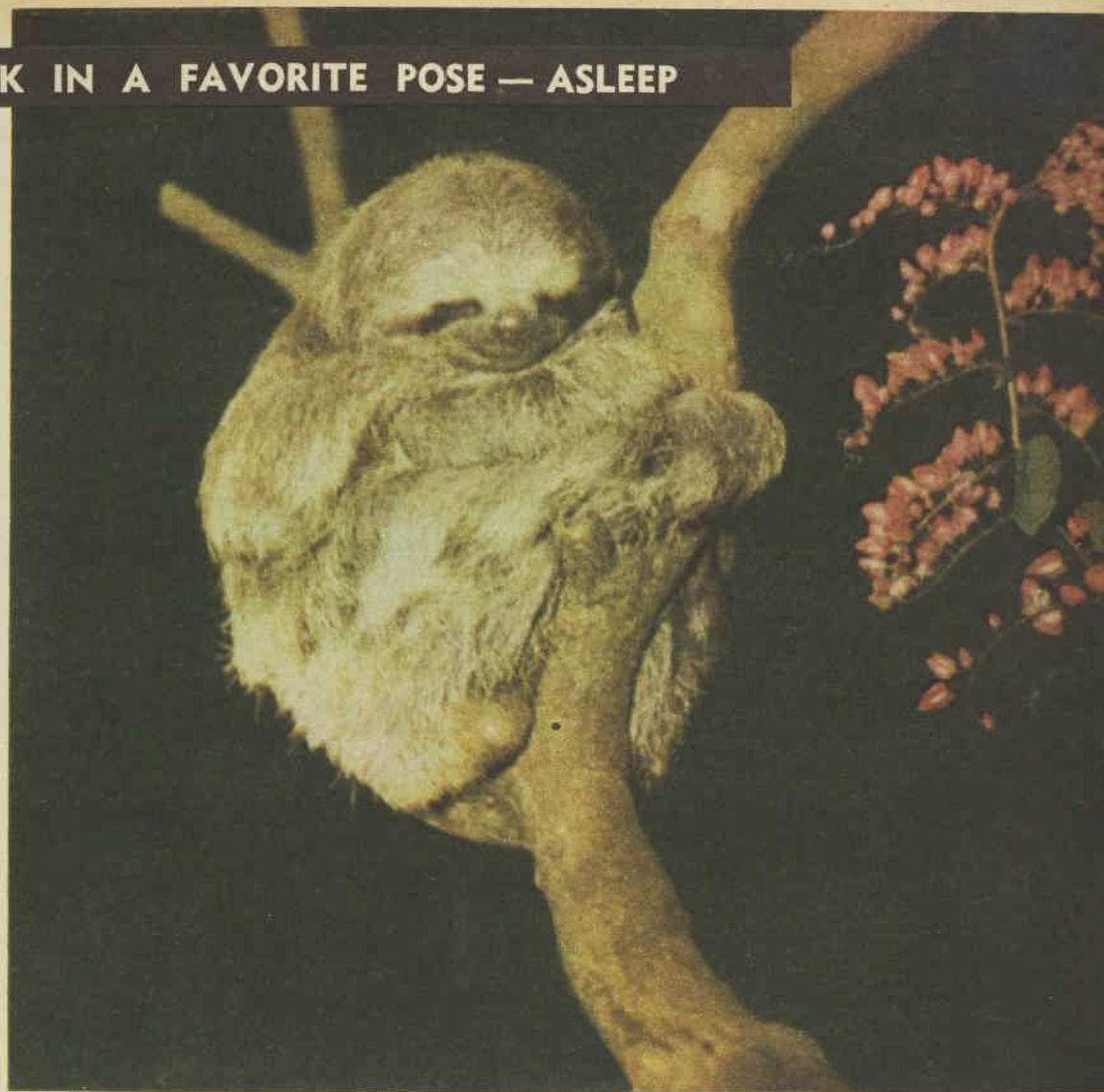
● The sloths can't bite — they've got no front teeth.

● But their claws are sharp.

● They eat (fruit, leaves, flowers), but don't drink at all.

● In sleep they are quite motionless (Mr. Tirler put a plastic disc on the sleeping Nepomuk's head one evening, and it was still there in the morning).

● Unlike the ill-natured, irritable, two-toed sloth, the three-toed species is benign, amiable, brimming over with the milk of human kindness.



"EVERYTHING about the sloth is pleasingly spherical," wrote Mr. Tirler.

HIS FIANCEE, wild when captured, became a PLACID WIFE and MOTHER



AT FIRST, the lady sloth who became Nepomuk's wife would allow no one near her, and she aimed many a savage blow at both Nepomuk and Mr. Tirler. But she settled down, becoming "calm and composed, in fact, the polished, perfect sloth." Above left, the angry lady. Above right, she is happy with her baby. Not that she took much notice of the baby, which was always on the go.

A SLOTH IN THE FAMILY Continued from previous page

Good, he thought. At least they're not hard to catch. (He was to find out later that the book wasn't quite accurate.)

Anyway, one day he captured a sloth.

But to get it home he had to chop off the whole treetop in which he found it — the sloth simply wouldn't let go its hold — and carry it all the way with the animal still among the leaves.

"We soon discovered what an endearing creature it was," wrote Mr. Tirler.

"Its small honest eyes looked you straight in the face, unless, or until, their tired lids sank slowly over them, as often hap-

pened. It had a great variety of expression. Whenever its face was in repose a good-natured smile was forever on its lips.

"Sloths never bite, all their movements are incredibly slow and they never make a sound, except on very rare occasions, when they heave a gentle sigh that sounds like 'a-i.'"

Nepomuk was so named because his face reminded Mr. Tirler of St. Nepomuk's statue in Prague. (Nepomuk was a priest whom King Wenceslas threw into the Moldau River for not revealing secrets of the confessional.)

The sloth Nepomuk is rarely angry. But each of his muscular arms and legs has three big claws for climbing — and for use as weapons, if necessary.

But Nepomuk detests quarrelling. "If you try to provoke him . . . his only reaction will be to draw in his breath, as though surprised that anyone could be so cantankerous. After which, exhausted by this emotional storm, he will subside into a deep sleep."

Feeding Nepomuk is no problem. He isn't interested in human foods, but delights in the juicy leaves, blossom, and fruit of the plentiful ymbahuba trees.

All he wants is ymbahubas and more ymbahubas.

Before a meal he "gives his lips one soft smack of relish." He then begins to eat neatly, and nothing will distract him except the possible need for sleep.

He will eat in every conceivable and inconceivable position, sitting, lying, even hanging head downwards.

And sometimes, when hanging upside-down, he drops off to sleep.

Only during storms, or when swimming, does the sloth move fast.

"When a storm goes roaring through the forest," wrote Mr. Tirler, "it is Nepomuk's delight

to take to the treetops, where he gives a display of breath-taking acrobatics . . ." and he goes on to describe a vigorous Nepomuk swinging from treetop to treetop, swaying on storm-tossed branches, and having a wonderful time.

As Mrs. Tirler won't have a wet sloth in the house, she picks him up when he comes down and hangs him over the clothesline among the flapping clothes to dry.

"He seems to enjoy it," Mr. Tirler wrote, explaining that although the water runs down Nepomuk's body into his nose, making him snort and sneeze, the sunlight soon makes him come off.

Nepomuk's bride

A sloth hardly ever needs to swim, and Mr. Tirler wonders whether Nepomuk's speed in water is caused by enjoyment or the wish to get out.

The day came when a bride for Nepomuk, newly captured while fleeing from a forest fire, arrived. When Nepomuk spotted her he began (without undue haste) to climb the tree she sat in.

She gave him a terrific blow on the head for his trouble and, after thinking it over, Nepomuk began climbing down again.

But she followed, raining cuffs and blows at first, then abruptly reversing form to make inviting advances.

It was all too sudden for poor Nepomuk. He fled.

"Throughout the day," wrote Mr. Tirler, "he remained in a state of great agitation, climbing with unsuspected agility from tree to tree."

For a while, both the Tirlers and Nepomuk suffered from the lady's rage, hostility, and violence. But she began to calm down.

Instead of hitting Nepomuk she now merely pulled out a handful of his hair or snatched his food. Or raised her arm to strike, and went to sleep without even lowering it.

After about a month she turned completely sweet and gentle, fat and complacent, and would cuddle up to the Tirlers like a baby. She and Nepomuk became constant and harmonious companions in their paradise of trees.

"Enigmatic smile"

One day, the lady seemed off-color. Instead of sunning herself near the white-flowering myrtle, she found a shady corner and sat and dozed, with an enigmatic smile on her face.

Soon after, a baby sloth was seen peeping out from her fur.

Sloths do little for their offspring.

Nepomuk took no interest in his child, and the mother climbed about as if the baby clinging to her wasn't there, and before it was a week old it developed an amazing agility (it had to, to avoid being scraped off on branches, etc.).

For there's nothing slothful about a baby sloth — this one, before the year was out, was already making trips into the man's land between the garden and the jungle.

And thus the Tirlers came to expect that, finally, the baby would go her way. They know, however, that Nepomuk and his wife will never leave.



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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

First instalment of a two-part serial

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON



KERRIGAN strode into police headquarters at five past three that pleasant October afternoon, a very assured acting lieutenant, Second Detective Division. He was sure — as sure as anybody could be of anything — that he'd be a full lieutenant in three months, captain in five years, and probably deputy inspector before he was forty.

Why not? Kerrigan thought. At thirty-two he was second on the eligible list for lieutenant; in ten years on the force he had racked up eleven commendations and no demerits; he had built up a record for good detective work that simply could not be overlooked when promotions were passed out.

Whittaker, the old patrolman who served as Inspector Arnold's assistant, looked at him oddly as he said, "He's waiting. Go right in."

Kerrigan knew why the Old Man had sent for him. Arnold always sent for the men who did a particularly good job, and the Gallagher arrest yesterday had wound up eleven weeks of hard plugging. He opened the door and nodded to the white-haired man who sat behind the huge, dark desk. "Hello, Chief," he said.

But suddenly Kerrigan knew something was wrong. "Sit down, Frank," Arnold said, and went on turning some type-written pages. "I'd like to hear your side of this Corwin affair."

"I don't remember a Corwin case," Kerrigan said, puzzled.

"You arrested him ten days ago. Charged him with drunken driving. Roger B. Corwin."

He remembered then — the big red convertible weaving up Third Avenue a little after four o'clock in the morning, almost running down a sleepy pedestrian, swerving recklessly from lane to lane. He remembered the short chase, the howl of his siren ordering the red convertible to stop.

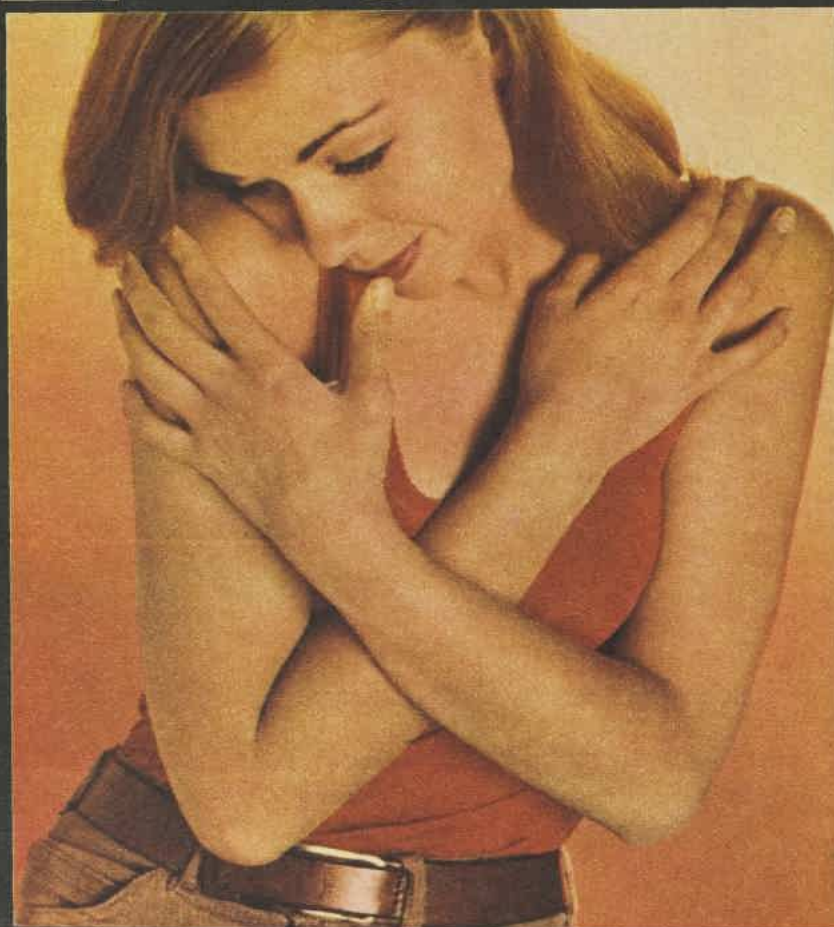
"Oh, sure, I remember," he said. There was a fat, truculent young man behind the wheel who was very drunk, and beside him was a very frightened girl who was also very blonde and very lovely in silver furs. She said, "Thank heaven,"

To page 40

Kerrigan and Jane, on loan to the First Detective Division, spent long, tedious hours searching for the missing witness.



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It's the newest of the Angel Face Golden Beiges. So sheer, it's as nude as the rest of our range (Golden Honey Beige, Golden Amber Beige). But we've filtered the pale golden gleam of sunbeams to match it to your summery skin. Golden Illusion Beige—bare-faced, but beautiful!



GOLDEN ILLUSION BEIGE

By Angel Face

COMPACT

From U.K., with love...

■ Organising people comes naturally to Mrs. Michael Joyce, of England's New-castle-on-Tyne. A mother of five, she had to look after eight brothers and sisters when she was only 18.

But now, instead of merely organising coach parties to seaside resorts on the north-east coast of England, she is "guiding" groups of people to countries as far apart as America and Australia.

"One of our local clergy says jokingly that nearby resorts are too 'common' for me now," Mrs. Joyce said during a recent visit to Australia.

The idea for these sentimental journeys, which reunite friends and relatives who never thought they would see each other again, was born five years ago when Mrs. Joyce won some money in a church draw.

"I have five cousins in Dallas, Texas," she said. "So I decided I'd use the money to go to America. But when I found out how much the fare was I thought it was too steep."

However, news travels fast in a place as small as Hebburn, the Newcastle suburb where Mrs. Joyce lives, and she was inundated with requests from people to look up a "long-lost" brother or sister in America.

Discovering that she could charter a plane—"I never knew you could do such a thing until the travel agent

and—to the accompaniment of "Blaydon Races" (the North of England's equivalent of "Waltzing Matilda")—137 people, including Mrs. Joyce, crossed the Atlantic and the years—sometimes as many as 33, according to Mrs. Joyce.



● Mrs. Joyce

The latest sentimental journey is closer to Mrs. Joyce's heart than the others, because it reunited her with her favorite brother, who migrated to Australia 40 years ago.

"He was the person I most wanted to see," she said, "and after four more trips to America I began to ask myself why I couldn't spread my wings farther and come to Australia."

The Joyce family, knowing this was her dearest wish, clubbed together and gave her the fare as a Christmas present.

As soon as her brother saw her at Perth airport, Mrs. Joyce said, he shouted "Blondie!" and his other first words after 40 years were that she was "like a star from heaven."

"He also thought I looked a lot younger than he expected," added Mrs. Joyce, who is 59.

Mrs. Margaret Hart played hostess to Mrs. Joyce while she was in Sydney.

"I have three sisters living in Hebburn," Mrs. Hart said. "One of them lives near Mrs. Joyce and asked her to get first-hand knowledge of me and her son, who migrated here six years ago."

Mrs. Hart said that she came to Australia in 1927 with a group of 150 women sponsored by the British Government to do domestic work for two years.

"I can't say that I haven't seen England for 40 years, though," she said. "I went home for a holiday in 1961."



● Mrs. Hart

told me"—Mrs. Joyce began making plans that would enable these people to "look up" relatives and friends themselves.

Said Mrs. Joyce: "I'm president of the Hebburn Catholic Women's League, and we would meet in the parish hall every month and discuss the trip over cups of tea and sandwiches. Everyone would pay what he or she could afford toward the fare, which was about \$150 return."

Mrs. Joyce, who had never travelled outside the British Isles, found herself in charge of all the red-tape that overseas travel involves, including passports and visas. "Many of them had never seen a passport before," she said.

About a year later, in 1963, everything was organised,

● One of visiting German wine "queen" Margit Kolb's Australian hosts, wine merchant Ralph Jones, fills the giant glass Margit brought with her. A glassmaker had 30 failures before making the glass, which holds about six bottles.

THE WINE IN RHINE DOESN'T FALL MAINLY ON THE PLAIN!

★ We don't know what sort of year it was for wine, but 1947 was certainly a very good year for wine-makers!

For that's when Margit Kolb, of Bad Kreuznach, Germany, was born.

And Margit, who visited Australia recently, is a pretty good wine-maker.

She is pretty enough to be Germany's 1967 Rhine Wine Queen, winning a trip to inspect South Australia's Barossa Valley vineyards and cellars.

And she's good enough, on the technical side, to take over control of her father's vineyard and wine merchant's business when he retires.

(Her 22-year-old brother, Michael, is not interested in wine-making—he's in shoe-selling.)

There's more, we learnt, to Margit's wine-making than meets the glass.

To prepare to look after the business side she is studying economics at Munich University.

She improves her grip on the grape game during holidays.

Margit speaks two languages other than her native tongue—French and English.

English very, very fluently...

"So it's not all beer and skittles?" we suggested.

"No," she said. "Nor is it—how do you say?—froth and bubble!"

Crushed, like a grape, we retired—thinking that here was a rather assertive, very dry, young wine-maker.

Thereby hangs a yarn

ACCORDING to the International Wool Secretariat in Dusseldorf, Germany, nobody ever knitted 3cwt. of wool into wearable garments in one year—until along came Maria Landers, a 44-year-old housewife from Sassenberg, in North Rhine-Westphalia.

Frau Landers knits up to 12 hours a day. Last year she totalled 112 men's pullovers,

11 women's pullovers, seven ponchos, two bed-jackets, 15 children's ponchos, 12 dresses, and four skirts (normal length, not mini), 12 girls' dresses, two women's coats, a wedding dress.

And countless children's trousers, handbags, scarves, gloves, stoles—plus, for good measure, some 90 sleeve- and neck-edgings for pullovers.



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THERE is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe, as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue.

This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact, an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Pea-Beu contains the safest of all insect-killing substances (ingredients) known, yet the strongest, most effective killing substance to all insect pests.

The powerful, safe, Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is available at chemists and leading stores.

NUTTY— BUT SO NATTY

THE latest novel jewellery is not made of ping-pong balls or papiermache—it's made of Australian nuts and seeds!

The jewellery is made by Hungarian-born Eugene Kemen, of Sydney, who uses walnuts, she-oak cones, and gum-nuts, to name just a few.

He makes earrings, bracelets, pendants, key-rings, an outdoors-type, and it was through her that I discovered the Australian countryside.

Fascinated by Australian flora, Mr. Kemen and his wife travelled round Australia. It was then that he noticed the nuts, and wondered if jewellery could be made from them.

"I know very little about nuts, so I took up botany," said Mr. Kemen.

"I have now made quite a complete study of them, and collect them from all over Australia. I also get people to pick them for me."

Mr. Kemen said some of his jewellery would be exhibited at the Montreal Expo 67.

● Picture above shows ring and earring made of seed capsules.

she can't afford to give in to a cold



Judy Lockey is a photographer's model, and she just can't afford to give in to a cold. Red eyes, sniffles and a miserable 'stuffed-up' nose can be more than uncomfortable. They can seriously affect her income. She needs the dependable relief that only Contac® 500 gives — 12 hours gentle relief from the distressing symptoms of her cold. Each Contac 500 capsule contains more than 500 tiny time pills of good medicine. Some dissolve fast — for fast relief.

The rest dissolve slowly — hour after hour — as her system needs them. And this stops Judy's sniffles, relieves her stuffy nose — for up to 12 hours. That's all day or all night. How does Judy feel? Great! She still has her cold. Nothing we know of will cure it. But she certainly feels lots more like her usual cheerful self. Judy says, "Contac 500 is terrific! You can really feel it going to work — drying up your sniffles. I find I drink a little more

water — but it sure beats staying home and feeling miserable".

You can have this same relief — with Contac 500. One capsule in the morning lets you work and play all day. One capsule at night lets you sleep soundly — undisturbed by distressing cold symptoms.

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real relief. **It's Australia's leading cold medication. Ask your chemist!**



*Regd. T.M.

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Thoughts on working mothers

NO doubt R. Lewis means well in pitying the working mum, but many of them are happier than they have been for years. Some have spent years in study and in training for a profession, and have stayed at home while their children were young, but have gone back very thankfully to work when able to do so. Just to be back doing work they enjoy and to be meeting new people has given them a fresh lease of life.

\$2 to Mrs. W. F. Thompson, Braddon, A.C.T.

WHEN my family married I felt lonely, depressed, very old, and very sorry for myself. I eventually obtained a position, and within a fortnight found I couldn't cope with the rush of public transport, the pressure of modern business, or the sight of my neglected home. Resigning my position, I returned to my previous unhappy state. Later, attending an Adult Education hobby class, I found new friends, hobbies, and charity interests that have given me an active and peaceful new life.

\$2 to Mrs. W. Pole, Brisbane.

MY mother is a housewife. She always talks about the exciting times she had at work. She has three children and we keep her very busy. She still dreams of being able to go back to the peace and quiet of work when we all go to school. I am aged 12, and if my letter is published I will buy my mum a hat.

\$2 to "Slaves" (name supplied), Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

I DEPLORE a society which expects a married woman to return to work and also to run her home efficiently. She starts her chores earlier in the morning than do others and finishes later in the evening.

\$2 to "Georgina" (name supplied), Castle Hill, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIA at present is an affluent country, but it cannot remain so unless all citizens give fully of their skills and their spare time. Encouraging married women to return to professional and commercial work is not condemning them to a life of slavery. For some, such opportunities provide a tremendous aid in bolstering ego and combating boredom. But for all it is a signal that their community and their country require the use of their abilities.

\$2 to "Patriotic Principle" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

AS a casual typist I work from 9.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.—while my children are at school. Most people don't seem to realise the tremendous number of positions available to casual workers in offices and stores, even for women with no experience at all in these fields. It is easy to get a filing job, and the hours are marvellous.

\$2 to "Working Mrs." (name supplied), Garran, A.C.T.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 19, 1967



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Good neighbor, no cook

POLITENESS doesn't always pay. I was ill in bed and a neighbor brought me a plate of cookies, which neither my husband nor I could eat, and even the children didn't like them. Next time she called I thanked her, saying, "They were lovely," when she asked if I had liked them. So the next time she came to see how I was she brought me some more!

\$2 to "Mary" (name supplied), Tas.

Ice-cream tin uses

ONE use I have found for those empty half-gallon ice-cream tins is to use the floral ones as hatstands. With one hat to one tin, they look quite attractive on the wardrobe shelves. My husband drives two nailholes into the bottom of others, and we place these beside rosebushes or shrubs. Fill twice with water, and you know your plant has received a slow gallon-watering.

\$2 to "Tin Happy" (name supplied), Kenmore, Qld.

Never let it be "too late"

TRULY, I think the saddest words in the English language are "too late." So let's begin treating our family and friends the way we would if we knew that we should not see them again. Then we should remember to make the kind remark and to suppress the unkind word or deed. Anyone who has lost a dear one knows the remorse that even a good wife, husband, son, daughter, or friend experiences at the idea that there will not be another time to make up for sins of omission or commission.

\$2 to "Too Late" (name supplied), Watson's Bay, N.S.W.

An index for birthdays

TO those who like to send birthday cards to friends and relatives, I offer this suggestion: At the beginning of each year make a list of all birthdays, buy the cards, selecting individually for each person, and buy sufficient stamps for every envelope. Place all the birthday mail in a box (an empty shirt-box with a plastic lid is a good idea), and keep it in a place where you can see it and check the birthday list regularly.

\$2 to Mrs. Nola Cifala, Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Tangle! Thy name is Woman!

HOW is it that a woman cannot use a hose without tying it in knots, and why does she always finish up her vacuum-cleaning with a knotted lead? As a retired man, I now use the hose and the cleaner more than I did before, but I never get either hose or cleaner lead in a tangle. In fact, if I hadn't a wife to prove the contrary, I would believe that it was impossible to get a knot in them with ordinary use. Though now seeing more of female activity than I did earlier on, I still have not solved this problem.

\$2 to Mr. H. W. U. Hadow, Auckland, N.Z.

Ross Campbell writes...

KNOW YOUR TOWELS

"THE best way to get to Hyde Park Corner is to change at Piccadilly Circus," I said.

My wife and I were arguing about a point of geography while we did the dishes.

To show what I meant I pointed to the teatowel. It had a map of the London underground railway system on it.

Daily study of this teatowel has given us a sound knowledge of how to get around London. It will be useful if we are able to go there some day.

People now are depending more and more on teatowels for information and culture.

There are towels displaying Australian birds and wildflowers. I have dried up on quotations from "Hamlet" and "They're a Weird Mob," pictures of cheeses, and a history of tea.

Last Christmas Auntie Nan gave us a teatowel bearing an excellent reproduction of the "Mona Lisa."

It looked so nice that we did not use it for the dishes at first. We put it on the wall with sticky tape.

Visitors of all ages commented on it admiringly. Some said: "Who is she?" "Is it a friend of yours?" and "Did you paint it yourself?"

The word quickly went round the district that we had the "Mona Lisa" on a teatowel. We acquired a reputation for good taste and gracious living.

Then one night during a wet spell we ran out of teatowels.

There was no alternative. We had

to take the "Mona Lisa" down and dry up with her.

It went against the grain. I did not like having to wipe the mysterious smile off her face. I felt I should apologise to Leonardo da Vinci, but he was not around.

Since then Mona Lisa—or Mona, as she is usually called—has been in regular use. I am afraid the portrait has faded and lost its rich brown tones.

One thing I won't tolerate, however—seeing Mona Lisa pegged on the clothesline upside down. It jars on my artistic instincts. When this happens I go out and peg her again right side up.

A neighbor of ours has a teatowel with a calorie chart on it. You will often see her poring over it as she plans her diet. When it is in the wash she feels lost and starts eating potatoes.

Undoubtedly modern towels are doing a lot for education. But they must always be designed to make the subject interesting. People won't read a teatowel that is merely dry.

Fish-osophical



● Oil from the wrecked tanker Torrey Canyon has caused disastrous havoc among marine life off the coast of England.

*Oil on untroubled waters, said a fish
(Reading his morning paper far away),*

*Can demonstrate a lesson that I wish
My fellow fish would learn without delay.*

*It's useless being fearful of the morrow,
Anticipating sharks and baits and nets.
To worry thus will merely double sorrow
And only foolish fish have vain regrets.*

*Disastrous things can happen, said our fish
(Fixing his glare upon a passing cray),
But then again they mightn't, and I wish
That all of us could learn to live today.*

—Dorothy Drain

Mum becomes an antique

ON the veranda of the Chaffey mansion in Mildura, now the site of the city's Cultural Centre, is a sparkling buggy. "My goodness," I said, "this brings back memories; flashing off to church with a rug over our knees..." The agonised expression on the face of my 12-year-old daughter compelled me to stop. "Mum," she whispered, looking furtively over her shoulder, "you don't mean you've ridden in one of those?" She wasn't joking. You'd think I'd confessed an acquaintance with one of Cobb and Co.'s original coaches.

\$2 to B.A.G. (name supplied), Belmont, Vic.

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"within a week my skin was clear..."

... and now, some five weeks later, there is no sign of recurrence and my complexion is so smooth, clear and free of blackheads that I can hardly believe it."

writes a teenager from Victoria who had dramatic results the first time she used

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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

when Kerrigan showed his badge. Then: "Officer, would you call me a cab? I want to get away from this drunken maniac."

The fat young man had been very belligerent. He said Kerrigan should mind his own business, go arrest a criminal or something, and let decent citizens alone. He said if provoked further, he'd see that Kerrigan was broken. He said he knew a great many important people. And when Kerrigan started to pull him out of the car he aimed a clumsy, drunken punch at Kerrigan. He shoved the punch aside with his left hand. He put his right hand against the chest just above the paunch and shoved, and Roger B. Corwin sat down hard on the bucket seat of the car, looking bewildered and a little ridiculous.

Kerrigan stopped a cab for the girl. She gave the driver an address, a very good one. He jotted it down. He asked her name. She gave it — Thelma something. He wrote that down, too.

"I'll have to book your friend," he said. "Sorry."

"You can hang him, for all I care," the girl said angrily. "I begged him to let me drive. But, oh, no, he knew what he was doing. I hope I never see him again."

He went back to the red convertible after the cab roared off. Roger B. Corwin had fallen from the car and lay face down on the pavement of Third Avenue. He was snoring gently. He woke when Kerrigan picked him up. There was a bruise over his right eye and a trickle of blood ran from it. He was drowsily protesting that he had important connections, he would break Kerrigan for this, while Kerrigan drove him to the East Fifty-first Street station and booked him for drunken driving.

KERRIGAN told this to Inspector Arnold in the succinct words of an experienced witness stating his case.

When he finished, Arnold said, "That isn't the way Corwin tells it. He said he was sitting in his car, which was standing still on Third Avenue and he was cold sober. You came along and told him — very abusively and profanely — to get going. And when he tried to reason with you, you pulled him out of the car and smashed him in the face, knocking him into a state of semi-consciousness."

"The sergeant on desk duty at the station will bear me out that Corwin could hardly stand up when I booked him."

Arnold shrugged. "Corwin concedes he was groggy when brought in—from your blows, he says. And he was bleeding from a wound over the right eye. We've confirmed that."

"He's been in to make a complaint, I take it."

"He certainly has. Do you know who this Corwin is?"

Kerrigan said he didn't. Arnold told him. Roger B. Corwin was a lawyer. Maybe not much of a lawyer, but he was the son of Charles Corwin, who happened to be a very good lawyer indeed. He'd had his son out on bail within an hour after he was booked. More important, he'd had the family doctor there, and the family doctor had signed an affidavit stating that he found contusions and lacerations consistent with a beating.

"The fact is, he can hang you if he has a mind to. And he has."

Kerrigan was worried now, but not frightened. "There's the girl, this Thelma. She knew the shape he was in. If it comes to a trial, I can call her as a wit—"

Arnold interrupted him. "Thelma Brookes? You'd be wasting your time. She's been in and given a statement. She confirmed every detail of young Corwin's story. She'd been with him all night. Said he had exactly two cocktails before dinner and showed no signs of intoxication. About you calling a cab for her — that isn't the way she tells it. She says she ran away when she saw Corwin go down under your blows — totally unprovoked, of course — because she was afraid you might beat her up, too. As a matter of fact, it was she who telephoned Corwin's father. She's young Corwin's fiancée, you know."

"I suppose this means that I'll be brought up on charges."

"That's something we'd like to avoid. With people like this it would mean a lot of publicity. And the powers that be are very sensitive about even a suspicion of police brutality. Their side of the story would be front-page stuff. And if at the end you were exonerated, it would be worth a paragraph on page 36, with maybe an innuendo of whitewash."

"What's the alternative?" "You'll be broken as far as the civil service law allows without actual dismissal from the force. That means back to sergeant, pounding a beat. Or maybe plainclothes duty — I don't know. And a 30-day suspension. You can fight the suspension. But if you lose, you'll be finished."

After a pause Arnold said, "If it means anything to you, Frank, I believe you. I know every word you told me is the truth. But I don't see how you can prove it."

At twenty-seven minutes after three Kerrigan walked back into the October sunshine — Sergeant Frank Kerrigan now, and under suspension at that. The story would get around, and inevitably it would be embroidered upon. This Kerrigan was a good cop in many ways — so it would go. It was just too bad that he was a little too eager with his fists. Beat up the wrong man once, an influential citizen. There was no place on today's force for a man like that.

It turned out that he was to be spared the ignominy of pounding a beat in uniform. But he wasn't grateful on the morning he reported for duty at the Special Service Squad and listened to the introduction by Lieutenant Peter Hefferman.

"Frank, meet your new partner — Jane Boardman. Jane, you're going to work with one of the best in the business. This is Sergeant Frank Kerrigan."

He knew at a glance that Jane Boardman's job would be to act as a bait. And he knew in that same second what his assignment was. He would stand behind this defenceless-looking girl and come into the picture only when some stupid fish rose to take the inviting bait. He wished now he was on a beat — anywhere.

Jane Boardman held out her hand. "I know it will be a pleasure working with you, Sergeant," and hoped she was convincing.

Her first assignment after the police academy had been disappointing enough. After four years of college, after deciding to go into police work, and after her high marks at the police academy — well, it had been a shock to find she was assigned to a job because she had good legs and wore clothes well.

That had been bad enough. But yesterday Hefferman had

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● A mother, writing from New Guinea, tells of the long struggle to solve a problem that confronts many families: her small son wet the bed every night. They tried every known "cure," then had success with a strict routine suggested by the family doctor.

After four years, dry sheets seemed like a miracle

NOCTURNAL ENURESIS is the term medical text books use to describe a condition that can cause disruption and heartache to those it affects. We experienced it in our family and had to accept it in its plain, everyday starkness: bedwetting.

As a trained nurse, I can remember from my training days that if I came across a small patient with a wet bed at sponge and bed-making time I thought it was due to the fear and insecurity of a child away from home. Children can react in so many different ways.

When my first child, a girl, was born, I gave no thoughts of her being dry at night. Like all babies, she seemed to be constantly wet. So I was delighted when she made the transition, between 18 months and two years.

It just happened. I suddenly realised the nappies she wore at night were still dry next morning — as simple as that.

My second child, a boy, seemed to follow the same pattern, and I never imagined I would have any problem with him. At 20 months he, too, was dry throughout the night. It wasn't even necessary to put him in a nappy at bedtime "just in case."

Their sister arrived by a caesarean birth, which kept me in hospital longer than the normal eight or nine days. During the third week, my husband said the children were showing signs of fretting. The younger one had asked if Mummy had "gone away for ever." Hospital rules didn't allow them to visit me.

I asked Matron if the children would be allowed to see me if I walked out to a ward veranda, just to reassure them. Under the circumstances, she agreed. It was a happy reunion. I had collected our new baby girl from the nursery, and carried her to show them. They were delighted.

There was just as much excitement over my homecoming. The first evening home, the kiddies were a little later to bed than usual. I was out of my routine, rules were

relaxed, and the baby seemed to take up so much of my time.

When Paul's bed was wet the next morning, I passed over it as a reaction to my return. When, however, I faced a wet bed on the fourth successive morning, I started to reassess the situation. His daddy assured me he had been dry during my absence.

This, then, was clearly a psychological result of the separation. Although outwardly he appeared to accept the baby, subconsciously he was possibly blaming her. After six weeks of saturated bed and linen, I knew I had a problem.

How to treat it was the next thing. I prompted conversations among mothers of young families. I found it was accepted as more common in boys than in girls and that one must never lose patience with the child concerned. This was to prove the hardest task of all.

It isn't easy to face a load of soiled linen for 365 days a year. I tried everything ever suggested as a cure. I answered innumerable advertisements for remedies, but none was effective for Paul.

At one period we went through months of honey eating. I was told to give Paul a tablespoon of honey an hour before his bedtime to help relax his nervous system.

Honey no use

He liked the honey treatment, but when we were half way through the second 3lb. tin I realised there should have been some results by now.

Trips away from home became a nightmare. We always had to remember to include plastic sheeting in our luggage. If we stayed with friends or relatives, or at a hotel, we asked if we could have old linen, explaining why.

People were not as sympathetic as we had learned to be over the years. Overnight journeys by train or plane were a further problem. The other two children could settle down to sleep — Paul had to be kept awake, or woken from a sleep to

get him to a toilet. There was always the fear of an accident.

I tried hard to be patient, but inevitably there would be the morning when the sight of a saturated bed would send me into a tirade of scolding. I'd send him off to school in bad grace, and then feel guilty all day, wondering what further retrogression I had caused.

When he was six and in grade one at school, we had learned to live with it. The heartbreaking part now was that Paul realised he was different from his classmates. Some, when he questioned them, had been highly indignant at the very suggestion that, as six-year-olds, they would wet their beds. Only babies did that!

Preparations for the school Christmas concert were under way. On the afternoon of the concert the children had been told to bring a mat to school so they could have a rest on the floor before the big night. Paul begged to stay home. He was terrified that if he rested he would go to sleep and the inevitable would happen. He was now face to face with the problem for himself.

This was the moment of truth for me. Things couldn't go on this way, and although I had been told there was no known medical cure for enuresis, I decided to seek advice. These were the doctor's opening remarks: "Mrs. M., if we could come up with a cure for this distressing situation it would be a most rewarding breakthrough in medicine. I see about 12 mothers a week on the same problem."

Yet, just talking over the years of trial and I had shared was beneficial. Near the end of the visit, the doctor said:

"There is one thing you can try, but I can't guarantee it. You'll need patience, and we have to be sure that Paul understands and can cope. We call it double micturition, and it must be followed up later, if effective, with bladder exercises."

He explained what we had to do. After every visit Paul made to the toilet, I was to let five minutes elapse, then call him back to try to void again.

If he passed as little as two drops of urine, it was enough encouragement to

continue with the routine. This should be done throughout the day, but with Paul at school it could only start with him when he arrived home.

To help the program he had a large drink around four o'clock each afternoon — fruit juice, cordial, milk, or just water, but no less than 8oz., and up to 16oz. if he had the capacity. His last drink for the day was no later than 6 p.m. If he were thirsty at bedtime, he sucked an ice cube.

We started in earnest; I would watch Paul every time he raced into the house. If he went to the toilet, I would catch him on the way out again and keep him on hand for the return trip, in five minutes. Later, we discovered the usefulness of a kitchen timer clock as a reminder.

First dry night

After just three afternoons of this routine, we had our first dry night in four-and-a-half years. We couldn't believe it. Even Paul joined me as I examined the bed, thinking perhaps it may have dried out overnight. It was as fresh as the proverbial daisy!

We were so happy — and he was so proud. We rewarded him with a much-longed-for toy. From that time on, we graduated to periods of three, sometimes four, dry nights. There often would be a relapse, but we expected this.

Within ten weeks we were ready to say we had achieved a cure. Now was the time for the bladder exercises. I showed Paul how to place his hands, palms down, against the supra pubic, or bladder area, as doctor had illustrated.

He would then firmly contract and relax the muscles, feeling the contractions against his hands. He became so used to it he would do the exercises while reading or playing. He never tried to evade any part of the routine.

Now, in less than 12 months, we know he is cured. Physically, he has grown almost 4in. Mentally, he feels 10ft. tall, and we have one very happy little boy.

● We submitted this reader's story to the Australian Medical Association to find out what expert medical opinion would be on the subject. This is what the specialist said:

THIS is an interesting story, well told. As far as one can judge from the facts presented, the bedwetting in this boy had a psychological basis. It started when he was upset by separation from his mother and was probably maintained by the growing frustration and anxiety in both mother and child as the habit continued.

Then, when the boy had reached a stage of embarrassment and almost despair, a routine was offered that gave hope of cure and made some sort

of sense to him. His mind accepted it, and with the relief achieved came cure.

He had probably long ago got over the anxiety caused by separation from his mother, but it had been replaced by anxiety over his own disability and his mother's concern.

There is no single cause or single cure for bedwetting. In most bedwetters, the bladder simply has not matured beyond the infantile action of emptying automatically as soon as it fills to a certain pressure.

These children have no daytime bladder symptoms and have never had a long period free from wetting as Paul had.

Sometimes the bedwetting has an emotional basis. This may occur in children who have outgrown their infantile bladder and become dry; or it may arise from the very anxiety caused by continuing bedwetting and so prevent the development of bladder control.

Psychological bedwetters are often free of daytime symptoms, but sometimes

have frequent and urgent desire to pass urine by day.

The third important group of bedwetters are those suffering from physical illnesses that impair bladder control or cause frequent or increased urine output.

Among them are such important illnesses as bladder infections, diabetes, spinal tumors, and partial obstructions of the urinary passages, and such trifling troubles as threadworms.

Usually there are some

daytime symptoms which vary, of course, with the illness. There may be day frequency, pain on passing urine, a poor stream, straining to start the stream, increased thirst and urine output, or dribbling incontinence.

Among these is a group of children who do not empty the bladder properly, and for them double micturition may be an important part of the treatment.

The child who has never outgrown his infantile bed-

wetting will probably do so if he has no daytime symptoms and if an attitude of casual optimism is maintained. If he is older than about seven years and wants to get better, an electric bedwetting machine may help if reassurance and medicines have failed.

But beware of the child who has daytime symptoms related to his bladder, or who was dry for a considerable time and then started to wet his bed. It is likely that he has a real emotional problem or a real physical disease.



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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

told her about her teammate, painting him as a really great detective. He had been quite convincing, too, when he talked about the cases Kerrigan had worked on and solved. And at first it hadn't occurred to her to ask what Kerrigan was doing in Special Service, a department with an exciting name and a shabby duty.

Later it did occur to her — only after she had the answer. When she mentioned his name to a group of her new friends from the academy, it turned out that some of them had heard of Kerrigan. In some ways quite a detective, they'd heard, but a brutal cop and a mean one. He'd been broken, they'd heard, after wantonly beating up a defenceless citizen and making a pass at the citizen's girl.

She knew it was true as soon as she saw him. There was an unmistakable hardness about him, in the angry set of his jaw, in the coldness of his grey eyes. A brutal, hard-hitting cop who might have been a success a hundred years ago, but not today.

So she lied when she put out her hand and said she knew it would be a pleasure to work with him.

"I hope so, too," he muttered.

"Well, now," Heffernan said, "we've been getting some complaints about men pestering women in some of the movies on Forty-Second Street. That's your first assignment..."

In November, December, January, and February they went to the movies at least four hundred times — and saw no movies. They were good at their job. They made four, five, and six arrests a day, once eight.

Jane had expected the job to be rough. She hadn't expected it to be as bad as it was. After a week she felt she couldn't take it, and said so to Kerrigan.

"Somebody has to do this work," he said. "If you didn't do it there would be a lot of other pretty girls who'd have to go through worse than you're going through, without the protection you've got."

She looked at him in amazement. Why, he sounded like a dedicated policeman, and that couldn't be. He was a brute of a cop who'd beaten up a man.

But for all that she knew about him, she was no longer afraid of him. He was often out of her sight in the dim movie houses, but he always materialised, swiftly and efficiently, when she needed him. And it was oddly comforting to know that she was never alone on the emptiest-looking streets or in the darkest theatres.

It was a typical Monday in March, golden and warm, after an equally typical day of howling winds and heavy snow flurries. Heffernan called them into his private office.

"You're being loaned to the First Detective Division for a few days," he said. "Seems they're short-handed. Report to a Sergeant Graham over at

the division headquarters, he'll give you the orders. With the Reddy case coming to trial the regular staff is overloaded."

"The Reddy case?" Kerrigan was puzzled. "I thought that was due to go to trial just a week from today. You mean to say they haven't got it all wrapped up yet?"

Heffernan shrugged. "I don't understand it myself."

The Reddy case had occupied the front pages of the newspapers off and on for the past nine months. Joe and Jim Reddy and five of their chief lieutenants were being held without bail; a dozen lesser figures in the organisation were out on fabulously high bail.

The Reddy brothers controlled what the newspapers called a "vast criminal empire." They'd come far and high since they started snatching packages from the backs of delivery trucks on the West Side when they were teenagers. They had come out of the reformatory much smarter and more knowledgeable than when they went in.

First they began pushing narcotics, and then they became dealers selling to the pushers, and finally importers, selling to the dealers. With the years they had expanded into many lines, some of them legitimate. They owned nightclubs, a liquor-importing firm, office buildings, and apartment houses. But they were also big-time bookmakers, with hundreds or thousands — nobody really knew for sure — of branches spread over the city. As bookmakers they had an excellent reputation among the racing fraternity. Their odds were good, and winners were always paid off fully and promptly.

Occasionally, however, one of their bookie agents absconded, usually after taking a chance by holding out a few big bets that had paid off. In that case the winners would get their money but the bookie would disappear with grim permanence.

The Reddy brothers owned ninety-odd corporations, the grand jury had discovered, and tracing disbursements and receipts — all carefully itemised in carefully kept books — was a staggering and baffling job. If the Reddys paid for the permanent removal of a bookie, it would appear as a disbursement to one of the corporations. And each corporation made disbursements under a thousand legitimate headings — office supplies, counsel fees, engineering costs.

Kerrigan knew what the men of the First Detective Division would think of a couple of temporary replacements borrowed from the plainclothes end of Special Service. Possibly they might be assigned to guard a witness — a very unimportant one, of course. Jane would probably like that. Or they might be assigned to look into some detail on the fringe of the case.

At headquarters of the First Division Sergeant Graham said briskly, "Kerrigan and Boardman from — let's see —

"Special Service," said Kerrigan.

"Of course." He glanced at Jane. "But, of course!" he repeated in a way that Kerrigan found irritating. "Well, first you should know that what you will be working on here is important. Really important!" He made it very clear that, of course, Kerrigan and Boardman had never worked on anything important before.

"Here we are," he said, picking up a paper from his desk. "This gives the description of the man you're to bring in. David Brown, a very

important witness in the Reddy case. Last known address is 24 Mystic Place. Know it?"

"Brooklyn Heights," said Kerrigan.

"Good. Well, we want him, and we're depending on you to bring him in. All clear?"

"He doesn't live there now?" Kerrigan asked.

Graham showed symptoms of well-bred exasperation. "I think he moved. But you shouldn't have any trouble. Talk to the neighbors and that sort of thing. Find out from them where he's moved to."

Kerrigan said, "Can you tell us anything more about this Brown?"

The symptoms of exasperation exploded.

"Look, Kerrigan, let's not make a big production of this, shall we? Around here we're busy people. You've got his name, his description, his last known address. You know that he's an important witness in the Reddy case. Around here, men are supposed to use their heads. Do you want this assignment or don't you?"

The rude outburst of temper startled Jane, and she was aware that Kerrigan's face was turning scarlet.

"Yes, sir," Kerrigan got out finally. "We're on our way now." He took Jane's elbow and steered her out of the office.

In the corridor outside, Jane said, "He wasn't very polite, was he?"

"We get an occasional one like that. Can't be helped."

"Anyway, it's an important assignment on the Reddy case. That's more than you hoped for, isn't it?"

Kerrigan shrugged. "It's fishy. I don't know where it's fishy, but it is."

THEY read the scanty details on the slip. David Brown was about forty-five years old, 5ft. 7in. tall, weighed about 150 or 160lb., had brown hair, grey eyes, no distinguishing features or scars, wore glasses when reading. From this description David Brown emerged as colorless as his name.

"We might as well start," Kerrigan said.

Halfway down the corridor a thickset detective came out of an office door, glanced at Kerrigan, and stopped.

"Frank!" he said in pleased surprise, and shook hands vigorously. "Am I glad to see you back!"

"I'm not really back," Kerrigan explained. "Just lent to the district from Special Service. I'm doing plainclothes duty. Harry, meet my partner, Jane Boardman. Jane, Harry Levins."

Harry shook hands warmly with her. After the rudeness of Graham, she was grateful for his friendliness.

"Well, even on a temporary basis it's good to have you back again," said Harry. "By the way, Frank, I—I meant to call you after that trouble you had. To say I was sorry, I mean. Lousy break. But fact is, I felt too rotten about it to even give you a ring."

"Just as well," Kerrigan said, and smiled. "I didn't feel much like talking about it. You understand."

"Sure," said Harry. "Anything I can do — remember to call on me."

"Well, maybe there is something you can do. Do you happen to know anything about a David Brown?"

"Who doesn't around here?" Harry looked at him searchingly. "You know where we can lay hands on him?"

"No. We've just been assigned to bring him in."

Harry said, "Come in here," and led them into a small, cluttered private office. "Take a seat, you two. What d'you mean, you have

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Him bad boy
yesterday...



Heap good
Indian today...

"Yesterday", says this Indian's mother, "Billy was so grumpy. Squabbled with his playmates, and annoyed everyone. I reckoned he needed a laxative and gave him Laxettes last night. Today, he's fighting fit again."

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Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

'What a pity she bites her nails'

Bitten nails are ugly nails. And nail biting is an ugly habit. How can those short and scruffy nails become long, strong and beautiful nails? A wonderful new nail-biting deterrent is here to help your willpower and your won't power. It's Stop 'n Grow. Tests have shown remarkable results. After using Stop 'n Grow, nail-biters have grown long nails with firm cuticles and clear half moons. Nail biting has been cured within 3 weeks. Stop 'n Grow is invisible. You can wear it over nail polish. It's called Stop 'n Grow, because as you stop the habit you grow new nails. Ask your chemist.



LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

been assigned to bring him in? Nothing exclusive about that. Fifteen or twenty of us have taken a crack at it, one time or another."

"Well, now we're supposed to have a crack at it. And we'd like to know just who this Brown is supposed to be. I've never heard of him."

"Didn't the captain or the lieutenant fill you in on him?"

"No, we got the assignment from Sergeant Graham."

"The boy wonder, eh? Well, it takes all kinds. . . . To get back to Brown, we've been trying to pick him up for nine months, ever since the Reddy case broke. Right now he has become—indispensable. You see, we had two surefire witnesses tied up right from the beginning. Anyway, we thought we had them tied up. Did you ever hear of Red Moran?"

Kerrigan nodded. "I read a couple of months ago that he was killed somewhere out in Queens. A typical gangster shooting, I gathered."

"Right," said Harry. "Nobody got much upset about it—except the District Attorney's office and us."

Kerrigan said, "I take it he was one of the two surefire witnesses."

"Exactly."

"So that left you with one witness."

"For a while only."

"Don't tell me the same thing happened to him!"

"Not quite. The D.A. assigned four men to him as bodyguards. But he got a stomach-ache one night after a big meal. Turned out to be a perforated ulcer. By the time the men with him realised that maybe the trouble wasn't just overeating and got him to a hospital, it was necessary to do an emergency operation. Peritonitis set in and finished him off in a couple of days. Isn't that crazy?"

Kerrigan shrugged.

"You see, Frank, the problem is this. The District Attorney has got to have at least one witness who knows the Reddys' bookkeeping. That's the key to the prosecution—if it is going to be a successful one. They've got to have somebody who knows just what the entries mean. Unless we can prove where

these disbursements actually went, we're licked in court. Red Moran could have proved it for us; so could the other fellow, Jacobowski; and so, we think—we're sure—could Brown."

"And in nine months you haven't been able to get any line on this fool Brown? None at all?"

"No. But understand this, Frank—Brown was no fool. By all accounts he was a very decent, quiet guy. He was an accountant, and a very good one. The sort who could pick up a job in a hundred thousand places."

"But if he was all that—decent, honest, and a good accountant—what was he doing working for the Reddys?" Jane asked.

Harry Levins shifted his gaze to her. "Good question," he said. "But the answer is simple enough. The Reddys need good accountants. Good, sharp, honest men they can trust. After all, they're dealing with people who'd pull a fast one if they could. And the Reddy boys don't want any trouble with Internal Revenue. They had to have some people like David Brown who knew figures, could spot anything phony, and knew taxes, too. Jacobowski was that type. And David Brown was, too, up to about two years ago."

"What happened two years ago?" Kerrigan asked.

"According to Jacobowski, who knew him slightly, Brown wanted to get out. Seems like he started with the Reddy brothers years before, under the impression the boys were legitimate, big-time operators. Brown came from somewhere out of town—just where, we never did learn. Probably he had never heard of the Reddys. But somewhere along the line Brown wised up to what all those figures stood for. Probably it dawned on him very slowly."

"Also you must remember that by now he was drawing pretty big money for an accountant. About two hundred and fifty a week. Maybe that made him hang on for quite a while. But a couple of years ago he left the Reddy organisation."

Kerrigan said, "I'm surprised the Reddys let him go, knowing what he knew."

Harry spread his palms upward on his cluttered desk. "Who knows? We don't. He disappeared—but we don't know that he isn't at the bottom of the river in a cement barrel. We don't know he's dead; we don't know he isn't dead. Just remember that he isn't a fool. He could be working as an accountant around the corner."

"This address—24 Mystic Place—you know anything about it?"

"Sounds familiar. I didn't work on that end of the case myself. I know his last known address was some place in Brooklyn Heights. Seems to me a guy named Yelanski worked on that angle. Got nowhere."

"Sam Yelanski," Kerrigan said thoughtfully. "That must be him. He's at the Poplar Street station, which covers that area. A good man, Sam."

"That's about it, I guess," said Harry Levins. "I can't imagine why they're wasting your time on something that we know is a dead end."

SAM YELANSKI

was glad to see Kerrigan. He made it clear to Jane that any friend of Kerrigan's was a friend of his. And from the way he and his partner reacted, Jane began to sense that to these two men—as to Harry Levins—Kerrigan was something rather special.

Yelanski's partner was a red-haired, chunky young man named Don MacAllister. After the greetings and introductions were over and Kerrigan explained what brought them there, Yelanski shook his head regretfully while MacAllister groaned, "Oh, no! Not again!"

"I can't imagine why they're wasting you on that, Frank," Yelanski said. "We've gone over that Mystic Place business with a fine-tooth comb. And the D.A.'s men, separately and independently, have gone over the same ground."

He talked succinctly, telling what they had done, and to Jane the thoroughness of it was dismaying.

Twenty-four Mystic Place was a big apartment house, with a hundred and twenty-two apartments. First, of course, they'd tried the superintendent. He didn't know David Brown—he was new

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THE OLD WOOD STOVE

It goes today, the old one-fire stove.
They ripped it out, and threw it on the truck.
"Might bring a quid," the gas man said, "with luck."
"Some bloke might want it for a barbecue."
A barbecue—Ah, me!
The word had not been coined when Grandpa said,
"Your stove is ordered, Mother," and her head
Was bent. The tears that did not flow
In all the times of hardship flooded now.
How lovingly she tended through the years
The jettty surface, polished till it shone.
She cooked the giant meals, the kettle on,
Forever ready for the cheerful cup.
She watched beside its rosy glow until
The dawn brought help to someone who was ill.
At least, I hope that's how it was, for I
Did not know Grandma, but I do know Stove
And I would like to think that someone else
Knew how to cope with its ferocious mood,
Its smuts, its ash, its dreadful greed for wood.
Goodbye, goodbye, it lies upon the truck—
"Some bloke might have a quid."
I wish him luck.

—HELEN STUART

We protect it from germs.

It protects you from infection.

We wrap every Strip for the same reason
you cover every hurt with a BAND-AID
Strip. (It's a dirty world.)

BAND-AID

strips BRAND



Johnson & Johnson

Page 49

How to be more beautiful on all occasions

Ways and means to help you look younger and lovelier
— to make the most of your beauty

A few minutes spent each day following these beauty-care suggestions will bring you rich dividends of greater loveliness and assurance, enable you to look younger than ever before.

YOUR SKIN

You will have a more beautiful complexion that is smooth and fine-grained in texture, alive with the dewy bloom of youthfulness with the benefit of these simple hints. Your skin will look so much younger and it will keep its exquisite, petal-soft appearance.

You can now beautify your skin with a success that has never before been possible because modern science has realised the secret dream of every woman and has afforded you the rare privilege of cherishing a flawless, milky, beautiful complexion all your life. The discovery of a tropical moist oil with remarkable, skin-beautifying benefits now enables you to simulate nature's way of supplying beautifying elements to your complexion. This moist oil supplements the natural skin oil and moisture inexorably lost due to temperature extremes, sun, wind and time itself. Isotonically balanced for rapid assimilation into the skin cells, the revolutionary beauty oil soaks beauty into your skin and eradicates tiny, dry lines and wrinkles.

When smoothed over the face and neck daily and used as an ideal powder-base beneath make-up, tropical

cells is constantly maintained. Because of its hygroscopic properties, oil of Ulan assists nature further by replenishing moisture extracted from the upper dermic layer by evaporation, attracting moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and drawing it into the skin so that the complexion retains its dewy, youthful bloom.

Nourish Your Complexion at Night

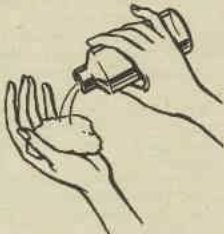
At night use Ulan vitalizing night cream to give your complexion ultra-rich lubrication as well as an uplifting facial massage. This night cream contains the precious moist Ulan oils plus rich vitalizing oils, which make it ideal for smoothing away tired lines, fading away shadows and for correcting dryness and lack of firmness.

Stroke the cream on the skin at bedtime with the tips of the fingers, applying it to cheeks, forehead and throat and working it in with upward, moulding strokes so that you cover every inch of the face and neck. Circle cream lightly around the eyes to give extra smoothness and protection to this delicate skin tissue.

Cleanse Without Drying the Skin

Cleanse your complexion with a gentle cleansing milk because, for one thing, it's quicker than a cleansing cream and, for another, it's the most efficient medium for removing grime and stale make-up. It softens and lifts impurities so that there's no necessity for rubbing the skin, and it never dries the skin or removes the natural protective oils. Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and

neck in an upward direction. Work it gently round your nose, chin and hairline, where particles tend to accumulate, and allow the dissolving action of the milk a minute



or two to float the dirt out. Then rinse your skin in tepid water and pat gently dry with a soft towel. See how quickly and easily your complexion has taken on a new clearness, how soft and satiny your skin feels to the touch.

Toning Brings Improved Texture

Tone and refine your pores by utilising the natural lemon-toning properties of special beauty lemons. Delph skin freshener stimulates a lazy circulation in seconds and should always be used after cleansing to tone the skin and close relaxed pores. Sprinkle a little of the lemon Delph freshener on a pad of cottonwool and pat the face and neck briskly until the skin feels wonderfully braced and has a radiant glow.

Your Make-Up

Once a film of oil of Ulan has been applied to your complexion you can, more successfully, blend a tinted foundation over your face and neck. The petal-flake technique is infallible in giv-

ing your skin a richly delicate bloom. Simply dot petal-smooth Evenmatt on the face and neck and diffuse the film of color over the



skin with your fingertips. Add a blush of rouge, a dusting of matching Evenmatt powder and your favorite lipstick.

Since eye make-up can be very time-consuming, use only eye-liner and mascara on the occasions when you want really quick results.

Choose a subtle shade of liner and use it for darkening and shaping eyebrows as well as for outlining the upper eyelids. A mascara wand gives you lush, lengthy lashes in seconds, does away with the bother of old-fashioned wetting and brushing-on of mascara.

Discover the True Beauty of Your Hair

A gleaming head of beautiful, silk-soft hair makes any woman stand out in a crowd — and, nine times out of ten, it's the shampoo she chooses that primarily creates the shimmer and sheen in her crowning glory. The "Peek-In" Glow shampoos are excellent for giv-

ing hair the exquisite jewel-like tones seen when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. Simply by massaging this "glow" shampoo into your hair when shampooing, you bring out the rich translucent highlights and enhance the color depths of your natural hair shade.

For speedy hair-setting, practise pinning hair up over the crown with three or four large rollers. Set hair all round the back and sides in pin curls. If you have a fringe, arrange it and secure well with transparent tape. Now spray the hair with your hair spray and allow the hair to dry. Remove rollers and pins and gently brush the hair-style through once. Spray and style lightly again to preserve its neatness and shape and to give the final, shining touch of beauty to your well-groomed head.



moist oil of Ulan brings youth and loveliness to the complexion. The skin is nourished and protected all day and the perfect oil and moisture balance of the basal

To be paraded at leading stores

TOP DESIGNS IN WINTER FASHIONS



6950. — Flared cotton with shaped front yoke has pockets in side seams, sleeves gathered into band at mid-arm. Vogue Pattern 6950, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. 75c inc. postage.

1423. — Slim suit has slightly fitted jacket with half cuffs, curved flap pockets. Vogue Couturier Design 1423, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 95c includes postage.

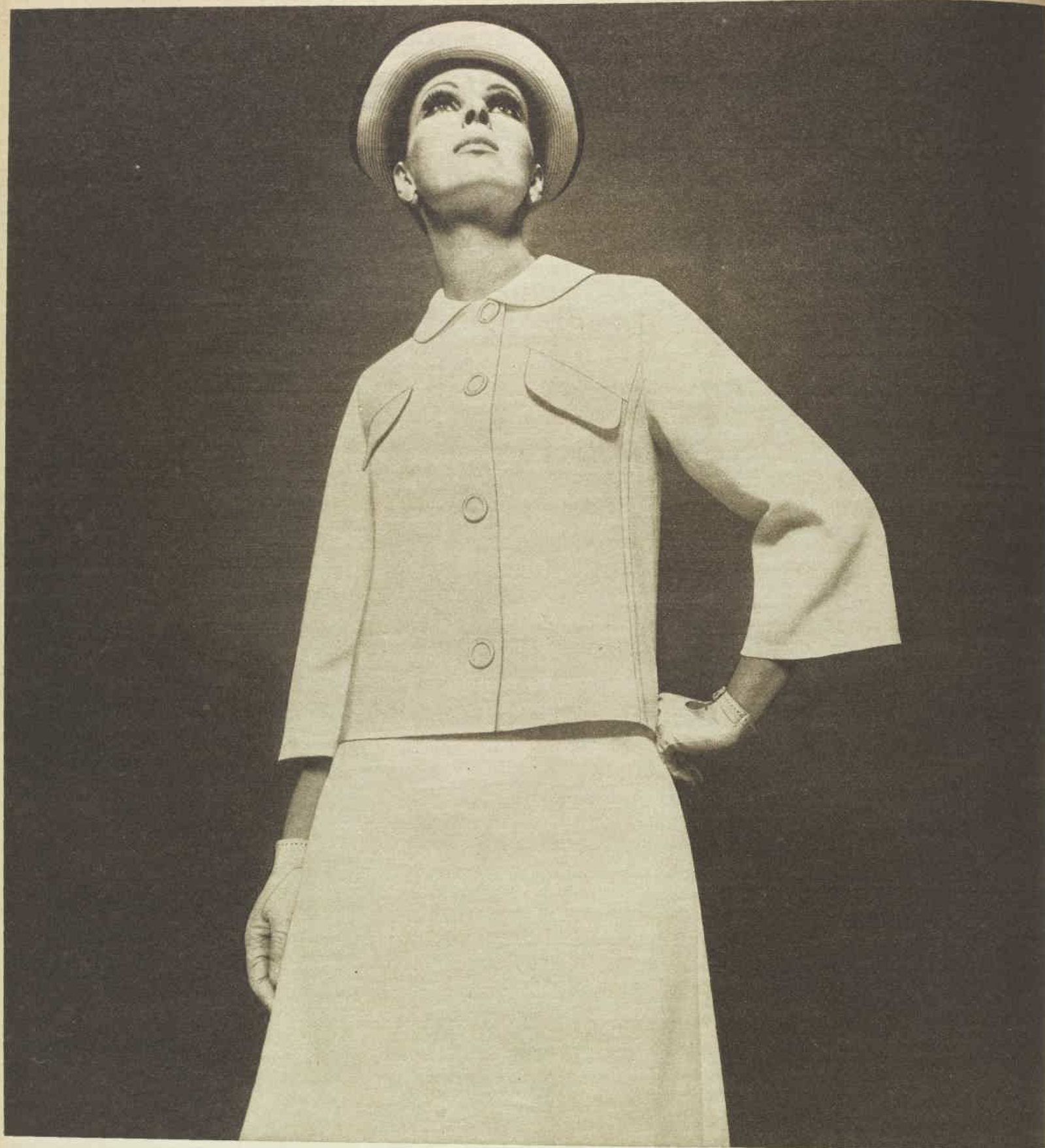
1648—A-line dress and jacket. Vogue Couturier Design 1648, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price \$1.40 inc. postage. Vogue Hat Pattern 6121, one size only. 57c inc. postage.



PARADE DATES

• Fashions in this supplement will be paraded at:
PERTH: Boans, April 3-7.
SYDNEY: Six Grace Bros. Stores, April 12-21.
HOBART: FitzGerald's, April 26-28.
MELBOURNE: Waltons, May 1-5.
ADELAIDE: John Martins, May 8-12.

• This eight-page fashion supplement presents an up-to-the-minute collection of elegant clothes by Vogue Patterns and made in pure wool fabrics. The fabrics feature the wonderful brilliant colors and textures of the winter season. The patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W., also in leading stores throughout Australia and N.Z. For how to order, see inside back page of this issue.



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The Australian Women's Weekly Pattern Supplement

Dashing new colors



6962. — Easy A-line coat - dress with extended shoulder effect has pockets in side front seams. Vogue Pattern 6962, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 85c inc. postage.

6032. — Buttoned cape with shaped collar, slashed arm openings. Vogue Pattern 6032, sizes 10-12 (31 to 32in. bust), 14-16 (34 to 36in. bust), 18-20 (38 to 40in. bust). Price 75c includes postage.

1626. — Empire style, slightly A-line dress (centre) with low, square neckline, and short sleeves. Square back has button closing, concealed zipper. Bias tie and bow extend from bodice side front seam. Vogue Paris Original 1626, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.60 includes postage.



Newsy shapes of winter



1623. — One-piece dress with seaming detail front and back, welt pockets. Purchased or self belt. Vogue Paris Original 1623, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price \$1.40 inc. postage.

6965. — Slim one-piece shirt dress has front band with button closing, bell-shaped and banded sleeves. Vogue Pattern 6965, Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 85c includes postage.

6906. — Easy, double-breasted A-line coat has inverted back pleat and belt extending from side front seams. Vogue Pattern 6906, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 95c includes postage.



1636. — Bias, A-line suit has contrast banding and cut-out blouse (unseen). Vogue Paris Original 1636, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.80 includes postage.

1676. — Straight dress and jacket with low belt. Jacket is double-breasted. Vogue Couturier Design 1676, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.40 inc. postage.

1694. — One-piece dress with bias collar. Panels form side folds in skirt. Vogue Paris Original 1694, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.40 includes postage.



1428. — Pants suit and suit (above and right). Long jacket is double-breasted back-belted. Straight pants, slim, straight skirt. Vogue Couturier Design 1428, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price 95c inc. postage.

The Australian Women's Weekly Pattern Supplement



Snugglier That's Viyella

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changing the mood of mouths (and the total
feel of fashion!) as no lipsticks
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Dazzling. Delicious.**



All 3 shades come in loaded with frost
lipsticks and Crystalline Nail Enamels.

The Art of the Woman's Weekly Pattern Supplement

A full-page photograph of a woman with a very long, straight blonde ponytail that reaches down to her knees. She is wearing a long-sleeved, floor-length jumpsuit covered in multi-colored sequins. She is posed with one leg extended forward and slightly to the side, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a solid dark color.

Candied Brandy!

Pink Cognac!

Plum Rum!

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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

there since Brown moved. But he had telephoned his company, the Carman-Dean Management Corporation, and the firm, on consulting its records, found that a David Brown had occupied 12-D for two years — through February, 1961, which would be twenty-five months ago.

All they knew about Brown was that he paid his rent — \$136.50 — promptly every month. They didn't know where he lived now; they didn't know where the former superintendent worked now; they didn't keep track of former employees, naturally.

For three full weeks he and MacAllister had worked on it. They interviewed all the tenants, every last one of them, including some who had moved in since David Brown moved out. They traced and interviewed the tenants — those who could be located — who had lived there during Brown's stay and since moved.

They had dug up the lease at the Carman-Dean Management Corporation, and for a moment they thought they had something, because on it Brown had given the usual two references — one personal, one business.

Both leads led nowhere. One was a corporation on East Forty-second Street, which turned out to be one of the Reddy corporations. The personal reference was a Mr. Joseph P. Eddy, and he turned out to be the sales manager of that corporation. He said that he had lost all contact with Brown a couple of years ago, and knew him only from business contact in the first place.

CARMAN-DEAN'S records didn't show how Brown had paid his rent, but whether cash, money order, or cheque, it was deposited the same day as it was received at their own bank on lower Broadway. On a gamble Yelanski and MacAllister had checked with the bank.

"It was quite a job for the bank," said Yelanski, "but they checked their records for us. And sure enough, David Brown had paid by cheque, and eventually they turned up a microfilm record of some of his cheques. At least this gave us the name of Brown's bank — the Borough Hall Bank and Trust Company, in Brooklyn. It looked like a beautiful lead.

But Brown hadn't closed his account. It hadn't been active either. He had drawn his last cheque in February, 1961 — the same month he moved from Mystic Place. This left a balance of \$64.71. "Small enough to forget about," Yelanski pointed out.

"So we dug out the microfilm on every cheque he'd written while he was a depositor there," Yelanski said. "But it didn't show much. Apparently he paid mostly by cash — except the rent, the telephone, the utilities. Of course, we tried them all — the gas company, the telephone people — to see if he'd switched any credits to a new address."

He hadn't, Yelanski shrugged. "There was nothing. He had his telephone disconnected on February 26, paid his last bill on February 27, and that was that. It was the last cheque drawn against his account at the Borough Hall Bank and Trust Company."

Of course, they had done all the other things, too. Like checking the life-insurance companies to find out if they had a policyholder named David Brown. There were hundreds of David Browns, but none had ever paid a premium from 24 Mystic Place. They had checked all the stores in the neighborhood, the delicatessens, the groceries, the butcher shops.

"Do you know if he was married?" Kerrigan asked.

"No," said Yelanski. "We

don't even know that. We asked, of course, whether there was a woman in 12-D. Nobody could remember."

Yelanski said they'd talked to the elevator operator. But he was an old, old man and didn't remember any David Brown.

How about the handyman? Kerrigan asked. Surely the taps must have leaked once in a while, or the refrigerator gone out of order, or the drains got stopped up.

"Handymen move around," Yelanski said. "They haven't had one who has lasted more than four months in the present superintendent's time."

"Do they have a telephone switchboard in the building?" Kerrigan asked.

They did, Yelanski said. "I know what you're leading up to, Frank, but it's no go. The switchboard operator is new, too. Besides, Brown had a private phone — remember?"

There was another silence in the room. MacAllister broke it this time.

"See anything we overlooked?" he asked.

Kerrigan shook his head. "Offhand, no," he said.

He asked a few more questions. He learned that the present superintendent's name was Alfred Johnson; the previous superintendent was a man named Blochmann.

"How big is apartment 12-D?"

"Two-and-a-half rooms," Yelanski said. "Not too big for a bachelor, not too small for a couple. And that's the way it was with everything we ran into, Frank — inde-

cisive. The bank balance — not big enough to establish that he was done away with, but just a little too big to make you wonder why the account was simply abandoned. Did he deliberately choose to disappear? I couldn't be sure in my own mind. Even the name David Brown — can you imagine one that tells less about a man?"

The name, Kerrigan said, was no help.

"Well," he said, looking at Jane, "we'd better get on to 24 Mystic Place, hadn't we? Thanks a lot, Sam, Mac. You've certainly saved us a lot of work."

The house at 24 Mystic Place was a 17-storey apartment building, not quite in the luxury class but not far below it. At a switchboard in the lobby a dark-haired girl looked up at them and said, "Yes?"

She glanced at Kerrigan's briefly exhibited badge, plugged in a jack and after a brief moment said, "It's the cops again, Mr. Johnson. Yes, I'll tell 'em." She removed the jack and said, "He'll be here in a minute."

It was closer to five minutes before Johnson appeared. He greeted them with a wry little grimace. "I hope it isn't the Brown case again," he said.

"It is, I'm afraid," said Kerrigan. "We're just double-checking a few angles."

Kerrigan asked about the apartment. It was, said Johnson, very nice — not large, but choice. It was occupied now by a Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, who'd been particularly annoyed because the detective seemed to think they might have found some papers that Brown had left behind.

"Actually, this was foolish," said Johnson. "After a tenant moves out, each apartment is thoroughly cleaned and repainted. This is a very well run house."

"I can see that," said Kerrigan. "And, of course, when a tenant moves out, you ask the furniture movers where they are delivering the load. Is that right?"

Johnson looked surprised.

"Well, yes," he said. "But of course that won't help you any."

"Why not?"

"Well, the management only asks us to keep the address for ten days. By that time we would know whether anything — like light fixtures — was taken or not."

Kerrigan persisted. "Do you do that actually — destroy the address ten days after the tenant has moved out?"

"Well, no," said Johnson. "As a matter of fact, I don't. I just write the new address in a copybook. When it's filled up, I destroy it. No sense to wasting good paper. And it's easier to keep track of the new addresses that way."

"Most superintendents do that, don't they?"

Johnson said, "I suppose so. I don't really know."

Kerrigan asked, "Didn't the previous superintendent leave

his records of departing tenants with you when you took over?"

Johnson shook his head. "Tenants, you see, usually move at the end of a month. I took over here on August 20, 1962. Apparently there had been no recent movings. At any rate Blochmann — that was the previous superintendent — didn't mention any or leave any addresses for me."

"Blochmann — you met him when you took over?"

"I spent a couple of hours with him."

"Ever see him again?"

Johnson shook his head. He was sorry he hadn't asked Blochmann where he was going. But he hadn't. The earlier detectives on the job had been very interested. They had gone to Mr. Dean, of Carman-Dean, but he hadn't been able to help. They didn't keep track of former employees.

Kerrigan listened and then

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asked conversationally how the Carman-Dean Management Corporation was to work for.

"Nice," said Johnson. "Very nice. Don't spend a dollar that isn't necessary, of course. But they don't spare one that is needed for good service in their buildings."

"I suppose they checked your record before you got this job?" Kerrigan asked.

"They checked my references back 20 years," Johnson said.

"This Blochmann—do you remember his first name?"

"Adolphe," said Johnson. His recollection of what Blochmann looked like was vague—only that he was short and on the heavy side. Oh, yes—he'd gathered Blochmann had been a superintendent for a long time. He gave them Carman-Dean's address in Manhattan.

KERRIGAN thanked him and said he hoped they hadn't been a bother.

"No bother at all," said Johnson, much friendlier now. "Anyway, I'm not worried about myself. It's just the tenants who don't like to be disturbed."

Outside, walking toward the subway, Jane said, "You think there is a clue in this reference business, don't you?"

"It's a possibility," Kerrigan said. "A lead, anyway." He glanced at his watch. "It's after four o'clock now," he said. "We'd better hurry. We want to get to Carman-Dean well before closing time."

In the subway train headed for Manhattan, Jane said doubtfully, "I've been thinking. If Carman-Dean still has the references Blochmann gave when he got the job on Mystic Place, that would only show where he worked before, wouldn't it?"

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"I wasn't thinking about those references. I was wondering how Blochmann could have got another similar job—he was a professional superintendent, remember—with his new employer's checking up with Carman-Dean."

"They said they had no idea where he went," Jane pointed out.

"True," said Kerrigan. "But we don't know what they based that on, do we?"

Twenty minutes later they were talking to Mr. Eben Dean on the fourteenth floor of a Broadway office building. Mr. Dean, a florid, grey-haired man, had the air of a man whose patience was being severely tried.

"I don't know how you people can get into such a mess," he said. "But that's exactly what you are in. We've already checked Blochmann's work record. He was with us four years, then quit, and we haven't the slightest idea where he went. All this we've already made clear to investigators from your department."

"And we're very grateful," Kerrigan said politely. "There are just a few details we'd like to clear up. You always write to the former employers of prospective employees, don't you? To check references?"

"Of course. We're very careful about that."

"Wouldn't it be strange if Blochmann's new employer didn't write Carman-Dean before taking him on?"

Dean blinked. "It's possible, of course. We get several dozen inquiries like that every month."

"Who in your organisation would get those letters? Naturally they wouldn't come to you."

"Naturally not. Those in-

quiries are handled by Mr. Peabody in Personnel. He's downstairs on the twelfth floor. Tell him I sent you and he'll do everything he can to help." He no longer looked like a man whose patience was being tried. He said generously, "I didn't think of that angle."

Peabody was young and efficient looking. He listened as Kerrigan explained what they wanted.

At the end he summoned his secretary and explained the situation to her. "Could you put your hands on that correspondence without knowing who sent it, Miss Adams?"

Miss Adams said, no, that was impossible. It would be filed under the name of the firm that made the inquiry. To locate it they would have to go through the whole general file. And that would take months.

The room was quiet for a few moments. Then Jane had an idea. "Do you keep your shorthand notes, Miss Adams?" she asked.

"Of course," said Miss Adams.

"Well, they would be in chronological order, wouldn't they?"

"Naturally," Miss Adams said.

Kerrigan gave Jane an approving nod. "Of course," he said. "Blochmann probably gave notice as soon as he settled this new job. He would give one or two weeks' notice, wouldn't he?"

"In the case of a superintendent," said Peabody, "we would be very unhappy if he gave less than a month's notice. But I don't get the point."

"The point is this," Kerri-

gan said. "We know that Blochmann put in his last day on August 20, 1962. So if Miss Adams checked her shorthand notes for all the letters she'd written beginning, say, two weeks before that and going backward a month or so from there, we would be likely to find your answer to an inquiry about Blochmann."

Peabody looked questioningly at Miss Adams. She nodded. "That's very possible," she said.

"It's five o'clock now," said Peabody, glancing at his wrist-watch. "Would tomorrow do?"

It would do, said Kerrigan—if it had to do. "But time is short," he added.

"I don't mind staying," said Miss Adams. "It's exciting. Helping the police find a wanted man, I mean."

Peabody checked the personnel records and verified that Blochmann did indeed leave Carman-Dean's employ on August 20, 1962. Miss Adams got a dozen shorthand notebooks from a green metal filing case and settled herself at a desk.

As minutes passed, Peabody fidgeted and finally said he didn't see that he would be any help and if they didn't mind, he'd go.

Miss Adams worked steadily, turning the leaves of her notebook backward. She discarded the first one, took up another and started on that. At a quarter to seven, in the fifth notebook, Miss Adams lifted her head.

"Listen to this. The Philips Realty Company, 82 Wall Street, New York. Dear Sirs: In response to your inquiry of July 5, 1962, concerning Mr. Adolphe Blochmann, please be advised that Mr. Blochmann has been in our employ as an apartment-house superintendent for

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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

the past four years. His record for industry, sobriety, and honesty is excellent, and there have been no complaints whatever about him from the tenants. Yours truly, George V. Peabody. That might be it, don't you think?"

"Very likely," said Kerrigan. "May we have that name and address again, please, Miss Adams?"

"A very nice girl," Kerrigan said, watching her disappear down the steps to the subway, after they had left the building with her.

"That's one of the wonderful things about this assignment," Jane said. "We're meeting such a higher class of people than we've been accustomed to!"

Kerrigan smiled. It was one of the few times she had seen him smile and mean it. "That's true," he said.

THEY found a restaurant, and while they ate dinner the slight flush of anticipation Jane had felt when Miss Adams read the stiff little business letter faded away. What did it amount to, after all?

"Assuming we find Blochmann," she said, "what do you hope to get from him. Surely you don't think he's still holding an address he got from a moving-van crew more than two years ago?"

"It's a chance," Kerrigan said doggedly. "After all, it takes a lot of names and addresses to fill up a copybook. Johnson probably has the addresses of all those who've moved since August of '62. Who knows what Blochmann has?"

She felt good when he said that had been a fine idea of hers, thinking of Miss Adams' notebooks. "Smart," he said.

"It was nothing," he said. "Maybe it won't pay off, but it was smart," he repeated. "It's little things like that that often pay off big."

They met at nine fifteen the next morning in the bustling lobby of 82 Wall Street. Fifteen minutes later they were sitting with a Mr. Stern, the personnel manager of the Philips Realty Company.

"Blochmann is one of our superintendents, yes," said Stern uneasily. "I'm sorry he's in trouble, and of course I'll help you. But would you mind telling me..."

Kerrigan explained it was merely that they were trying to get a line on a tenant in a building in which Blochmann had once served as superintendent.

"That's a relief," said Stern. "His record is good with us. But, of course, it gives you a turn when the police come in and start asking questions."

Fifteen minutes later they were in the subway headed toward Brooklyn again. Their

goal this time was a pleasant-looking apartment house overlooking Prospect Park.

There was no switchboard in the lobby here. The building had about sixty tenants, judging by the number of letterboxes and bell buttons.

The name-plate for Apartment 1-D read: "A. Blochmann, Supt."

When they rang, a door at the rear of the lobby opened and a large, heavy man stepped out.

"You want something?" he called.

He positively beamed when they showed their badges and introduced themselves.

"Always glad to see the police. You know my nephew, maybe — Otto Doeringer, Twenty-ninth Precinct?"

They said no, they were sorry; they didn't know Otto. It made no difference that they didn't know Otto, it seemed. As far as Adolphe Blochmann was concerned the badges made them kin, somehow, since his nephew was on the force. With heavy-handed gallantry he said to Jane that he didn't know they had such pretty girls in the police.

"But you people, you got business, yes? So what should I do to help?" he asked. They were looking, Kerrigan explained, for a man named David Brown, who had lived at 12-D, 24 Mystic Place, during Mr. Blochmann's term as superintendent. "Do you remember him?" Kerrigan asked.

The doughy face took on an expression of concentration. "Maybe I remember," he said. "I think so. He had a little girl, yes?"

It could be, said Kerrigan. Maybe Mr. Brown had a little girl. Did Mr. Blochmann remember a little girl living in 12-D?

"I think so," said Blochmann. There weren't many children at 24 Mystic Place, he explained. Mostly they were business couples or bachelors or business girls.

The more he thought about it, the surer he was. "I remember, now I think, Mr. Brown also. A widower, yes?"

Kerrigan said he didn't know. Possibly. What did this Mr. Brown look like?

"Ordinary," said Blochmann. "I would not know him again if I saw him. The little girl, yes, I would know. Skinny little thing. Pale. Like she didn't get enough good fresh air and sunshine and not enough to eat."

His memory of the girl grew stronger as he talked. Sometimes in the mornings he ran the elevator. And quite often, at about a quarter to nine, he took her down from the twelfth floor with her schoolbooks.

How old was she? Blochmann thought she was seven or eight or nine. Was she

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Darling, you can't carry all that yourself—give some of it to Rita!"

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting April 12

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, tan, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Although it's still your go-go-and-get-with-it cycle, plan would be to hole up or run for cover. Private affairs, career, adversely pressured, especially 12th to 17th. Next week much better.

★ A mentally disturbing week. Important letters, legal matters, etc., should all be shelved until next week. Now is a bad time to front the boss about a rise. Be careful, 12th to 17th.

★ If you are contemplating an investment or buying real estate — just don't for a while. It's also a bad time to get engaged — Cupid gets the treatment April 12 to 18 is a horror stretch.

★ A planet that has made life a little easier for you lately gets into very hot water, 14th to 16th. Don't start any new thing, avoid matrimonial trouble. Good stars around the corner.

★ If you are going on a trip, be careful — and postpone it if possible. There's turbulence in the zodiac, 12th to 16th, which could mean erratic decisions. Shelve important correspondence.

★ Expect a lot of furor family-wise, 12th to 16th. You could have a spat with a friend over a money matter. Anyhow, this week you'll need all that cool-headedness of yours.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, gold.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ Perhaps you've been considering new plans — well, put them off until next week. Your private life could be upset and your ambitions get rough handling. April 12 to 16 the worst period.

★ The stars are allergic to romance this week. It's also bad for clear thinking — you'll have to watch that no-compromise tendency of yours. Care in what you write or say.

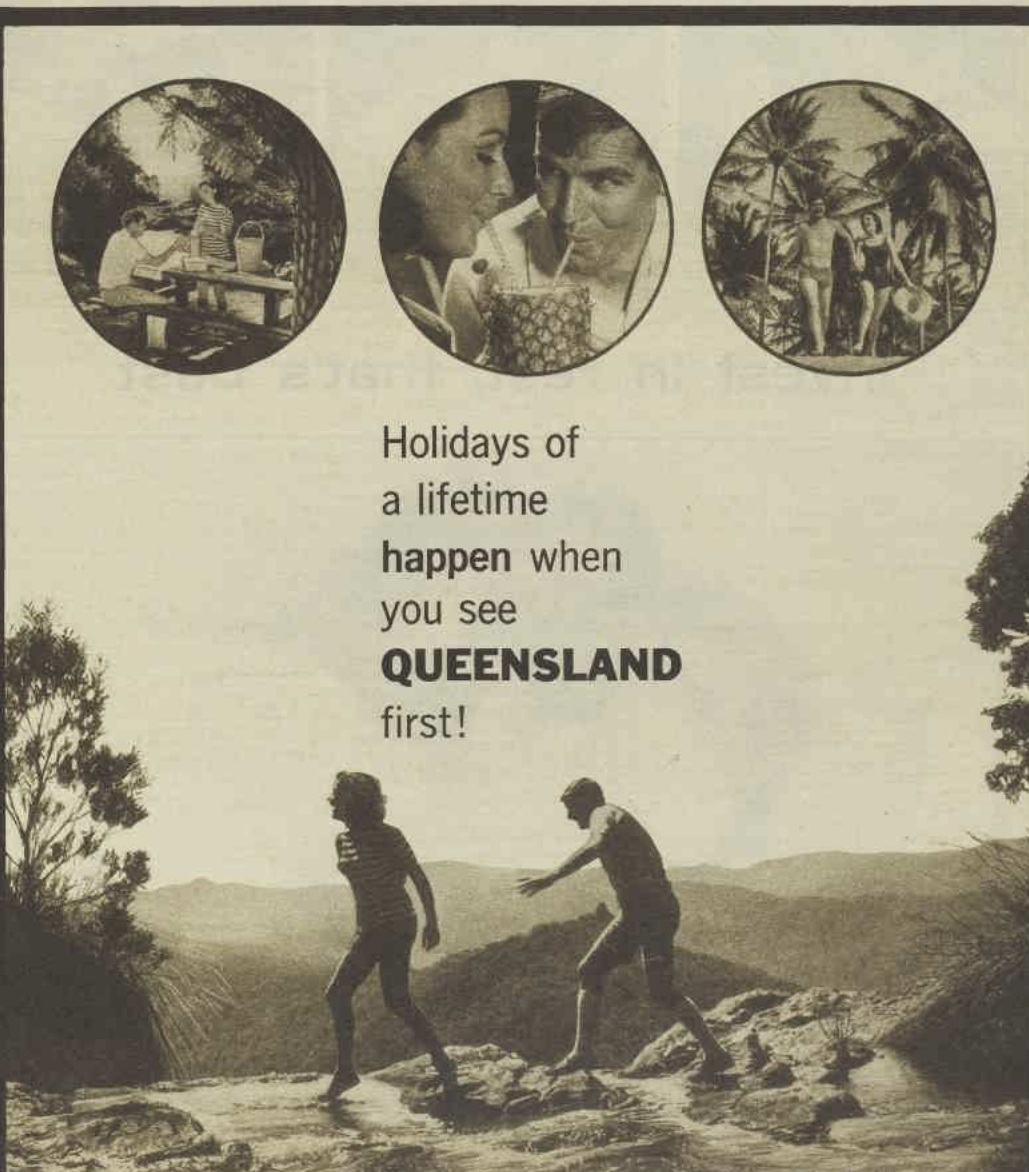
★ That tendency to give it a go and to trust to luck will have to be watched. It's an ill-starred stretch that could affect your loved ones, friends. Peak period, 12th to 16th.

★ That celebrated patience of yours will be sorely needed. There's a jolt to your ambitions, and matrimonial tension. Start no new projects until the heat — lasting 12th to 16th — is off.

★ Should you have been lucky lately and feel like following through, you have picked the wrong time — especially 14th to 16th, when your thinking could go haywire. Better next week.

★ Although married folk enjoy harmonious times, romance could become a casualty. Check that Piscean compassion about lending money. It could have disturbing consequences.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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SEE QUEENSLAND FIRST

pretty? Blochmann was definite that she was not. The color of her hair and eyes? He didn't know. For all the unhurried questioning, that was all he could remember about her.

"Mr. Blochmann," said Kerrigan, "did you ask the moving people the addresses to which they were taking the furniture of tenants who were leaving?"

"Of course," Blochmann said, reaching for a thick, clothbound book. "You want to know where Brown moved to? Is easy."

Jane felt the floor rock slightly under her feet. "For eleven years," Blochmann added, "I keep this book. You know about when he moved from Mystic Place?"

Kerrigan said casually, "At the end of February, 1961. That would be a great help, Mr. Blochmann."

Blochmann turned pages, a good many of them, and ran a stubby finger down one yellowed page.

"Right here it is, Sergeant," he said. "David Brown — he moved to 487 Sinderan Street, Brooklyn."

Kerrigan, Jane noticed, took it almost carelessly. He asked Blochmann to repeat the address and wrote it down. She herself was trembling with excitement.

Kerrigan said, "Thank you, Mr. Blochmann. You've been a wonderful help."

Outside, in front of the apartment house, Jane decided Kerrigan was the most unemotional man she had ever met. His face reflected only deep thought.

"You look almost unhappy," she said. "Certainly you can't pretend you get a wonderful break like this every day. And it is a wonderful break."

"How so?" He looked at her almost absently.

"Having Brown's new address handed to you on a silver platter like that. Not that it didn't take thought, tracing Blochmann. But to have him put his hand right

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

on Brown's new address — certainly you didn't expect that."

"I wish we had it," Kerrigan said. "You're thinking he moved to Sinderan Street, aren't you?"

She stared at him. "Don't you believe Blochmann?"

"Implicitly. But all he wrote down was the address the moving-van people gave as to where they were taking the furniture. Sinderan Street is in East New York, a miserable section, and Sinderan Street is the worst part of a miserable area. People don't move from Mystic Place to Sinderan Street — not in one jump."

They took the subway back to Borough Hall, then rode out to East New York. It was an hour before they stood on Sinderan Street and looked up at a big, gloomy, almost windowless brick building. The big, sooty sign on the roof read: "Jos. Guardino

& Sons, Moving and Warehousing."

"See what I mean?" said Kerrigan.

Matthew Guardino, a young man with the build of a professional wrestler, sat behind a magnificently inlaid desk in the little warehouse office and was very, very sorry.

"That's how it was," he said, consulting the two fat ledgers. "We took the stuff for storage in February of '61. We collected for moving it here, and then we collected a quarter year's storage charges. Never heard from this David Brown again. And we sold the stuff at auction in January of this year. Held it longer than the law called for, you'll notice."

"Any record of how Brown paid?" Kerrigan asked. "Cash or cheque?"

"All our business is cash," said young Guardino.

Kerrigan said, "Do you

have an itemised list of the Browns' furniture?"

"I think so. We make up lists for every auction."

He went to a filing case, rummaged through folders for a few minutes and came back with a typewritten sheet.

Kerrigan went down it slowly, then nodded. He pointed out an item to Jane. Blochmann's memory, he murmured to her, apparently was good. The item read: "1 Colonial maple youth bed."

As they got up to leave, Matthew Guardino said, "One odd thing. There were a couple of fellows out here four, five months ago looking for this Brown. Had some screwball impression he lived here."

"Can you describe them?"

"Well, they were young and well dressed—sort of sharpie style. Just ordinary-looking. I don't think I'd know them again if I saw them. Wait a minute—one of them had a little notch cut in his ear, about where he'd wear an earring if men wore earrings. Funny, it wasn't big, maybe a quarter inch deep. But every time I looked at him I found myself staring at that little notch."

That was all the description he could give.

Outside, Jane said, "That's a heartbreaker, isn't it?"

"Why do you think so?"

She explained how she had felt when Blochmann produced the address so readily. "I thought all we had to do was to come here and pick him up. And now it turns out we weren't even the first here. Do you think they may have been from the Reddy organisation?"

KERRIGAN said yes, he thought so. "It's interesting. It was just about the time Brown was quitting the Reddy organisation that he moved. Maybe he wanted to give a phony address without its being utterly false, you see? It suggests a lot of things."

"What?" Jane asked. "For example?"

Kerrigan shrugged. "It's possible that he not only wanted to get out of the Reddy organisation, but also wanted to be sure he couldn't be traced. A lot of things suggest that — the small bank balance untouched, the furniture moved to a warehouse and abandoned there, the fact that the telephone was disconnected and the bill paid up. But there was no order to install a telephone at another address. Apparently he knew his deposit on the electricity would more than cover his last bill, and he didn't order that turned on elsewhere either. No, I would say that David Brown deliberately chose to disappear."

"That isn't going to make it easy for us," Jane said.

"But we have leads," Kerrigan said.

"What leads do we have?" she asked.

Well, said Kerrigan, they knew Brown had had a daughter aged seven to nine. "And girls that age go to school," he said. "They're supposed to go to the school in the district in which they reside. So we've got a lead, anyway. We should find out something at the school."

They took the subway back to Brooklyn Heights, had coffee and sandwiches at a drugstore and twenty minutes later Mr. Donahue, principal of P.S. 249, was asking, "What can I do to help you?"

Kerrigan explained briefly. "We want to talk to the Brown child's teacher, her classmates, her friends. We want her full name and any other details," he said.

Donahue scribbled the name and dates on a memo pad. He

touched a bell button on his desk and, when an assistant came in, handed him the slip.

"Mr. Addison, kindly check through the Browns we had registered for the spring term of '59 and the full school years of '59-'60 and '60-'61. We want her first name, her teachers, anything else you can find."

"Yes, sir." The assistant darted out of the office without glancing at Kerrigan and Jane.

"The teachers — we'll get those," Donahue said. "The first name, too. But the playmates, the classmates —" He broke off with a shrug. "Your best bet is the teachers. If that doesn't work, come back and we'll try to locate some of the students who were in her class..."

Addison was back in a little less than ten minutes.

"She was here for the fall term in '59, Mr. Donahue, and the spring term of '60. That's all. Not registered after that." He laid a few papers before the principal. "Just that one full year, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Addison. That will be all for now."

After the assistant had left, Donahue studied the papers. "It's undoubtedly the girl," he said. "Mary Brown. Home address 24 Mystic Place. Assigned to Mr. Fox's class. But he's dead now. She was also in Miss Goldman's class. Well, Miss Goldman is alive, I think. She was very young, that's why I think so. But she isn't here any more. She left about two years ago."

"Is there anything to show to which school Mary Brown transferred?" Kerrigan asked.

"Or came from?"

Donahue shook his head.

"I'm sure," said Kerrigan, frowning, "that she lived at Mystic Place through February of 1961. I wonder why she didn't register for the fall term of 1960, at least."

"Was she Catholic?" Donahue asked.

Kerrigan said he didn't know.

"Because if she was, her parents might have sent her to a parochial school. Or a private school."

"Does her record show anything else?" Kerrigan asked.

Donahue studied the sheets before him. "She missed twenty-two days for the full year, and that isn't good. It's the equivalent of a full month's schooling. She passed her tests, though."

"I don't suppose you have any idea where we could find this Miss Goldman?" Kerrigan asked.

"No," said Donahue, "but I should be able to find out for you. Let me call the Board of Education."

He made the call. It took quite some time to conclude the business because Miss Rheba Goldman was now Mrs. Gustave Sachs and she was teaching at Bryant High School in Long Island City.

"Anything else I can do?" Donahue asked.

Not at the moment, Kerrigan said — not that he could see. But they might be back, if Mrs. Sachs couldn't help.

At a store on the corner, Kerrigan stopped to telephone Bryant High School and ask for Mrs. Sachs. She said her last class for the day would be finished in twenty minutes. But, yes, she would wait for them at the school office. Could she be told what it was all about, please? She sounded worried.

"Nothing personal," said Kerrigan. "We're simply trying to locate one of your former students."

Jane said it seemed to her that they were moving further from David Brown, not closer. This morning they had seemed so close when they

To page 49

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967



If your pillow is flat and limp — If your pillow is hard and lumpy — If you just can't get a good night's sleep

invest in rest, that's best



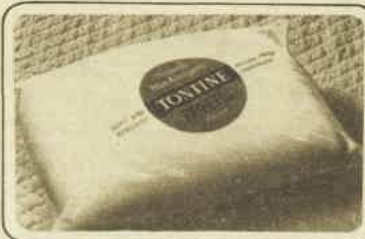
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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

found Blochmann. Now they were going to see a teacher who'd had Mary Brown as a student — one of thirty or forty in her class.

"That's the way it is sometimes," said Kerrigan. "It isn't like moving in closer and closer all the time, as you might think. Sometimes you're actually moving further and further away, and probably you are, looking for a road back which could be the shortest road to David Brown. Maybe, for example, he has a friend, or a father or mother he hasn't seen in twenty years but has kept in touch with. And if we can locate that friend, or father or mother . . . You follow me?"

"I follow you. But it seems so hopeless. Parents rarely know their children's teachers, never keep in touch with them years later, as far as I know."

"Look at it this way," he said. "We know more about Brown now than any of the others found out. Not much more, but some."

THEY changed at Grand Central for a Queens train, dipped under the river again, and fifteen minutes later were sitting with Mrs. Sachs in an office in Bryant High School.

"Now, which of my students is in trouble?" she asked.

No trouble, really, Kerrigan assured her, and explained about Mary Brown.

"Let me think," Mrs. Sachs said. "The fall of 1959? That was when I became engaged." She thought quietly for several minutes. Twice she nodded to herself. Mrs. Sachs had obviously trained herself to concentrate.

"I remember her," she said finally and surely. "But there isn't much I can tell you about her. Pale little thing. Mousy, you might say—but no, not quite. Very quiet, self-effacing — yes, that describes her better. She was no trouble, no trouble at all. It seems to me she had a bad attendance record, but she was bright

enough—very bright, in fact."

Could she describe Mary Brown a little more thoroughly? Kerrigan asked.

"Small," said Mrs. Sachs thoughtfully. "Smaller than average. Brown hair. Her eyes were brown, too. I remember thinking that they were the same shade of brown as her hair, a perfect match. You don't see that very often. She was very well behaved. Very pale—in fact, she looked as if she was not well. That may have been the reason for her poor attendance record. You know, where children are absent, they're supposed to bring notes from their parents explaining why. Nearly always the explanation given is that John or Peter or Anna was sick. Most of the time the teacher knows better. But in Mary Brown's case I believed it."

"Who signed the notes?" Kerrigan asked. "Do you remember whether it was the mother or the father?"

Mrs. Sachs couldn't remember that.

Did Mary Brown have any friends among the other students in the class, any particular friends?

"No, now that you mention it. She was very much a loner. During recess she was inclined to sit alone with a book."

She couldn't remember much else about Mary Brown. She hadn't noticed the child's clothes, whether they were expensive or poor. "Which means that they were about average. If she'd been ragged, or extremely well dressed—that I would have remembered," she said.

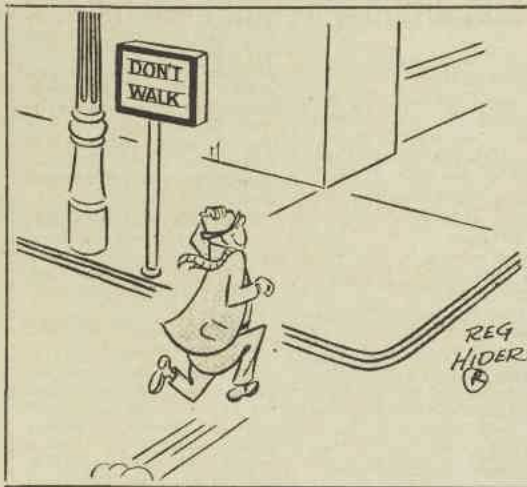
"Thank you, Mrs. Sachs," Kerrigan said. "You've been a wonderful help."

"I don't see how," Mrs. Sachs picked up her coat from the chair beside her. "But you're certainly welcome. There's just one thing . . ."

She paused, frowning. "Anything at all you can tell us would help," Kerrigan said.

"It's probably nothing important," Mrs. Sachs said. "Certainly nothing concrete. But one curious thing. Mary wasn't pretty or outstanding in any way, but she had—well, appeal."

She threw up her hands in a little gesture of self-annoyance. "That means nothing, I know. But for all that you might call a nondescript appearance, she wasn't nondescript. She was an appealing child—that's the only word I can think of to describe her. I can't recall a single other child in that class, offhand. But Mary Brown comes back to me clearly. I know it's all quite intangible, but—do you follow me?"



"I follow you," Kerrigan said gravely. "I think that may help us a great deal, Mrs. Sachs."

They walked out of the building together and said goodbye to Mrs. Sachs at the subway station.

"Now what?" asked Jane.

"Interesting, wasn't it?" said Kerrigan thoughtfully. "David Brown left no impression on people. Nobody can

recall seeing him or knowing him, as Yelanski and MacAllister found out. But the girl made an impression on people. Quite a distinct impression. Nobody at Mystic Place was asked about a child named Mary Brown. They couldn't have been, since nobody who worked that angle knew about Mary Brown."

"So we go back to Mystic Place?"

"Right." They crossed under the East River twice again, and forty minutes later they were back in the lobby of the tan brick apartment house on Mystic Place.

The same dark-haired girl was at the switchboard.

"Yes? Oh, it's you again. I suppose you want Mr. Johnson."

"That's right," said Kerrigan.

here, we can eliminate them and save time."

Johnson nodded. "Sure. Maybe I can even save you a little more time. I never could understand why the others talked to everybody in the building."

He pulled out a pad and pencil. "You get off the elevator on the twelfth floor—right here, you see, in the centre of the building. There are four main corridors running off from the elevator—so."

He sketched in the four main corridors. "Now 12-D isn't on a main corridor. You go this way, and here is a short corridor leading off. Opening on this corridor are only four apartments—C, D, E, and F. You follow me?"

"Very well," said Kerrigan. "C, E, and F, of course, would be our most likely prospects."

"Not E," said Johnson. "That was rented only five or six months ago to a family named Roberts. So that's out. The Schneiders, of course, moved into 12-D after Brown moved out. So they can't help."

"I won't bother either of those two," Kerrigan assured him.

"Thanks, I appreciate that. Now C—that's Miss Tompkins. She's been here a long time. Only reason I know is that she keeps telling me the least I can do is to appreciate tenants who stay. Matter of fact, she's a nuisance—forever complaining. Now F. That's Mr. and Mrs. Dorman. Youngish couple. Both work during the day."

"He drinks like a fish," said the girl on the switchboard, unexpectedly joining the conversation.

"That's none of your business, Jean," Johnson said sharply. He looked embarrassed.

"And what do you hear about Miss Tompkins?" Kerrigan asked.

"She's a pain in the neck," Jean said.

To page 50



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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

"In what way?" Kerrigan asked.

"She minds everybody's business but her own. I'll bet she could tell you a thing or two. Regular old gossip!"

Johnson rolled his eyes. "Would you like me to introduce you?" he asked. "Miss Tompkins is home — I saw her come in a half hour ago. The Dormans — I don't know about them."

"Thanks, no," said Kerrigan. "But one other thing, Mr. Johnson. Has anybody, outside of police officers, been in asking for Brown?"

"Well, men from the District Attorney's office."

"In addition to those. Particularly two young men. Well dressed. One of them had a little notch in the ear here." He touched the lobe of his left ear.

"No," said Johnson. "Nobody like that."

"Yes, there were!" Jean corrected him. "I remember them — anyway, there were two of them, and one had a notch in the ear."

"You didn't mention that to me," Johnson said.

"What's to mention? They wanted to know if Mr. Brown had left any forwarding address, that's all."

"How long ago?" Kerrigan asked.

She shrugged. "Three, four months, maybe; I don't recall exactly. I told 'em we didn't have any forwarding address and they weren't the first to ask. That's all."

"Thanks," said Kerrigan.

The elevator, piloted by a very old, infirm man, took them up to the twelfth floor. Thanks to Johnson's diagram, they fumbled around only slightly before locating 12-C. Kerrigan pushed the white button beside the door.

A small, spry old woman of seventy-odd opened the door. "Yes?" she demanded.

"We're police, ma'am," said Kerrigan, showing his badge. "May we talk to you?"

"About what?"

"About some former neighbors of yours — the Browns."

"Well! Come in," she said grudgingly. "I must say," she said before the door was closed behind them, "this is a fine way to waste taxpayers' time and money. I've already told you people I don't know Brown, never saw him. And furthermore, young man, I don't associate with crooks and criminals. But I don't suppose you've got anything better to do than to annoy honest citizens. I . . ."

They let her run down; there wasn't much they could do about it, anyway. When she ran out of breath, Kerrigan explained that they had come upon new information. Mr. Brown had a little girl named Mary, some eight or nine years old, and on the possibility that she might remember Mary Brown, she was being interviewed again. Did she? Mary Brown had brown hair, brown eyes; she wasn't pretty but was quite appealing.

The explanation gave Miss Tompkins a chance to recover her wind. She used it now to say that she was a woman who minded her own business; she didn't pry into the affairs of neighbors; she hated people who did; and, finally, no, she didn't remember Mary Brown any more than she remembered this David Brown.

"You're sure you never saw a child entering or leaving 12-D?" Kerrigan asked.

Miss Tompkins said no, she hadn't. After a fruitless half-hour or more Jane and Kerrigan left.

"If she's a sample of a noisy neighbor," Jane said, "then I can't think what help the one who drinks would be."

Kerrigan said that didn't necessarily follow. Miss Tompkins was the sort who was observant only of things that impinged directly on her own small life. Now, if the Browns had turned their radio on too loud, or had had a barking dog, or noisy parties, Miss Tompkins would probably have known a great deal about them.

They rang the bell of 12-F. The door was opened promptly by a slim, blonde girl whose prettiness was somewhat marred by a petulant mouth.

"Mrs. Dorman?" Kerrigan asked, showing his badge.

She invited them into the living-room and introduced her husband, who was young but had a second chin already well established, a bit of a paunch, and rather glazed blue eyes. He greeted them with a jovial wave and an invitation to have a drink.

"Jack!" his wife said sharply.

"Be sociable, Bea. Company's company."

Ignoring Kerrigan's and Jane's murmured refusals, Dorman got glasses and ice, mixed highballs for them and then fixed himself a particularly strong one.

After Kerrigan explained, Bea Dorman said, "I'm sorry. I do remember now seeing a little girl going in and out of 12-D a few times. But, really, that's all I remember. And I don't have the faintest recollection of what Mr. Brown looked like—if, in fact, I ever really knew. I must have seen him, but I just don't remember him."

They talked with her a little longer, sipping the unwanted drinks, but the questioning brought out nothing new. Dorman stared fuzzily at his rapidly diminishing drink and took no part in the talk until Kerrigan and Jane rose to go. Then he said, "Lil' Mary Brown, huh?"

"That's right," said Kerrigan.

"He doesn't know her, I'm sure," Bea Dorman said. "Jack, you don't know what we're talking about."

The blue eyes, glassy rather than glazed now, turned briefly on his wife. "Mary Brown and I were ol' friends. Pals, y'might say."

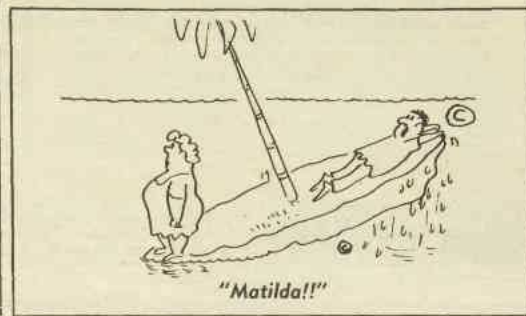
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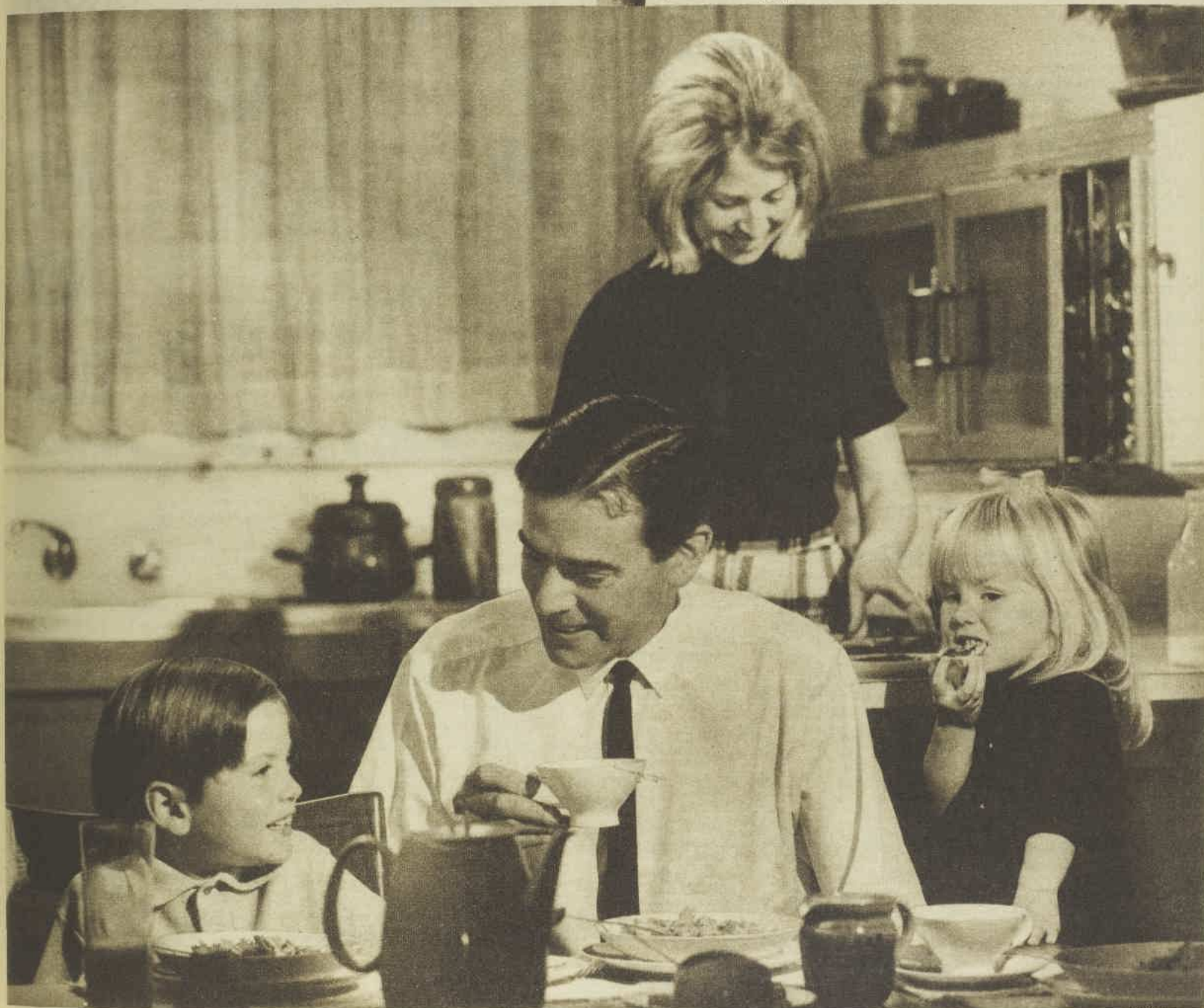
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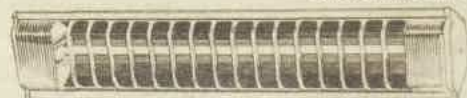
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TROUBLE ON OILED WATERS

I SEE that the case of the American-owned tanker that spilled tons of oil on the British coast has caused quite a stir.

Beach resorts were blanketed by oil-slick, ruining the holidays of hundreds of thousands of Britons.

On the surface, the whole thing seems to have been simply an unfortunate maritime accident.

However, I am now exclusively able to give you the truth—the good oil, you might say.

It all started at a meeting of the European Common Market.

Now, as you know, Britain has tried to enter the Market and met obstacles.

Many Britons are cranky with the existing member-countries.

HERE, TOO?

And, at the meeting I mentioned, the members were trying to figure out a way to make up with the U.K.

French President de Gaulle agreed. "We must pour oil on troubled waters," he said.

The Italian captain of the tanker read of this, and, in the interests of European unity, did just that.

Now, Australians have an interest in the Common Market, and many are wondering if the same thing could happen here.

Some Sydney sewerage officials are giving the possibility dirty looks.

"It has always been our job to pollute surf and beaches," a spokesman said.

"No one has ever complained that we haven't done our job well."

Surfboard-riders, on the other hand, would rather like to see a tanker spill its load.

"Man!" said one rider, "that way you wouldn't have to fly to Hawaii to go down the pipeline!"

RECENTLY I wrote a piece about witchcraft being used by women to woo men.

A reader who believes in the business has written to take me to task for my slipshod attitude.

She threatened to put a hex on my column and make me look foolish.

I don't believe in this nonsense and nothing's happened

.....

THE ANIMALS...

TOP
GROUP
BACK
WITH
NEW
LOOK



ERIC BURDON

THE Australian tour of Eric Burdon and the New Animals and the Ryan Twins should be a highlight of the pop music year.

(Another English group, the Hollies, were booked for the tour. But, at time of going to press, they had cancelled their visit.)

On April 16, after a New Zealand visit, the performers are scheduled to arrive in Sydney to go off on a four-State, ten-day circuit.

The personalities of the boys are as interesting as their music.

Take a look at that widely acclaimed group, Eric Burdon and the New Animals.

Once-upon-the-Tyne there were five young men from Newcastle, and the smallest of these was Eric Burdon. They became the Animals and the voice of the group was Eric.

Then the group split, the New Animals were formed, and again the voice of the group is Eric Burdon.

Fans shocked by the break

The original Animals came into being in 1962 when the versatile Burdon joined the Alan Price combo.

He put his big "blues" voice in front of the big "blues" instrumental sound and their fans nicknamed them the Animals because of the feeling they put across.

The Animals, as such, are best remembered for their haunting, thumping, aching song "House Of The Rising

Sun." Their fame grew with their recording success. Even in the heart of Dixieland they are recognised as true "blues."

And so, in 1966, it came as a shock when Eric Burdon announced that the Animals were disbanding.

Alan Price went his way to become a highly successful solo singer—Eric branched out to form the New Animals.

Change in music style

His belting voice is still to the fore, and he still uses mike stands like pogo-sticks and jerks spasmodically as the music comes tearing from him.

But the music is somewhat changed. The new group emerged with a "bring back rock-'n-roll" flavor and now have one of the most varied repertoires in pop.

Personally speaking, Eric Burdon lives his music. His flat is noted for its strange decor.

Knives and guns line the wall, and in this atmosphere of simulated violence Eric listens to music and writes poetry.

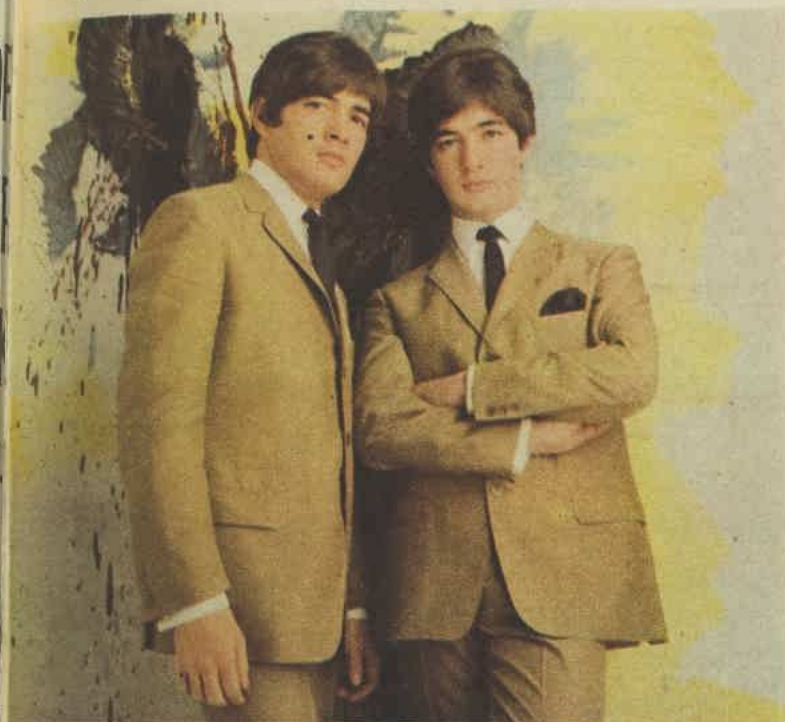
With him, appearance is deceiving. His tough-guy looks and earthy manner conceal a shy man. Burdon, the loner and hard-playing character about the London clubs, disguises a young man of sensitivity and perception.

At 25 he is at the top of his field.

Of the New Animals, one is an original Animal. Drummer Barry Jenkins was in the Merchant Navy and played with such famous names as Jerry Lee Lewis, Bo Diddley, and the Nashville Teens before teaming up with the Animals. His hobby is record-collecting and he likes fish and chips.

His ambition is "to be very happy." Johnny Weider is the tall, skinny towhead who doubles on lead guitar and

For teenagers (AND OTHER PEOPLE)



● THE RYAN TWINS, Paul and Barry.



● THE HOLLIES . . . every disc a hit.

electric violin. He distinguished himself at the age of nine by playing the violin at London's famed Festival Hall.

Naturally, great violinist Yehudi Menuhin is his favorite instrumentalist.

The big, broad bass guitarist is Danny McCulloch, who lives in "the bush"—the colloquial term for London district Shepherd's Bush. He is also the tallest new Animal at 6ft. 3in. And at 12st. weight his hobby is eating, particularly spaghetti bolognese.

The last new Animal to join the line-up was blond, sometimes bearded, Vic Briggs, the lead guitarist.

Supporting this line-up of star-studded singers and musicians are identical twins Paul and Barry Ryan.

They are 17, have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and weigh 9st. 7lb. They swim, play Rugby Union, and paint. Their pet hates are petty authority and snobbery.

Their mother, Marion Ryan, is an accomplished singer.

But they have a natural talent of their own, which has rocketed them into the British charts with numbers like "Don't Bring Me Your Heartaches," and "I Love How You Love Me."

The twins think Eric Burdon is "the greatest." And their record "Have You Ever Loved Somebody" was penned by the Hollies. Which completes a full cycle.

—CAMILLA BEACH

Definition of music

● After having an argument with a visiting relative who said that the songs on a TV pop show were not music, I looked up the definition of music in a dictionary. It defined the noun "music" as being the art of combining sounds or sequences of notes into harmonious patterns, pleasing to the ear and satisfying to the emotions. I think this shows that nobody has the right to say what is (or isn't) music, as it is a matter of personal taste.

—E. ORCHARD, Klemzig, S.A.

Years remembered

FOR the past eight years I have kept a book which I call "My Favorite." Every six months I write down my favorite record, singers, books, and pastimes, dating each entry. When I look back I can see how quickly my ideas change, and can almost see myself growing up. It also helps me to understand better the various stages and fads I go through, yet it's much less trouble than writing a time-consuming diary.—B. Thistlethwaite, Coogee, N.S.W.

How to enjoy work

UP until three weeks ago I dreaded the thought of study, and when I did study it was half-heartedly. But lately I have found that if you throw everything you've got into it, you will actually begin to enjoy study,

as I do now. Instead of each night going to bed with a guilt complex, you will be happy and content with the amount you have done. Your schoolwork is a challenge, which you can't afford not to accept.—B. Chapman, O'Connor, A.C.T.

Sad apology!

ALL the secretiveness, the eccentricity, and the independence that are necessary in order to prove one is growing up make me sick. Growing up should be a gradual awareness of everything around you—a smooth slipping into the stream of life, with its responsibilities being met with plain common sense. Mass mod gear and mob hysteria show one is a potential one-of-the-mob, maladjusted rebel when the growing-up progress (in years, not mentality) is finally accomplished.—"Young Adult," Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

MILKY WAY

■ Last year, being a schoolgirl without a cent to my name, I got a job delivering milk to save for a motor-scooter. I had to get up at 4 a.m., and after school and at weekends I worked in a milk bar. I went without new clothes, had no time to go out with boys, and suffered dog bites when I was on the milk-round. But it was worth the pain and hardship because I am now the proud owner of a brand-new motor-scooter, and am saving to go for a trip to Europe when I finish university.—"Milkmaid," Burnie, Tas.

Points of view

THERE is much reluctance to discuss Communism, but having recently done some reading and indulged in discussion on this subject, I can see both its good and bad points, and I now understand exactly what it is the democratic world is fighting. My thinking has been greatly broadened, but it has certainly not made me a Communist. On the contrary, it has helped me appreciate more the benefits of our system of government. More teenagers should learn about Communism. It would benefit them and Australia.—Rosemary Cochrane, Annerley, Qld.

BEATNIK



LETTERS



Three cheers

I SAY good luck to Normie Rowe. He left a secure place in Australia as pop king to try to break into the big time in London. So far he doesn't seem to have met with great success. He must have a lot of courage and determination to stick it out in London, where many have shunned him, when he could come back to his successful place in Australia whenever he likes. This points up his strong character.—"Normie," Beechwood, N.S.W.



Cutting remark

EVEN though they can plainly see that it is at least 5in. shorter, people still persist in asking if I have had my hair cut. They do not really expect any answer other than "Yes," so I always fool them by saying, "No, I washed it and it shrank."—"Shrinking Locks," Buranda, Qld.

Beauty in brief:

FOOT RULES

THE moment when you take off your stockings at night is a good time to relax your feet, to stretch and wiggle your toes.

Anyone who has done this simple thing after a long day of walking or even just standing around will attest to the blissful feeling that follows.

Quite the best foot exercise I know is an easy one, two, three movement. Stretch out your foot and point with your heel.

Now arch the foot, pushing down the ball of your foot. Finally, spread all the toes as widely apart as possible.

One of the best ways to stimulate easily tired feet is to hold them under the cold water tap, night and morning.

The first rule for happy, blemish-free feet is to make sure that you wear well-fitting shoes and stockings so that the feet are neither cramped nor compressed. It also helps cut stocking runs.

Give the feet all the air and freedom possible and, in warm weather at least, walk barefoot about your bedroom.

—Carolyn Earle

Special outfit?
Special beau?
Special occasion?

Dress up
those shoes with
MELTONIAN
COLOUR
CHANGE!

It's magic by Meltonian and so easy to do. This entirely new method of shoe colouring flows on smoothly, is there to stay. Never cracks or peels.

Colour Change old shoes, new shoes, fabric, mesh or leather (don't try suede or patent). And, when you change your mind, you can Colour Change it 24 times — at only 75 cents a time!

Meltonian Colour Change is at shoe shops and shoe repairers. Ask there for the "Shoe Colour and Care" leaflet that tells you how to make 38 extra shades by blending the standard colours.



ILLUSION OF LOVE

"I AM 16 and in love with a boy I have known quite a while, but he only notices me when he feels like it. He is extremely shy and rarely takes other girls out. All my girlfriends tell me that he has a bad reputation and has been in trouble with the police. He seems so quiet that I believe this to be untrue. He never sticks to a job, for he likes many changes, but I don't mind that, because he is such a nice bloke. What can I do to make him more interested? Should I drop my other boyfriends, for he seems to lose all interest when I go out with someone else (perhaps that is just his shyness)?"

"Unnoticed," Vic.

• Frankly, I feel you may be chasing a moonbeam. Although shyness can be overcome with a little feminine encouragement, this boy's rolling-stone temperament presents a major problem. Someone who "likes many changes" certainly won't want to become involved with just one girl. Don't, on any account, drop other boyfriends. You might be left with none.

Romantic farce

"FOR the past three years I have been going out with a boy I don't really like. My parents encourage me to go out with him, but when I do I don't enjoy myself. He has often suggested an engagement, but every time he brings this subject up I ask him to wait a little longer. How can I tell him that I have no feelings for him and that I don't wish to go out with him without hurting my parents?"

"Concerned," Qld.

• I don't think that it's your parents' feelings you have to worry about! What about the boy whom you have been going out with for three long years? Have you spared a thought for the hurt HE will feel when he discovers that the girl he had every reason to believe would marry him one day has no feelings for him? Surely it's time you told your parents exactly what is in your heart. If you tell them now, the hurt to them will be less than it will be later.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

RIVETS



So bitter-sweet

"I AM nearly 16, and went out with a boy for six months. I never thought we would break up, but, unfortunately, we did. We used to argue a lot, and he said we needed the break. (I agreed with him.) He also said that it would be only for Christmas, but I have seen him and he just ignores me. I am very upset over him, and everywhere I go and everything I do remind me of him. Do you think it is all off for good? If you do, could you please tell me how I could get over it and forget him?"

"Lovesick," N.S.W.

• Yes, I should say it is all off for good. Keep the romance as

a wonderful memory, but try to forget him. No one can tell anyone else exactly how to get over it, but the best remedies are to find new friends (both sexes) and new interests. Joining a local social or sports club would be ideal.

Three little words

"MY boyfriend is always asking me if I love him, and I know I do, but I just can't tell him. Nor do I know WHY I love him. It has become such a problem that he gets very upset and threatens to break off our friendship, saying that I'd be better off without him. What should I do?"

"Desperate," S.A.

HERE'S YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

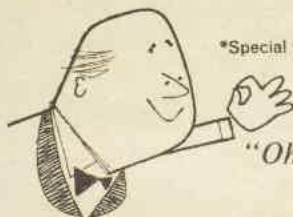
• Not even Shakespeare, who was pretty nifty as a man and a poet, could explain why he loved somebody. So your boyfriend will just have to be satisfied with the answer, "Because you're you." If

you do love him, why can't you say so? Like your boyfriend, I'm beginning to wonder if you do, because to people in love the most natural words are "I love you."



anyone tried **Master Foods** mustards instead of tomato sauce lately?

So many people now use our mustards instead of tomato and worcestershire sauce — we just had to try to pack all four in one familiar bottle. We may never succeed. But thousands of Australians are making our mustards succeed despite it. The whole thing started when people discovered all mustards aren't hot. Some preferred American, others our German, still more our French. Which do you? Try one this week, but be careful of the Extra Hot English Mustard* — ours is really hot — and stays hot in the jar.



*Special note — Master Foods Extra Hot English Mustard is now available in 2 sizes — 5 oz. and 2 oz.

"Oh! Those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name"



Mild, smooth, only slightly spicy. 20c.

A delicate balance of spices, and selected mustard seed. 20c.

The only prepared mustard that stays hot in the jar. 20c.

A classic mustard. With herbs and wine vinegar. 20c.

● Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen has received many inquiries from readers about the correct use and care of the new non-stick cookware. The answers are on this page.

A LEAFLET is usually supplied with non-stick cookware; read this carefully before using the equipment.

Here are readers' queries and our replies:

Does the new pan need treatment before use?

Yes. Before using the pan for the first time, wash it in hot, soapy water. (Detergents are quite safe to use for washing.) Rinse and dry. Then condition pan by wiping some vegetable oil over entire inside surface with soft cloth or paper towel.

Do I need to grease the pan?

Well, yes and no. For health or diet reasons, foods can be cooked without adding oil, fat, or butter, but color and flavor of most foods is enhanced if some shortening is used; this particularly applies to foods with a crumb-coating.

Coated cake tins should be greased lightly before putting in cake mixture, particularly if cake contains a lot of sugar; greasing will ensure complete release of cake from tin.

What is the correct way to use the pan for cooking?

Put pan on to moderate heat for 1 to 1½ minutes. Then add butter, if used, and let it melt. Add the food; continue cooking at medium to low temperatures.

Do not leave pan on hot burner after food has been cooked.

Will food burn in a non-stick pan?

Yes — if too much heat is used, foods will burn in a non-stick pan, just as they do in an ordinary pan. However, they will not stick to the pan.

Are non-stick pans good for omelets?

If you are a purist about omelets — only wiping the pan, and never washing it — then the non-stick pan is not for you, because it must be washed after use (see below).

But if you have trouble in turning out a perfect omelet every time, the non-stick pan will solve all your difficulties. Because foods do not stick to the pan, you'll be able to cook the omelet, fold it, and turn it out easily.

What can affect or damage the non-stick coating?

Cooking foods at too-high temperatures; rubbing with steel wool or abrasive; cutting foods in frypan (this cuts through coating); using sharp kitchen utensil for lifting or turning foods.

Do not stack saucepans away in cupboard one on top of another; this will also damage cooking surface.

After constant use for some time, my non-stick frypan has become rather stained. Can these stains be removed?

Stains will not affect non-stick properties of pan, although they do affect appearance. Complete stain removal is not possible. However, stains can be lightened:

Combine 1 cup water, ½ cup liquid bleach, and 1 tablespoon bicarbonate of soda. Put into saucepan or frypan, heat to boiling. Then reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes or, if stains are heavy, a little longer.

Wash, rinse, and dry thoroughly, then condition cookware again by wiping vegetable oil over inside with soft cloth.

Be careful this stain-removing liquid does not touch outside of pan; it will cause marks.

Non-stick coatings are available in several colors — grey, brown, etc. Is there any difference?

No. The original substance with non-stick properties is transparent; any color can be added.

Should I wash non-stick ware or merely wipe it over?

Non-stick cookware must be washed after use — this is important! This removes food or fat particles on inside surface of pan. They might be invisible to

the eye but, if left on pan, they will carbonise and, apart from health considerations, will eventually affect appearance and performance of pan.

How to wash pan correctly?

Allow utensil to cool completely before washing. Then simply wash it in hot, soapy water with cloth or soft sponge. Do not use steel wool or any abrasive. Then thoroughly rinse inside and outside with hot water. Dry well.

Will scratches on the surface affect the non-stick property?

Small scratches affect appearance of pan, but make little difference to performance. Where, with improper use, larger areas of coating have been removed, foods will tend to stick to pan.

Once marked, can the non-stick coating be restored?

A spray-on silicone is available which can effect temporary

repair; it is effective up to 60 days; as this silicone is transparent, it will not restore an unmarked appearance.

What do I use to turn food?

Nylon spatulas are provided as part of the equipment with many non-stick pans. These are ideal, because they will not scratch the non-stick surface. However, wooden spoons or tongs can be used; make sure they do not scratch surface of pan.

How to use non-stick pans

Before you eat Plaza Biscuits with cheese or anchovies or pâté or pickles or sardines or salmon or dips or just about anything..

please try
PLAZA
biscuits on
their own!

Arnott's Plaza Biscuits are nibbling good! Crisp and tasty and there's no need to butter them—so hand the pack around! Great fun at parties. Just right with cool drinks. Exciting with dips. And cheese? By all means! And pickle and pâté and sardines and salmon? Delicious! But first — please try Plaza on their own.



DRESS SENSE

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

● The straight-cut dress with wrist-length sleeves, right, has a contrasting collar, bow, and sleeve trim. The dress was chosen for a Victorian reader, who asked for an easy-cut, one-piece dress with Peter Pan collar. My reply to her query is published at right.

The dress I have chosen for you, illustrated at right, has a straight, easy cut and is finished with a front panel of small stitched pleats, which are released at the hemline. If you wish to order the pattern, below are full details and how to order.

"Please let me know some of the new day colors for winter."

Bright plain colors, plus checks and plaids. Red is one of the main colors. Violet, orange, vivid green, and brown — from sand to chestnut — are also in fashion, with white and silver for evening.

4206.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4206. Price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



HERE are other queries in my fashion mail:

"I want to buy a new winter coat and wondered what would be the most fashionable one to choose. I am in my early twenties and take an SSW fitting."

A straight, rather narrow little coat is still being worn. Then there is the tent coat. This silhouette is narrow at the shoulders and widens toward the hemline. Dior, in his autumn collection, included a mid-calf-length military coat and a cape in the same length.

"I have a new wool knit suit for winter and the color is orange. What color accessories would be correct?"

My choice would be stockings, shoes, handbag, and kid gloves all in beige. If you are keen on the new colored stockings, replace the beige stockings with orange — sheer orange, not the thick-textured type.

"I want to have a suit made for winter and would like the jacket to be belted. Is this style being worn?"

The suit with a safari jacket is very 1967. A safari jacket is belted on, or just above, the hips, has a collar and revers, and four pockets. Two pockets are placed high and two below the belt.

"I am 16 and have long black hair hanging loose. I have to go to a rather formal party and wondered how I would make my hair appear more in fashion."

Tie your hair back in the George Washington way with a black velvet bow or chiffon scarf.

"My hair is dark brown with red highlights and I have blue eyes and a rather pale skin. Could you suggest a color to suit me?"

Pink and coral would be flattering to the highlights in your hair, and also to your skin and eyes. I also suggest chestnut-brown and sapphire-blue.

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Arnott's famous Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality



Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Luca's house at Cooparoo, Brisbane, shown above, by daylight and, right, at dusk. The white brick building has columns faced with marble chips, and the formal entrance is past a reflection pool. The house is built around a landscaped court.



HOUSE of the WEEK

The spacious upstairs kitchen has flooring of terrazzo marble chip, white laminated bench tops, black bean cabinets. As well as the usual kitchen appliances and a dishwasher there is a roomy walk-in pantry.

QUEENSLAND HOUSE WITH



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY April 29, 1962



Story by Jean Bruce
Photographs by Bob Millar

ITALIAN INFLUENCE

● Architects Theo Thynne, Denham, and Associates designed for Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Luca and their five sons a home at Coorparoo, Brisbane, which combines the characteristics of Italian architecture with Queensland features specially suited to the semi-tropical climate. The Italian influence can be seen in the graceful colonnades, the fountains, the courtyard, and the use of materials such as marble and terrazzo. The Queensland influence is seen in the veranda-type terraces, clerestorey windows to provide light and air, and tongue-and-groove natural timber ceilings. The entire building is of white brick, with reinforced concrete floors and beams. On the rooftop there is a tiled deck overlooking the city. The half-acre site is in a well-established suburb of Brisbane, but the house has been positioned to give maximum privacy. The two floors cover 95 squares. Mr. de Luca, who is a builder mostly engaged on industrial work, was the contractor for his own home — the first residence he has built for some years.

More pictures on page 61

The colorful cocktail bar has an unusual screen dividing it from the small downstairs kitchen beyond. The screen, by Sydney artist Mariti, comprises copper figures and coins set in a translucent acrylic panel.

The master bedroom, furnished in peaceful autumn tonings, has its own walk-in dressing-room, balcony, and private marble-tiled bathroom.



Page 59

NOW **ANOTHER** **G-E** **FIRST** ... An electric blanket that adjusts itself while you sleep, maintains the warmth you dial despite room temperature changes!



THERMO-GUARD
AUTOMATIC
BLANKET

Let temperatures go up or down — you're never too hot, never too cold with new G-E. Thermo-Guard Automatic Blanket. No more fumbling in the middle of the night to turn your blanket UP when the room temperature drops, DOWN when it rises. G-E. was first in the world to make an electric blanket, is first again with Thermo-Guard, the automatic blanket that maintains the warmth you want despite room temperature changes.



NOW **SET AND FORGET.** Select the warmth you want — that's all! Your G-E Thermo-Guard will adjust itself to keep that warmth, regardless of outside temperature variations. Single-bed size, or double-bed size with single or individual controls. So safe they're washable — so comfortable you'll never have winter in your bedroom again.



NOW **'HOLD TIGHT' ELASTIC STRAPS.** No cold area — new, exclusive giant 63" length entirely covers your mattress, and new adjustable elastic straps ensure a perfectly flat fit. You'll never feel bulk or bulges, you'll never have to fumble with string ties.

This winter, get the blanket that gives you all these exclusive features, made by the world's most experienced manufacturer of electric blankets ... yet at prices no greater than old-fashioned non-automatic blankets. Single \$23.95, Double \$29.95, Dual Control Double \$39.95

... ALL THESE EXTRAS COST NO MORE!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC *

*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY-U.S.A. WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD.
Notting Hill, Victoria

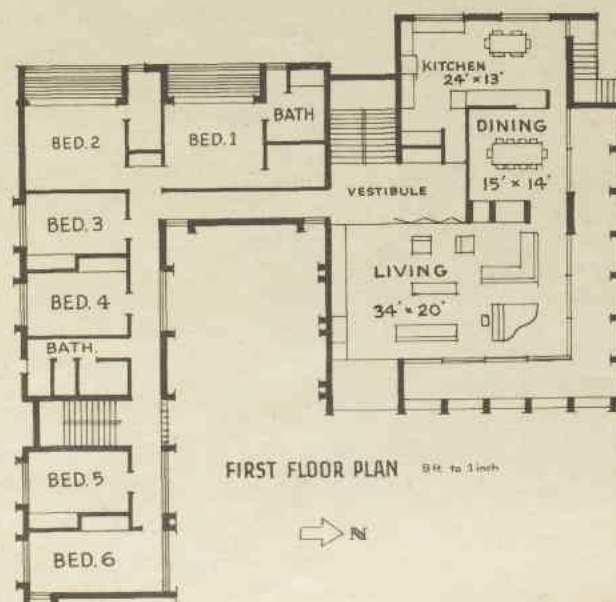
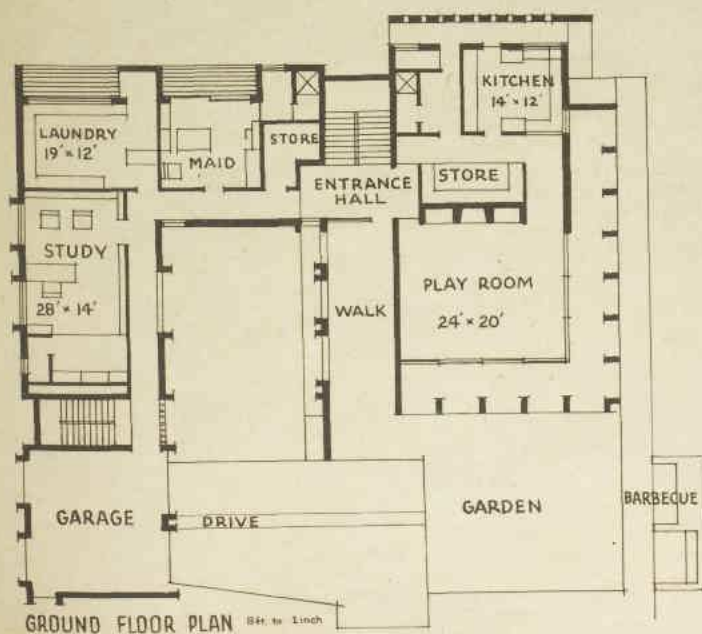


The upstairs sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Luca's home at Coorparoo, Brisbane, overlooks the landscaped courtyard and swimming-pool. The timber ceiling is of silver ash, and the beautiful blue carpet came from Germany.

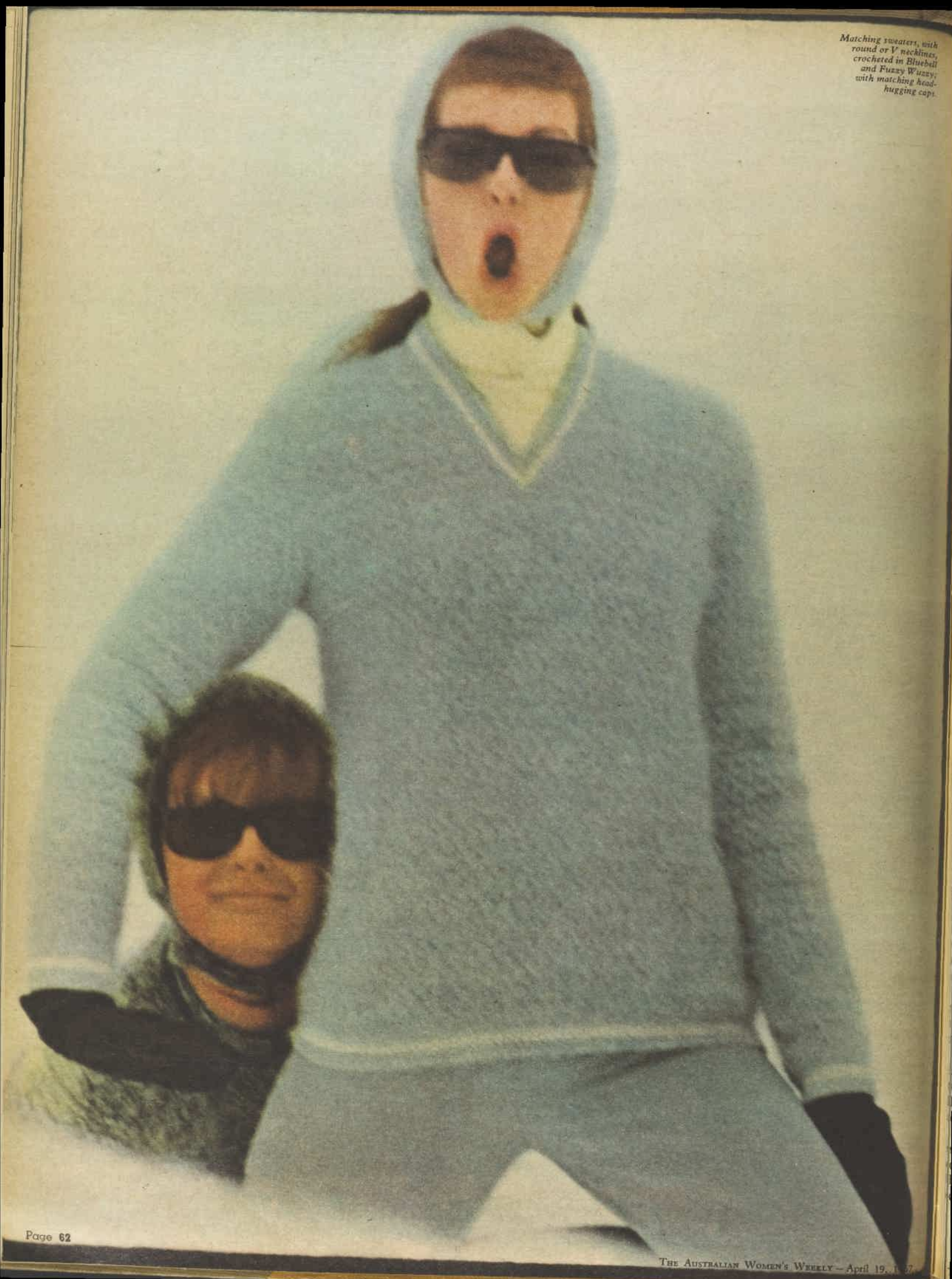
HOUSE of the WEEK

continued

The downstairs entertaining area has a bar, television room, and kitchen. It opens out on to the terrace, barbecue, and swimming-pool area. This room has terrazo marble chip floor tiles, a fireplace with Queensland slate tiles above, and a gold-colored plaster ceiling to match the gold of the curtains.



Matching sweaters, with
round or V necklines,
crocheted in Bluebell
and Fuzzy Wuzzy;
with matching head-
hugging caps.



TULLO COUNTRY

Norma Tullo designs hand-knits for the landscape she loves: snow country; Tullo country. You can find them in Patons Book 818.



Two of a kind - a jacket, a sweater, knitted in Totem.

It's Tullo ski-gear! Brave little jackets, brilliant jumpers, beautiful apres-ski pullovers. Designed for knitting or crocheting in Patons pure new wool yarns. Designed for Tullo country.

Ski fever rages in Tullo country. Its life revolves round the song of the skis and the vast white challenge of dazzling snow. It's Falls Creek, Victoria—the country that Norma Tullo loves best.

As a passionate skier she has views about ski-gear. As a masterly designer she has the wit to translate them into the fabulous designs that are featured here. Designs that are unmistakably Tullo: all of them charmed with the Tullo touch—the feminine touch.

You'll find them in Patons Book 818. It's a book of ski-gear, from Tullo with love: a tribute to the joys of Tullo country—or any country you love. It's a book of enchanting handknits for those who just can't keep away from the charm of Tullo.

Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it.

Patons



Identical sweaters, two ways to colour them, crocheted in Jet.



Totem, crocheted three ways: in checks, or plain, or striped.



Left picture: apres-ski jumper, crocheted in Jet.

In what yarns will you knit your Tullo ski-gear? In Patons pure new wool Totem and Bluebell and Jet. Tullo prefers to use pure new wool yarns. Especially she chooses Patons wool yarns, because they are Patonised to resist shrinking.





Modess *because*

Luxurious softness, "full-length safety shield."
Unique "channel" for instant absorbency.

Choose from **Regular**, **Super** and **Vee-Form*** (the slimmer napkin), And, for complete security, a Modess* belt.



Johnson & Johnson

Regd. Trade Marks

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 19, 1967

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their interesting antiques.

THE pieces pictured below, right, a vase, teaset with a china tray and a figure of a boy, have been in our family for at least three generations. Could you tell me something about them? The marking on the vase is "N", on the teaset tray and cups, "7402-2-1740". The mark on the saucer is just a "2". There is no mark on the figure of the boy. — Mrs. R. Woolley, Hobart.

Your three attractive items of china were all made in the nineteenth century.

The Japanese vase, probably Kaga ware, was made about 1890.

The German teaset is probably Berlin ware made about 1890.

The figurine is German, made about 1885 to 1890. Biscuit wares of this type are difficult (unless marked

in more detail) to attribute to a particular potter.

The word "biscuit" is the term used for a certain kind of porcelain which has an unglazed finish like a biscuit. "Biscuit" ware was produced at the Vienna works in Austria and at Staffordshire, England.



● 19th-century wares.



● Austrian candelabra.

I HAVE a pair of vases which belonged to my grandmother (picture at right). Can you give me any idea of their origin, please? — Mrs. E. Brooking, Applecross, W.A.

Your amber-colored glass vases were made about 1888 to 1895. The bird and floral motifs, which are painted in enamel colors and thickly applied, stylistically, are characteristic of the late Victorian mode of glass decoration.



● Victorian vases.



I WOULD be very pleased to have any information about my old bronze statues of Mercury and a crowned goddess. The statues stand 33in. tall and the only markings are two figures (as sketched in my letter). The base of each has naked cherubs — some blowing horns and others riding goats. I bought the pair 30 years ago from an old mansion that was being demolished. I have been told they could be valuable. — Mrs. M. Croy, Northcote, Vic.

Your bronzes are late 19th century and are of Italian origin. They are very fine quality.

● Italian bronzes.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967



We make this non-run hair colour as creamy as an ointment...



so you can apply it just where your pride hurts.

Sometimes liquid hair colours fail to even-out those streaks, patches, or that persistent grey.

If you find it hard to achieve an even all-over effect, try Napro TintCream. Because it's a cream, you can first apply it to light, faded or grey patches. Then, whilst TintCream is darkening those areas you can work it out through the rest of your hair.

The creamy consistency of TintCream gives perfect timing control. The result? Rich, even colour that stays natural-looking for weeks. When regrowth shows, just touch up those tell-tale roots with TintCream and your hair is again evenly coloured for weeks.

Choose your natural shade—or a happy colour change—from the Shade Selector Chart at your chemist or departmental store.

So inexpensive. Only \$1.25 for the complete home treatment.

TINT
CREAM
by napro

TWW.3

Page 65

Minced steak and spice and Carnation...nice?

Delicious! This Carnation Steak Loaf is a tasty, economical favourite. And it's the easiest thing in the world to make — this recipe is an all-in-one-bowl mixture. Use Carnation Evaporated Milk to bind the ingredients, and to keep the Steak Loaf moist and juicy. Carnation, the milk 'from contented cows'.

1 1/2 lbs minced steak; 1/2 cup of finely chopped onion; 1 cup of soft breadcrumbs; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 1 1/2 teaspoons of salt; 1/4 teaspoon pepper; 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 tablespoon tomato sauce; 1 level tablespoon prepared mustard; 1 egg; 1/2 cup of undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk.

GLAZE: *1/4 cup tomato sauce; 1 tablespoon brown sugar; 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard.* Combine the tomato sauce, brown sugar, and mustard for glaze. Mix remaining ingredients in a bowl, press into greased loaf tin, and invert onto greased baking tray; or shape mixture into loaf on greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven

(375° or Regulo 5 Gas, 425° Electric) for 15 minutes. Gently remove loaf tin (if used) and brush loaf with glaze. Return to oven for a further 45 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes, then remove to serving dish. Garnish as desired. Serve with baked jacket potatoes and hot buttered vegetables. Serves 6.



New! Easy-to-open can

Now the Carnation can has a raised rim. It's easy to open with any can opener.



SATES...

meat cooked on skewers

FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD
TEST KITCHEN



SATE (pronounced sah-tay) makes an unusual first course for a dinner party, or an easy supper dish. It is generally served with a savory sauce; sometimes a small portion of rice is served as an accompaniment.

The sate is put on to the serving plate, still on the skewer; spoon on to the plate some of the accompanying sauce. Push off on to the plate one or two pieces of meat at a time — or all the meat can be pushed off the skewer at the one time. Dip each piece into the sauce — eat, and enjoy.

Quantities in the following recipes will give four servings. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

PORK AND PEPPER SATE

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 lb. lamb's fry | 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce |
| 1 lb. lean pork | 1 dessertspoon soy sauce |
| 1 green pepper | 1 dessertspoon sugar |
| 1 red pepper | 1 cup oil |
| 1 tablespoon brandy | |

Cut lamb's fry into 1/2 in. cubes, and pork into strips 1 in. long by 1/2 in. wide. Place in bowl, add brandy, oil, sauces, and sugar, mixing well. Marinate 15 minutes. Drain, and reserve marinade. Cut peppers into 1/2 in. squares, discarding seeds.

Thread on to skewers, in order, a piece of lamb's fry, a piece of pepper, and a piece of pork. Grill at moderate heat, basting frequently with marinade until meat is cooked through. Serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup soy sauce | 1 small crushed clove garlic |
| pinch chilli powder, or to taste | 1 teaspoon treacle |
| | pinch salt |
- Combine all ingredients and mix well; heat gently.

JAVANESE PORK SATE

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. lean pork | 4 grated onions |
| 3 grated brazil nuts | 1 1/2 dessertspoons lemon juice |
| 1 teaspoon ground coriander | 1 dessertspoon ground black pepper |
| 1 crushed clove garlic | 1 dessertspoon brown sugar |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon soy sauce |
| 1 small red chilli, chopped and seeded | 1 1/2 tablespoons oil |



● In Indonesia this Asian dish is spelled *satay* or *satai*; in Java, *sate*; in Malaysia, *satai* or *sate*. And the simple description of it as meat cooked on sticks or skewers gives no indication of its infinite variety.

Cut meat into cubes. Combine all ingredients, except oil; mix well, marinate 15 minutes. Drain meat, reserving marinade. Thread on to skewers, brush well with oil. Grill, turning frequently, under medium heat, 10 to 15 minutes.

Place marinade in saucepan, bring to the boil, reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, 15 minutes. Serve with the pork.

INDONESIAN CHICKEN SATAY

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 chicken breasts | 1/2 teaspoon cumin |
| 1/2 cup chicken stock or water | 1 small crushed clove garlic |
| 1/2 teaspoon white vinegar | pinch salt |

SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 1/2 tablespoons peanut butter | 1 teaspoon soy sauce |
| 1/2 cup chicken stock | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| 1/2 teaspoon crushed garlic | 1 bayleaf |

Bone chicken breasts, cut meat into 1 1/2 in. pieces. Mix together the stock, vinegar, cumin, garlic, and salt, pour over chicken and marinate 15 minutes. Thread chicken on to skewers, grill 15 minutes, basting frequently with marinade. Serve hot with sauce.

Sauce: Combine all ingredients in saucepan, cook over gentle heat until thickened (approximately 15 minutes).

MALAYSIAN STEAK SATE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 lb. raw peanuts | 1 lb. round steak |
| 1 1/2 tablespoons curry powder | oil |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 1 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1-3rd cup tomato sauce |
| 1/2 cup soy sauce | pineapple cubes |
| | cucumber slices |

Roast peanuts in dry frying-pan, shaking frequently. Rub off skins; grind nuts in electric blender or pestle and mortar; or put in plastic bag and crush with rolling-pin. Set aside.

Mix 1 dessertspoon of curry powder with sugar, salt, and soy sauce. Add meat, cut into cubes; marinate 15 minutes. Drain meat from marinade; thread on skewers, cook under moderate heat, basting frequently with marinade. Cooking time will depend on desired doneness of meat; allow approx. five minutes for rare, ten minutes for well done.

Combine remaining curry powder with ground peanuts, mix to a paste with a little of the milk. Fry in a little oil 2 minutes, stirring well. Gradually blend in remaining milk

PORK AND PEPPER SATE, in which meat is teamed with colorful peppers, and basted frequently during cooking with a good-flavored marinade. See recipe.

Color pictures by Bill Payne

and tomato sauce. Bring gently to boil, reduce heat, simmer 5 minutes.

Arrange skewered meat on platter with cubes of pineapple and slices of cucumber. Serve sauce separately.

INDONESIAN LAMB SATAY

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 dessertspoon boiling water | 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger |
| 1/2 teaspoon saffron | 1 crushed clove garlic |
| 1 teaspoon ground coriander | 1 teaspoon salt |
| pinch chilli powder or to taste | 1 lb. boned lamb |
| 1/2 teaspoon cumin | 1/2 cup vinegar |
| | 2 tablespoons oil |
| | 1/2 cup water |

Pour boiling water over saffron, stir well, let stand few minutes. Strain, reserving liquid. Add liquid to coriander, chilli powder, cumin, ginger, garlic, and salt. Add meat, cut into cubes, mix well. Pour vinegar over, marinate 1 hour. Drain meat, reserving marinade.

Thread meat on to skewers, grill under medium heat, basting frequently with marinade; cooking time will depend on thickness of meat. Serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 cloves garlic | 1/2 cup boiling water |
| 1/2 teaspoon chilli powder | lemon juice to taste |
| 4 tablespoons peanut butter | 1 teaspoon soy sauce |
| 1 chicken stock cube | |

Dissolve chicken cube in the 1/2 cup boiling water. Crush garlic, add chilli powder, peanut butter, chicken stock, soy sauce; add lemon juice to taste. Bring to the boil, stirring, serve immediately.

SPICED PORK SATE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 lb. lean pork | 1 1/2 teaspoons brown sugar |
| 1/2 teaspoon ground coriander | 1 1/2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| 1 crushed clove garlic | salt and pepper to taste |
| | 1 1/2 dessertspoons soy sauce |

Cut meat into 1/2 in. cubes. Place in bowl with all other ingredients, marinate 1 hour. Place 5 to 6 pieces meat on each skewer and grill 10 to 15 minutes or until meat is tender, turning occasionally. Serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1 clove garlic | 1 tablespoon chopped crystallised ginger |
| 1 small chopped onion | 1 dessertspoon soy sauce |
| 1 cup shelled peanuts | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 teaspoon chilli powder or to taste | juice 1/2 lemon |
| 1 teaspoon turmeric | 1 cup water |

Crush garlic, onion, peanuts, and ginger. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into top part of double boiler, place over direct heat and bring to the boil, stirring. Then place over boiling water and cook further 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Thin to desired consistency with extra water.

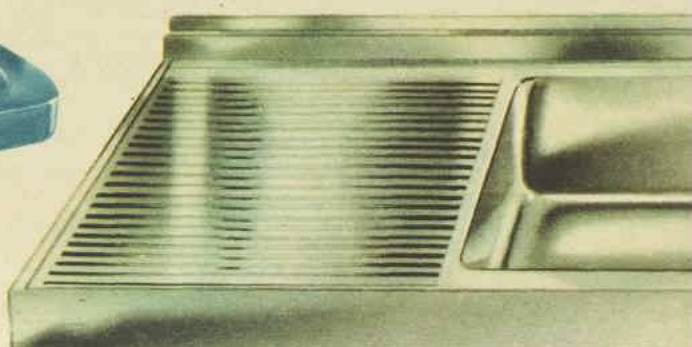
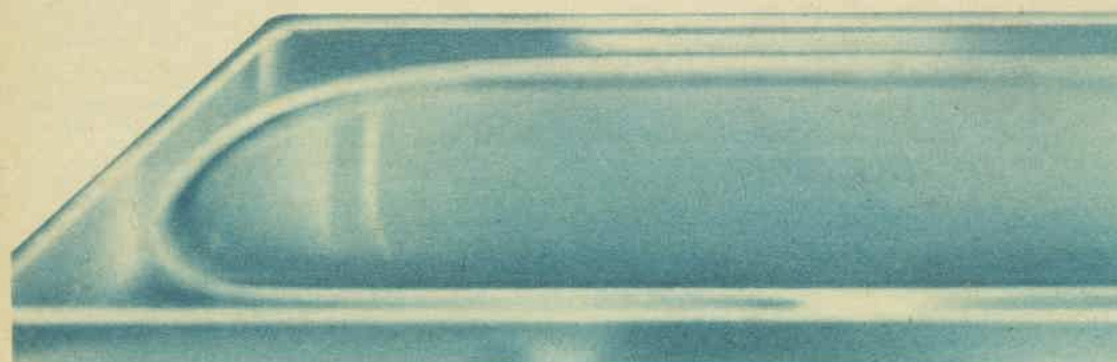
Continued on page 69

KIWI
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Don't miss the magic of Bon Ami Powder, with "Bluolene", for cleaning baths, sinks and basins. "Bluolene" is the latest blue powder additive that bleaches and disinfects — leaving baths, sinks and

basins with a sparkling brightness and a brilliant look-like-new look. Make sure you buy this 18 oz. pack of cleaning magic — Bon Ami with "Bluolene" in the blue foil pack.



Get that 'look like new' look with BON AMI... 
ANOTHER FAMOUS KIWI PRODUCT

LAMB SATE

½ cup soy sauce
1 teaspoon treacle
pinch chilli powder
1 cup hot water
2 tablespoons peanut butter
½ cup roasted peanuts
1 small crushed clove garlic
juice ½ lemon
1lb. lamb, cut into 1in. cubes

Grind peanuts in electric blender or pound in pestle and mortar. Combine with remaining ingredients except lamb in saucepan. Bring to the boil, stirring until smooth. Cool to room temperature. Pour half the sauce over lamb cubes, mix well, let stand 1 hour. Reserve marinade. Thread lamb on to small skewers, grill quickly on all sides.

SAUCE

reserved marinade
1 tablespoon tomato sauce
2 tablespoons stock or water
few drops tabasco sauce
lemon juice to taste

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan, bring to the boil. Serve hot with lamb.

STEAK SATE

1lb. sirloin steak
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons chicken stock
½ cup oil
1 small finely chopped onion
1 small clove crushed garlic
1-3rd cup toasted crushed sesame seeds

Cut meat into strips 1in. wide by 2in. long. Dip in marinade made by combining soy sauce, chicken stock, oil, onion, and garlic and mixing well. Roll each steak strip in toasted crushed sesame seeds and return to marinade. Allow to stand 1 hour. Thread on to skewers, grill quickly to char surface of meat while centre remains fairly rare (approximately 5 minutes), turning several times. Heat reserved marinade gently in saucepan, bring to the boil, strain, serve as accompanying sauce.

VEAL SATE

1lb. lean veal
1 small crushed clove garlic
pinch turmeric
salt, pepper
pinch thyme
1 small chopped onion
1 tablespoon milk
pinch ground ginger
½ teaspoon curry powder

Cut veal into ½in. cubes and combine in bowl with remaining ingredients; marinate 1 hour. Drain meat, discard marinade. Thread 5 or 6 pieces of veal on each small skewer, grill under moderate heat 10 to 12 minutes or until meat is tender. Turn frequently. Serve hot with sauce.

SAUCE

½ cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon chilli powder
1 medium onion
oil for frying

Quarter onion, slice very thinly and fry in hot oil until brown and crisp. Drain on absorbent paper. Place remaining ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 2 minutes. Add onion pieces; serve hot with veal.

INDONESIAN VEAL SATAY

1lb. lean veal, cut into cubes
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
few drops chilli sauce or paste

Combine soy sauce, lemon juice, and chilli sauce or paste. Marinate meat in this mixture several hours, stirring occasionally. Drain, reserving marinade.

Grill meat on skewers until tender. Serve with following:

PEANUT SAUCE

oil for frying
2 finely chopped onions
1 crushed clove garlic
1 cup peanut butter
1½ cups stock or water
½ cup milk
reserved marinade from meat salt

Heat a little oil in frying pan, add onions; cook until well

browned, stirring occasionally. Gradually blend in peanut butter, add garlic. Stir in stock or water and milk. Cook, stirring, over low heat a few minutes, then stir in reserved marinade from meat. Stir until well combined and heated through; season to taste.

PICKLED CUCUMBER

1 cup water
1 cup white vinegar
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

2in. cinnamon stick
1 long thin cucumber

Break cinnamon stick into pieces. Combine water, vinegar, sugar, salt, and the cinnamon in saucepan. Bring to the boil, cover, and simmer 10 minutes; strain. Pour over scored, sliced cucumber. Cool, then refrigerate several hours, turning occasionally.

A fresh-tasting accompaniment to many sates.



babies are growing faster . . . Bond's are keeping up with them

Bond's design a range of rugged little styles sized just right to fit growing babies. Baby Bondwear gives babies more all-day comfort and freedom. It's designed for easy dressing and undressing—makes changing times faster for mother. Bondwear washes and dries quickly. It's priced to please value-minded Mums. Doting Grandmums too.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT TOP TO BOTTOM

Style 15234 Toddler's sleeper zip opening. Non skid soles. White, blue, lemon, pink. ASO — AS2. \$3.25
Style 15303 Nightgown with smocked yoke. Back opening. White only. AS1. \$1.79
Style 15215 2-piece pyjama with feet. Shoulder opening, adjustable trouser loops. Non skid soles. White, blue, lemon, pink. ASO — AS2. \$3.99

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Style 95647 1-piece stretch coverall with feet. Press stud opening. White, aqua, lemon, pink. ASO — AS1. \$3.99
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Style 45683 Plush velour track suit. Raglan sleeve, fur collar, zip opening. Royal, sky, pink, red. AS1 — AS3. \$6.99

Style 45686 Fleecy lined 2-piece track suit. Front zip opening. Elasticised waist. Ribbed neck, cuff and ankle. Blue, lemon, pink, red. AS1 — AS2. \$3.25
Style 15651 & 15010 Matinee jacket, & training pants. Raglan sleeve jacket, smocking at neck, lace trim. White, blue, pink. Pants AS1 — AS2 \$1.05. Jacket AS1. \$1.39
Style 95920 Stretch parka in nylon/acrilan. Raglan sleeve, button front. Contrast piping. Royal, blue, lemon, pink, red with white,

and all white. ASO — AS1. \$3.25
Style 95001 Warm stretch leggings in nylon/acrilan. Gaiter style trouser cuffs, stirrup straps. White, royal, blue, lemon, pink, red. ASO — AS1. \$1.99

BOND'S

B328A

Readers' household hints

- These useful hints for the knitters, for mothers and for housewives, will save time and effort. Each of the hints, sent in by readers, wins a prize of \$2.

REMOVE crinkles from unravell'd wool by standing the steam iron face down on ironing board and pulling thread under the iron. Then rewind the steamed wool. — Miss M. Crocker, 11 Waterworks Rd., Dynnyrne, Tas.

★ ★ ★
For country housewives who use artesian bore water: Silverware that is tarnished from bore water can be cleaned easily by simmering it in a saucepan of water with soap powder added, and bringing to the boil. Even in bore water, the silver will come up like new. — Mrs. N. Beadle, c/o Primaries, Blackall, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Tea stains can be removed from white material by rubbing well with damp blue bag, then boiling in the usual way. — Miss Carol Evans, c/o P.O., Geveeston, Huon, Tas.

★ ★ ★
Knit twice the amount of rows specified in the pattern when knitting the bands for children's long-sleeved pullovers and cardigans. The extra length can be turned back to form a cuff, giving a neater appearance to the finished garment than if extra length has to be added before decreasing for armhole. — Mrs. P. A. Martin, 92 Halsey Rd., Henley South, S.A.

★ ★ ★
When making fudge, toffee, or similar types of boiled candy, beat in a quantity of crushed cornflakes, or any other unsweetened breakfast cereal, after the mixture is taken off the stove. This makes the sweet less cloying and ekes out the quantity — a useful point to remember when preparing toffee for parties or fund-raising sales. — Mrs. I. J. Isaac, 24 Roe St., North Bondi, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Forget to sweeten the boiled custard? Whisk in two tablespoons of condensed milk for a delicious flavor. — Mrs. J. Kelly, 2 Ernest St., Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★
A teapot is a useful substitute for a miniature watering-can for indoor plants. Old dinner knives, forks, etc., also make handy implements for loosening soil and repotting. First soak plant thoroughly, then run knife round inside of pot, place fingers each side of plant, invert, and tap base gently. Plant will usually come out with the earth round it firm and unbroken. — Mrs. E. Pack, David Hill Rd., Monbulk, Vic.

★ ★ ★
If you make pin-cushions, fill them with beach sand, which is easy to slide the pins into and stops them from rusting. — Miss Joy Scott, 8 Irymple Ave., Glen Iris S.E.6., Vic.

★ ★ ★
A mixture of 2 tablespoons vinegar and 1 tablespoon salt makes a good cleaner for copper pans. Moisten piece of flannel with mixture, rub pans well, then wash in clean, hot water and dry thoroughly. — Mrs. L. Martin, 12 Cambridge Ave., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Use colored nail polish to write the children's names on their plastic drinking flasks and cups for school. It lasts quite a long time, even when washed in very hot water. — Mrs. J. Tonkin, 68 South Tce., Peterborough, S.A.

A good nylon slip, worn beyond repair at the top, can be cut off at the waist and used to line a skirt. The smooth lining makes a wool or cotton skirt look nicer and wear longer. — Mrs. M. T. Storey, 60 Alexander St., Wembley, W.A.

OUR TRANSFER

Pink and blue motifs, including "His" and "Hers" and "Mr." and "Mrs." are from our Iron-On Transfer No. 26. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 15c; plus 4c for postage.



Every day, she makes 2,000 slices of toast especially for him...

Sunbeam toasts up to 700 loaves of bread a week to test every single toaster they make. They don't settle for just one quick run-through either; they toast six slices of real bread in each toaster.

Sunbeam do this to test their special colour. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967



Three-fruit jam wins \$10 prize

● A jam recipe which, with a minimum of ingredients, makes more than three pints of beautifully flavored jam, wins the first prize of \$10.

HOT SCONES are served with the delicious jam that wins first prize this week. Recipe at right.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for a quickly mixed cake — ideal for cut lunches or afternoon tea; a savory tripe dish; and a delightful biscuit slice with a coconut-rough topping.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

TOMATO-PASSION-APPLE JAM

1lb. ripe red tomatoes
6 passionfruit
2 medium cooking apples
1 lemon
½ pint water
¾ lb. sugar

Scald and peel tomatoes, cut up roughly. Place in saucepan with peeled, cored, and grated apples, add water. Boil gently until tender. Warm the sugar and add, with lemon juice. Boil briskly 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the passionfruit pulp and continue cooking until a little jells in a chilled saucer. Bottle and seal while hot.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, via Tarce, N.S.W.

SAVORY TRIPE

1lb. tripe
6 peppercorns
pinch thyme
pinch sage
1 bayleaf
1 clove
1 medium onion, chopped
1 celery stick
2 carrots
seasoning
½ pint milk
2oz. plain flour
1oz. butter or substitute

Remove fat from tripe and wash in warm water. Wipe dry, cut into 1in. squares. Cut carrots and celery into medium-sized pieces. Place tripe, carrots, celery, onion, seasoning, and spices into saucepan. Bring up to the boil, skimming any fat which comes to the top. Cook until tender. Mix flour gradually with little milk, add this and remaining milk to saucepan. Add butter, bring to boil; cook, stirring, until thickened.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. H. Foale, 59 Victoria St., Forestville, S.A.

QUICK-MIX CAKE

½ cup milk
4 tablespoons soft butter or substitute
¾ cup castor sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup self-raising flour
1 tablespoon cornflour
½ teaspoon vanilla
pinch salt

Place all ingredients in bowl, beat well 5 minutes. Turn into lightly greased 8 x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. C. Roche, 36 Lanigan St., Wandal, Rockhampton, Qld.

CHOCOLATE ROUGH SLICE

BISCUIT BASE
4oz. butter or substitute
½ cup sugar
1 cup self-raising flour
½ cup coconut
½ teaspoon vanilla
pinch salt

TOPPING
3 tablespoons condensed milk
1 tablespoon cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup icing sugar, sifted
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 cup coconut

Cream butter with sugar, add vanilla. Fold in sifted flour and salt; add coconut. Mix well. Spread evenly in greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. While still hot, spread with topping. Leave in tin to cool. Cut into fingers to serve.

Topping: Mix all ingredients together.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss M. Berg, 87 Railway Pde., Woodford, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

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...and he doesn't even eat it;
he just looks at it

control; it lets you pick any shade of toast you want and then makes sure you get it. And they do this to test the way their toaster lowers and raises the toast automatically (so you don't burn your fingers). Only if everything functions 100% perfectly do

they move on to the next toaster. But if not, "REJECT" and back to the factory it goes until it is 100% perfect.

Luckily for you, Sunbeam have to put this sort of painstaking care into every product.

How else can they maintain their reputation?

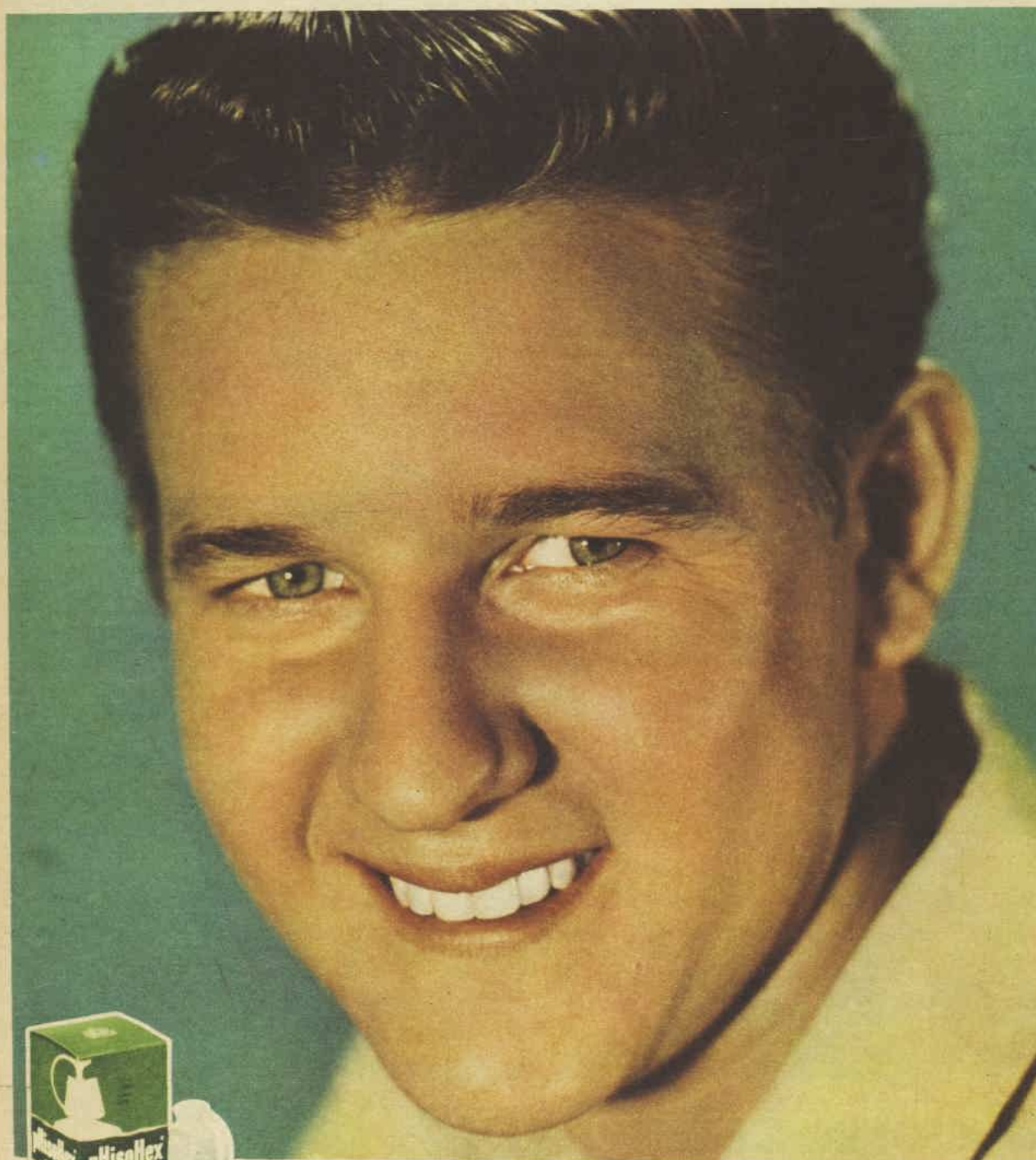


WELL-BUILT APPLIANCES

LUCKY ENCOUNTER

The occasion called for tact but he was in no mood to be pleasant

BY NORAH SMARIDGE



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are embarrassed by acne or skin blemishes—if you are not completely satisfied with your skin—regular washing with pHisoHex will help you through the "acne years." pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can stop tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. You simply wash with pHisoHex, instead of soap, 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. For skin medication between washes, use pHorac Cream. Flesh coloured, it hides pimples while it heals. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

pHisoHex

contains 3% hexachlorophene
(Pronounced Fy-so-hex)
ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

PARKING at the station, Tom Corwell was glad he was still too new in Eastbury to know anyone on the platform. He didn't want to talk; he was still simmering with anger.

Childish anger, he admitted, unworthy of a grown man! But the day had started badly, and every darn thing had gone wrong. Disgustedly, he settled down in the train and opened his newspaper.

For one thing, the Big Boss had to pick a Saturday to send him into the city on an errand. Saturday, which should have been his free day!

Then, at breakfast this morning, his once-dainty little daughter Betsy had looked unkempt and grubby. And her table manners were certainly slipping!

He sighed. Mrs. Oakworth, his temporary housekeeper, wasn't interested in children. But she was better than no one; at least there was someone in the house when Betsy got home from school.

Aunt Hester's telegram had arrived just as he was finishing his breakfast. She was his wife's aunt, really, and after Molly's death she had been very good about keeping an eye on Betsy. She had even promised to sell her apartment and come and live with them in Eastbury. Tom had been obliged to move there when the firm had moved to Long Island.

Obviously, Aunt Hester's promise had been too rash. Because she was stalling now. Her telegram read: "Can't join you till summer. Doctor says Eastbury too cold for me."

Tom had snorted. Aunt Hester was strong as a horse. The truth was obvious; she had decided she didn't want to leave her apartment in New York, even to mother Betsy. It had been different when Tom and Betsy lived only a block away from Aunt Hester.

Tom sighed again. Well, he supposed you couldn't blame her. But this would mean that he must make a determined search for a really good housekeeper; someone who would take a real interest in Betsy and see to her clothes and manners and everything.

Full of all these unsettling thoughts, he had a near-accident as he drove to the station—and had been taken to task by a woman driver, of all things! He'd got out of his car to apologise (because he knew he had been at fault) and he would have apologised if she hadn't been so darn superior!

She had come toward him with her eyebrows raised and had said, coolly, "Don't you know it's dangerous to drive like that!" Before he could speak, she started giving his car a calm appraisal. She even had the nerve to stick her head in and look around; then she spoke to him as if he were a— a careless kid.

"You're lucky you haven't had an accident already," she said reprovingly. "Your windshield needs cleaning—it's streaked. And your rear-view mirror needs adjusting!"

"Thanks." Feeble sarcasm, but it was all he could manage. "Thanks a lot!"

"You're welcome," she said sweetly. Too sweetly. And off she walked, climbed into her car, fastened her safety-belt, and drove off.

Putting the episode out of his mind as the train rolled along, Tom planned his day. When he'd

finished with business he would do a bit of shopping. Maybe if he bought Betsy a pretty brush-and-comb set she'd keep her hair tidier. And this evening he'd talk to her about her table manners (maybe he could find a book for her on the subject).

That evening, when he gave her the brush-and-comb set, Betsy was delighted. "I'll give my hair a hundred strokes every day, the way movie stars do," she told him. Smuggling against him, she added eagerly: "Daddy, if Aunt Hester isn't coming, can't you find a nice housekeeper? I mean, Mrs. Oakworth can cook, but she never wants to talk to me, or play a game or anything!"

"She won't be staying long," Tom promised. "Next week I'll call the agency and tell them to send us a Mary Poppins. OK?" And he hugged her as she giggled delightedly.

But a good housekeeper wasn't so easy to find. It was nearly two weeks before the doorbell rang one evening at the time agreed upon for interviews. Tom's heart lifted. Someone at last! Quickly, he strode to the door, relieved that Mrs. Oakworth had left for her church meeting.

But surely the trim, well-dressed woman on the step was not looking for a domestic job? Tom stared at her, and his eyes widened as he recognised her. It was the woman driver who had taken him to task. She stood there, as surprised as he, a faint smile hovering on her lips.

"Well, hello!" she said. "I didn't know it was you! I mean—"

"You—you're surely not from the Steven's Domestic Agency?" Tom said, almost at the same moment.

"Why, no!" She stared at him, puzzled. "I'm Mrs. Benson—Joan Benson—and I stopped by to talk to you about Betsy." She added, gently, "May I come in?"

"Of course!" Tom started, reddening. "Please forgive me! If you'll come this way..." He led her into the living-room and pulled out a chair. Who was she, anyway? he wondered. Not Betsy's teacher; he knew Miss Jenkins.

"Don't look so worried, Mr. Corwell!" Suddenly she laughed—and the laughter was delightful. "I simply came to ask if Betsy might come home with my two girls every day, and stay with us until you get home. As far as I can gather, Betsy isn't having much fun with your present housekeeper."

"Why that—that's very kind of you!" Tom said. "I'm doing my best to find the right housekeeper, but it takes time."

"Maybe I could help?" She smiled at him. "I was born and bred here, so I know just about everyone."

"Are you a neighbor of ours?" Tom asked. "Is that how you know Betsy?"

She shook her head. "Not a close neighbor—we're some blocks away. I know your little Betsy because I drive the school bus." She made a comical face. "Fifty youngsters, kindergartners to teenagers!" She gave him a fleeting look. "That's why I'm so safety-conscious—and it explains why I scolded you like a schoolmarm the other day!"

Tom laughed. "I had it coming to me," he admitted. "I guess I shouldn't have been driving at all that day. I was far too het-up, what with one thing and another." Liking the quick, sympathetic smile she gave him, he went on: "I hope you'll let me make amends. Maybe I could invite you and your husband out to dinner some night?"

Her smile disappeared. "I lost my husband two years ago," she told him. "That's why I'm driving the school bus for the transportation company. It was the best job I could get at the time. It keeps us, and at least I'm not far away from my two girls."

Tom felt a surge of admiration. She reminded him of Molly; not in looks, but in her courage, her good sense, her humor, and friendliness. "If I may say so, I think you sound pretty wonderful," he said. "And—well, if you'll let me take you to dinner, I promise I'll be a model driver. I'll even fasten my safety-belt."

And his heart did a happy spin as she smiled back at him.

(Copyright)



If Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday and Saturday are Vita-lunch days.
What's for lunch on Sunday?

Roast Beef.



Peek Frean Vita-Weat . . . Australia's most inventive crispbread.

VW27.6

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Yesterday, armed with application form, spouse's consenting signature, photographs (libellous), and birth certificate, I arrived at the passport office at three minutes past nine to apply for my first-ever passport.

I HAD neglected to read the fine print properly and hadn't known I was supposed to have a marriage certificate, too. "Without it we can't know that you're the same person as the one named on the birth certificate," the girl in the passport office said. I found this logical — but infuriating. A man can apparently prove his identity satisfactorily with one bit of paper. A married woman needs two.

I thought about going all the way home and rattling through drawers and pigeonholes and then going all the way back into town. "How long does it take to get a copy?"

I asked, and the girl in the passport office said, "About half an hour."

So at breakneck speed I charged from the very bottom of Phillip Street to the top of Macquarie Street, up the steps of the Registrar-General's Office — to be faced by implacably closed doors. The R-G doesn't open until 10 a.m.

I thought about going away and doing some shopping, and then I thought better of it. I had a dreadful presentiment that that "about half-an-hour" might be on the optimistic side, and I wanted to be home again by lunch-time.

So, instead, I went and had a free chest X-ray, and

then I had a cup of coffee, sitting in front of the coffee shop where I could watch all the wigged and gowned lawyers making their way up to the Law Courts — gowns all the way from deep black to ancient shiny green, and wigs from clean to dirty to some that looked as though they'd been used to rub the excess oil off the engines of neglected motor vehicles.

I sat there waiting, and I brooded superstitiously about that chest X-ray. What a silly time to choose to have it, I thought. There was I, about to go overseas at long last, and I'd probably end up flat on my back in a sanatorium, wanly waving through the glass at healthy travelling friends.

After a while, for want of anything else to do, I began reading the annual report of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, which had been given to me at the mobile clinic outside Sydney Hospital.

I stopped regretting the X-ray — in fact, I decided it was the most sensible thing I could do before setting off on a journey.

According to the report, tuberculosis is an eradicable disease in Australia (the Commonwealth has already spent \$200 million on its eradication). "The stage," the report says, "is set in Australia for the control of tuberculosis. Only one vital element is missing — the wholehearted co-operation of the public in regular attendance for chest X-rays."

X-rays are compulsory, and there are heavy penalties for people who, without a good excuse, fail to have them. But there are still, according to the report, people who don't attend in spite of appeals and warnings and who may be infecting other people and thus keeping the disease alive.

I didn't know, until I read the report, how many other possible abnormalities in the chest you are checked for, all in that few seconds your X-ray takes. Between 1953 and 1966 the Association has found 70,000 non-tuberculous abnormalities in people's chests.

Don't let the figures frighten you — it's a very small proportion out of the millions of X-rays done in cities and towns and country areas. But if this was the first indication those 70,000 had that all was not well, and if it allowed them to seek early treatment for the trouble, then they probably felt they'd got a million dollars' worth out of that free service.

At five minutes to ten I was back outside the Registrar-General's. As the city clocks began to strike the hour, dozens of people rose from seats and unpropped themselves from neighboring walls and swarmed hopefully up the steps to the glass doors.

The doors opened promptly at four minutes past ten, and we all streamed in. My presentiment was right. Two hours, not half an hour. So I went off and wandered round the shops, brooding about clothes and the temperatures and climates of different parts of Europe.

Promptly at 12.15 (the time that had been stamped on my application for a copy of our marriage certificate) I was back in the R-G's office, and, sure enough, there it was waiting for me. I decided this was a very superior government department.

A passport takes 14 days—plus Easter—to materialise

NEXT I hared back to the passport office. My dreams of being home by lunchtime had faded, but I still wanted to make it as early as I could. By now it was the lunch-hour, and more than half of Sydney seemed to be queued up there, bent on leaving the country.

At long last I got back to the same passport officer. All was now in order. The delay had been my own fault in the beginning, but all the same I was prepared to niggle.

"That's more than 14 days," I said, as I saw her write down the date on which my passport would be ready for collection. She looked at me with patient resignation. "Easter comes in between," she said.

Next I went to the cashier's desk to pay for my passport. I had already written a cheque for the four dollars. He looked at it very dubiously. "You won't get this by the 10th if you pay by cheque," he said.

"Why not?" I said. "That's 18 days away."

Yes, you guessed it. "Easter comes in between," he said.

So I tore up the cheque and I paid cash, and I went away wondering why the passport office can't clear a cheque in 18 days when anyone else can do it in two, and why they can't have a simple piece somewhere on their instruction sheet (for nongs like me) that lists the things you need — A, B, C — instead of having instructions all mixed up in masses of verbiage with explanations and prohibitions.

I'd got to the office at three minutes past nine, and I finally got out of it at five past one. I think I ought to have a passport by the time I need it, but who can tell — after all, Easter's described as a movable feast, isn't it?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967



HEAD-LINES for winter

● If you know anything about knitting or crochet, you can make up these smart little headpieces — the perfect accessories for your winter gear. The striped cap at right even has a bag to match.



PEAKED BALACLAVA (above) is buttoned underneath the chin. Directions are below.

PEAKED BALACLAVA

Materials: 3 balls Patons Mayfair yarn; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit average head, 22in. all round.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in., 11 rows to 1½in.

LEFT CHINSTRAP

Cast on 18 sts. Work 8 rows g-st.

9th Row: Inc. 1 st., work to last 4 sts., turn.

10th Row: Sl. first st., k to end.

11th Row: Inc. 1 st., k to last 8 sts., turn.

12th Row: As 10th row.

13th and 14th Rows: Knit.

Rep. rows 9 to 14 once.

K 12 rows without shaping.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. in first and last sts. K 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows 3 times more * and sl. sts. on to spare needle.

RIGHT CHINSTRAP

Cast on 18 sts., work 4 rows g-st.

Buttonhole Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

K 4 rows without shaping, then rep. from row 9 as for left chinstrap to *. Cont. thus:

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., k across all sts. on needle, cast on 62 sts., k across sts. on spare needle, comm. at shorter (face) edge. Cast on 3 (128 sts. on needle.) K 14 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., (k 6, k 2 tog.) 15 times, k to end. K 13 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., (k 5, k 2 tog.) 15 times, k to end. K 10 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., (k 4, k 2 tog.) 15 times, k to end. K 7 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., (k 3, k 2 tog.) 15 times, k to end. Rep. last 8 rows 3 times more, knitting 2 and 1 sts. respectively between k 2 tog. on 1st and 2nd rep., then k 2 tog. 16 times on 3rd rep. K 4 rows.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. K 2 rows.

Run end of yarn through sts. and fasten off. Sew up back seam. Stitch 3 buttons opposite buttonholes.

STRIPED CAP AND BAG SET

Materials: Hat—2 balls each grey, gold, black Patons Jet; Bag: 2 balls each grey, gold, black (same wool); No. 6 crochet hook; 8in. frame for bag.

Measurements: Hat, to fit average head.

Abbreviations: Sp., work st. into front of loop only.

Note: Use wool double throughout.

HAT

Using grey, comm. with 27 ch.

1st Row: Sl-st. into second ch. from hook and into next 9 ch., 2 d.c. into next ch., d.c. into next 7 ch., ½ d.c. into next 2 ch., w.o.n. and complete d.c. into last 6 ch., 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 16 d.c., 10 sl-sts. Join in black, drop grey, 1 ch.

When changing colors, leave loop of approx. 4in. These loops will form pom-pom at top of hat.

3rd Row: Sl-st. into 10 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., d.c. into next 7 sps., ½ d.c. into next 2 sps., w.o.n. and complete d.c. into last 6 sps., 2 ch., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd.

Drop black, join in gold, 1 ch. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows. These 6 rows form patt.

Cont. working until 7 complete stripe patts. worked.

To Finish: Stitch back seam with black, run a draw thread round top, and fasten securely. Run in all ends.

BAG

Comm. with black, using wool double. Make 15 ch.

1st Row: D.c. into second ch. from hook, d.c. into next 5 sps., ½ d.c. into next 2 sps., w.o.n. and complete d.c., 6 d.c., 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 13 d.c. Drop black, join in gold.

3rd Row: 7 ch., d.c. into

2nd ch. from hook, d.c. into next 10 sps., ½ d.c. into next 2 sps., and complete d.c., d.c. into next 5 sps. and into turning ch., 6 ch.

4th Row: 23 d.c. Drop gold, join in grey.

5th Row: 9 ch., d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 2 d.c. into next sps., 16 d.c., ½ d.c. into next 2 sps. and complete d.c., d.c. into 10 sps. and into turning ch., 10 ch., turn.

6th Row: D.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, and into each sp. along row. Drop grey, re-join black.

7th Row: 2 ch., d.c. in first sp., 2 d.c. in next sp., 15 d.c., (½ d.c. into next 2 sts. and complete d.c.) twice, 15 d.c., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c., 2 ch., turn.

8th Row: 38 d.c. Drop black, rejoin gold. Rep. 7th and 8th rows.

Work 3 reps. of stripe patt., 1 more grey stripe, and a short gold and black strip to correspond with other side.

Fasten off, run in all loose ends. Fold piece in half, and stitch sides to suit bag frame. Stitch bag to frame.



CAP AND BAG set (above) are crocheted in wavy stripes. The cap, made in one piece, is finished off with a looped pom-pom.



BONNET (above) is made up of 11 crocheted flower motifs. Directions are given at right. Use crown of an old hat as base for shape.

FLOWER MOTIF BONNET

Materials: 1 ball each Patons Courtelle Yarn in navy and white; Milwards Phantom crochet hooks Nos. 7 and 10.

Measurements: To fit average head.

FLOWER MOTIF

Using navy and No. 10 crochet hook, work 6 ch., sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: 3 ch., 14 tr. into ring, sl-st. into top of 3 ch.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. into same sp. as sl-st., * 5 ch., miss 2 tr., d.c. into next sp., rep. from * 3 times, 5 ch., sl-st. into first d.c. (5 loops). Drop navy.

3rd Round: Using white, * into 5 ch. loop work (sl-st. into loop, 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 d.tr., 1 tr., 3 ch., sl-st. into loop), rep. from * 4 times. Break off white and fasten ends.

4th Round: Pick up navy,

3 ch., d.c. into top of first tr., 3 ch., miss 1 d.tr., d.c. into next d.tr., 3 ch., d.c. into next tr., 3 ch., d.c. between petals, rep. all round. Fasten off.

Work 11 motifs.

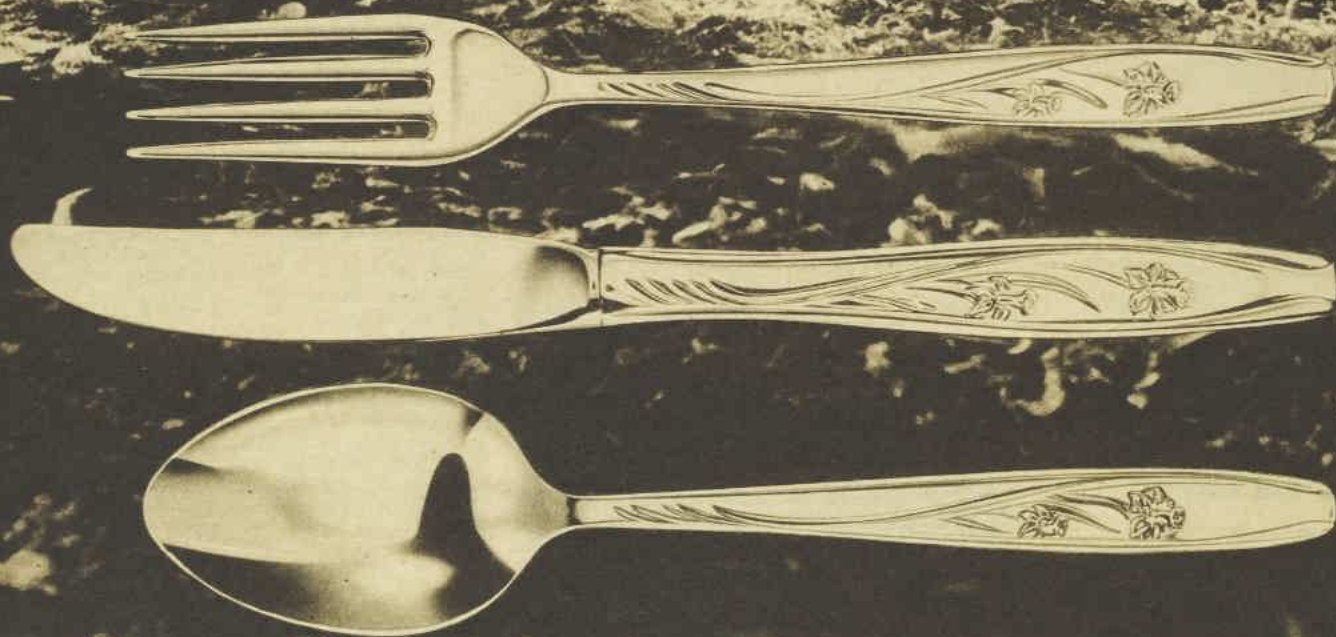
TO MAKE UP

Use an old felt hat with a round crown for a base to assemble the motifs. Pin motifs to hat base in cap shape, using 7 motifs round head and 4 at top-centre. With navy and No. 10 crochet hook, join motifs with criss-cross of ch. in all spaces between petals, working approximately 3 ch. to cross a space. Where petals touch, join with sl-st. Remove felt base.

Tie Fasteners (Make 2): Using double strand of white and No. 7 crochet hook, work 60 ch., fasten off. Stitch securely to flower motif at either side of bonnet.



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Elizabeth was thankful for the clatter of the train as she approached Marcia.

Vintage of Revenge

BY H.M. TOLCHER

ELIZABETH RALSTON looked up the long flight of shallow steps to the court-house. Funny, she mused, how important Rockvale made the law appear. The court, with its slim columns and pediment ornamented with a frieze of Justice protecting the innocent, was much more impressive than the church with its ineffectual little spire, or the town hall with its frosted windows staring blindly over the green lawns of the square.

Well, the court-house had triumphed this time, she thought; beaten both the pious scandalmongers of the church and the upright pillars of town society. The verdict of public opinion had been reversed. Like it or lump it, she added.

Far away a train hooted; she could see it, a brown caterpillar moving through the orderly ribbed rectangles of the vineyards, readying itself for the long pull, past Royleton, her home—a white speck on the lower slopes—and over the sunbleached hills that ringed the fertile valley.

It was about this time last year that Marcia had come home, when the hills were straw-brown and the disciplined green of the vines busy with pickers.

Marcia was the last of the Harrisses, and the quintessence of all that had made them notable in the valley for generations. She was the final flowering of a long line of beautiful women and brilliant men, with the added gloss bestowed by four years of world travel.

Marcia cared little when the local women closed their ranks against her, since the men as spontaneously flocked around her. At every party her glossy black head was the centre of a crowd, her subtly slanted green eyes shone as her low laughter underlined her pleasure.

Marcia was everywhere; tanned and vigorous at the tennis club, elegantly fur-wrapped at the races, grave and thoughtful in the glow of a stained-glass window on Sunday.

Elizabeth had laughed to see the sober males of the valley behaving like spotty adolescents, but her amusement faded when Andrew was drawn into the web.

Marcia treated Andrew with charming deference, as though he, and not Elizabeth, was the owner of Royleton; prettily asked his advice in rehabilitating her long-forgotten vineyard as though he were a vigneron rather than a bookkeeper. She was always drawing him into her group, into her conversations, and Elizabeth could not convince him that this was merely flattery of the crudest kind.

Worst of all, the Harriss vineyard adjoined theirs, and although the homesteads were miles apart, it was inevitable that they should see each other on the road. Her

little white sports car seemed to glitter in every dust cloud, around every corner.

But now that was at an end.

A warm wind brought the sour stench of the winery to her nostrils. She grimaced. For the rest of her life that odor would remind her of Marcia—sparkling darkly in her scarlet frock at the Hunt Ball, smiling at Andrew over the top of her tennis racquet, Marcia flung on her back in the long grass of the Harriss vineyard, staring blindly at the dawn-pale sky, her dusty black hair framed in a glistening pool of scarlet seeping from a shattered skull.

Behind her an engine roared into life; she jumped, glancing round, half expecting to see a white sports car.

As she turned back, she glimpsed a woman vanishing into the shop. The dumpy little figure had a furtive air, a flaming red chignon—it was Eve Rogers. Eve of the beady eyes and wagging tongue, who had counted and reported the number of times Andrew and Marcia had been seen together, first of all to Elizabeth, and later, importantly, at the trial.

It was Eve who had overheard and taken seriously the mock argument over the common boundary between Royleton and the Harriss place, at the Hunt Ball; Eve who had spread rumors about ancient contentions between the Harrisses and Elizabeth's family. And it was Eve who told an avid courtroom about Marcia's six a.m. appointment with Andrew to discuss the boundary on the day she died.

It was understandable that Eve should avoid Elizabeth. With such friends it had been no wonder that the police had felt obliged to ask Andrew a number of questions. His customary vagueness, his inevitable nervousness, the flood of eagerly proffered information and invention had created an assumption of guilt with the horrifying speed and destructiveness of a tornado.

And Elizabeth, knowing him to be innocent, was left casting about frantically for some defence.

Rockvale had shaken its head, murmured of misguided loyalty, and offered her support and sympathy, while throwing Andrew to the lions. They could not understand that Elizabeth Ralston fought for what was hers, and Andrew was her husband.

In the end, according to her lawyer, it was her passionate conviction that he was innocent as much as the testimony of the down-and-out grape picker who claimed to have seen Andrew five miles away from the scene of the murder at the crucial moment, that persuaded him to accept a case which appeared lost from the start.

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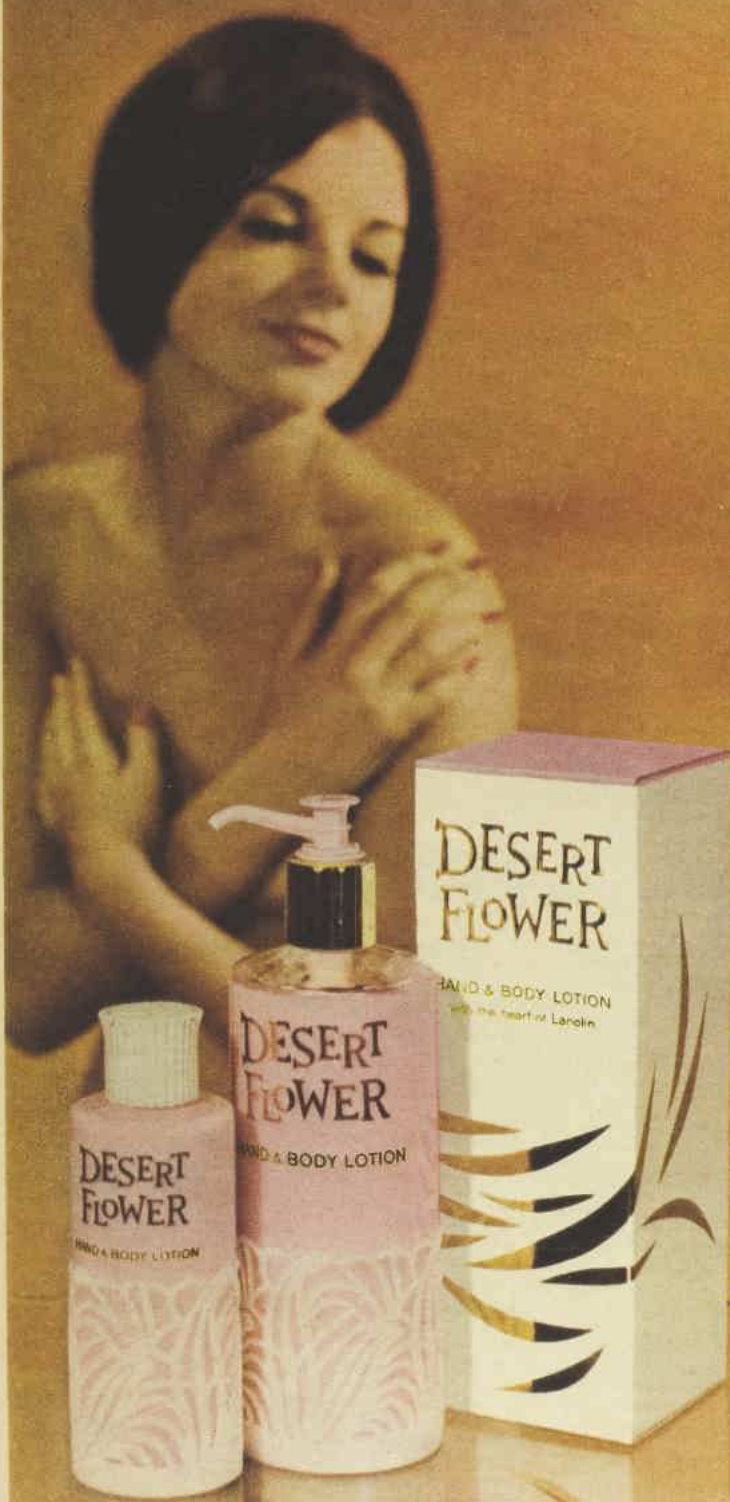
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Page 77

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Growing carnations

● Carnations are vigorous, adaptable, easy to grow, even in salty coastal areas. Handled correctly, they need no staking.

By ALLAN SEALE

CARNATIONS and pinks, botanically, are *Dianthus*, a genus with some 220 species and countless varieties.

The original carnation, *Dianthus caryophyllus*, was recorded as early as 300 BC, a simple, five-petalled little flower with delightful clove perfume, which grew on many sunny hillsides in Southern Europe. It flourished on the cliffs of Normandy, and is believed to have reached England about the time of the Norman Conquest.

Perpetual-flowering carnations of today, which can flower throughout the year, were originally hybrids of *Dianthus caryophyllus* and *D. sinensis*.

WHERE TO PLANT

Carnations need an open, sunny position where air can circulate freely around them, unhemmed by tall plants, walls, or fences, and good, free-draining soil. If necessary, build beds up 6 to 8 in.

If the soil is heavy, work it only when it is damp, and not sticky, then add such as vermiculite, coarse sand, or crushed brick to keep it open.

The same materials will improve fine, sandy soil—especially vermiculite, which helps hold moisture without becoming soggy. Well-rotted compost or manure can be dug in several weeks preplanting.

Lime: Carnations thrive in a well-

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 104



● Bedding carnations, from seed; perfumed, double, and prolific.

limed soil. (Lime also helps to create a crumbly texture.) Unless the soil is already known to be alkaline or naturally limy, add 1 to 1 1/2 cups of garden lime or dolomite to the sq. yd. before planting, and mix in to a 6 in. depth. Rake in a light sprinkling every six months to keep soil content at the right level.

Feeding: A well-balanced, complete plant food with a good percentage of phosphorus and potash, as well as nitrogen, is best. Manures or fertilisers too rich in nitrogen cause sappy growth.

Complete rose foods have the right proportion. Use about 1-3rd cup to the sq. yd. before planting out, preferably mixed with the lime or dolomite.

Every three months, scatter about a tablespoon to the sq. yd. around the plants. In light, sandy soils, use half as much every six weeks.

Plants in sandy soil benefit from wood ash, or ash from garden refuse. Sprinkle over the surface, rake in lightly.

Planting: Let the soil settle down for a week or two after preparation. When planting out, it should be just damp. Space plants about 15 in. apart. Do not plant deeper than the previous soil level on the stem. Leave the soil slightly mounded up to the plant.

As a precaution against fungous disease, spray with zineb or a complete fungicide after planting out, especially during humid weather.

SHAPING THE PLANT

Young carnation plants left unchecked usually run up to a single stem, terminating in a flower bud. Further growth and buds then break from well up on the original stem, and the plant becomes top heavy and sprawls, or must be staked.

If the plant is "stopped" several times by breaking the centre out of new growths, it makes an attractive dome of compact, self-supporting foliage.

Make the first stopping when the plant is 6 in. to 8 in. high. It will have at least six pairs of leaves when the top pair are removed.

Break the top pair out below where they join the stem, taking the centre shoot with them, or growth may continue from the remains of the shoot.

"Stopping" induces new growths from the side of the plant, and these also are stopped after making about six leaf sets.

The shoots which break forth after the second stopping could run up to flower, or be stopped a third time. Stopping delays flowering about three months in warm weather, about five in winter.

When cutting the blooms, take the stems well down, just above where the heavier base growth emerges. Maintain flower size and quality by removing all but the main top bud.

Occasional liquid manuring during flowering will also improve flower quality. Use complete proprietary preparations such as Aquasol, Thrive, Zest, Floragro, etc., for balanced nutrients that will not induce sappy growth.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 105

Watering: In heavier soils, give one good soaking a week. More frequent watering may be needed in sandy soil. Only water when the soil appears dry about 2 in. below the surface.

Cultivating: Cultivate to break the surface crust and destroy weeds; deeper cultivation may damage shallow roots.

RENEWING PLANTS

Carnations are perennials, but vigorous young plants produce the best flowers. Keep new plants coming on from cuttings taken in autumn.

Choose solid shoots from between the higher ones (usually thin and weak) and the lowest ones (too woody).

Push the cuttings off with a slight downward twist. They should come away with a small heel of old stem attached. With a clean razor blade, trim off the whiskers of bark, and each leaf to about half-size.

Clean, coarse sand is the best striking medium. Dibble the cuttings in (use a pencil) to about the depth of the flower leaf, but no deeper than an inch. Firm gently, to make good contact with the sand. A 5 in. pot will take 8 or 9 cuttings firmed around the rim.

Keep shaded

Water well, and keep shaded and away from draughts for about a fortnight. Then allow a little more light, but not open sunlight, for about 4 weeks. When well rooted (6 to 8 weeks), transfer to permanent positions or individual temporary containers.

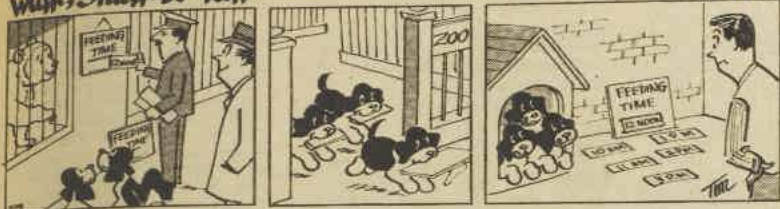
Varieties: So many good carnations are available that it is best to select from nurserymen's or specialist growers' lists. In many garden stores you can select from the display of bloom.

Carnations from seed: Today's reliable seedling strains will give a good bedding show — very double, heavily perfumed, wonderful colors — but generally don't last as well as named varieties. They flower so profusely they tend to exhaust themselves in the first season, and are better treated as annuals. Seed sown now will flower October/November.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



"Don't you think we should be going home?" Andrew's hesitant voice startled her out of her reverie. She was conscious of a sudden rush of impatience — he was always tentative, cautious, nervous.

"Wait for me down by the bridge. I'd like to walk for a while," she said brusquely, aware of being childish. Ignoring his wishes proved nothing except that she could do as she liked, and this she had always known.

She looked at him, sitting in the car with his dark eyes hurt, his sensitive mouth twisted foolishly. How ludicrous even to suspect him of Marcia's murder — yet the valley had him tried, convicted, and hanged long before he came to trial. But then he was the newcomer — Elizabeth Harding's husband — of whom anything could be believed.

FOR a moment she was tempted to slap the narrow face, tear at the crisp curls — anything to produce a positive reaction — and was immediately contrite. "I won't be long," she said more quietly, smiling. "Park the car and come with me — it's lovely out now."

He shook his head violently. "No — no, I'd rather stay in the car. I'll meet you at the bridge."

The starter ground several times; Elizabeth winced as the sleek grey car jerked away from the kerb. She frowned after it, thinking that Andrew's edginess had grown rather than decreased with the ending of the trial; he avoided people, grew emotional over small things. Then she shrugged. He'd get over it in time.

She followed the main street out of the square, her sturdy shoes padding deliberately along the footpath, her straight figure in the business-like blouse and skirt reflected in the shop windows. She felt almost a stranger here where she had grown up. People nodded and smiled, but she

VINTAGE OF REVENGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

sensed a chill. Well, a murder trial was a volcanic event in a country place — she supposed they, too, would get over it.

The tree-lined street curved away before her, crossing the bridge in the middle distance, losing itself in the dark green of the vines. Late afternoon sun lay heavily on the valley, striking a sparkle from a window, shimmering on a stand of poplars, gilding the dust-cloud where a truck moved toward the town. Her vexation died; she was able to greet the man approaching her with honest pleasure.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Editor. How's the 'Courier' these days?"

"Much better for not having our friends all over the front page," John Rogers said cheerily, his bald head shining, his baggy suit edged with gold against the sun. "I imagine there'll be a lot of threads to pick up now?"

She nodded. "We've been living in a kind of vacuum, of course, but it won't take long before everything's the way it used to be."

He looked at her keenly. "Do you really think it will?"

"Of course. The relationship between Andrew and me hasn't altered, and as for the rest of Rockvale —" She shrugged them off.

"That's another thing. Look, I've known you all your life, so I can say this and know you won't take offence." He paused thoughtfully. "Have you thought about what you're going to do now? It isn't going to be easy living here. You might be happier in the city."

She stared at him blankly. "I hoped our — friends — would make it easier."

"I trust your confidence isn't misplaced, my dear," he said soberly.

It was hard to leave the old man's sympathy and walk on alone. She was surprised

at herself; perhaps the coolness of her friends and neighbors had affected her more than she thought. She quickened her stride, looking forward to the peace and solitude of Royleton.

In the shadow of Scots Church the Reverend Mr. Jackson was working in his garden, chastising the aphids; he straightened at the sound of the step and managed an austere smile.

"Ah, Mrs. Ralston. I've been meaning to ring you for several weeks. About the softball team. I hope you'll see your way clear to coach the girls again this year? We're most anxious to have your capable hand at the helm again."

"Of course," she smiled. Hypocrite, she thought. You were just waiting to see how the cat jumped; my capable hands would have been dispensed with if Andrew had been found guilty.

"I'll be delighted." She nodded coolly and walked on. The spire of the church was an admonishing finger against the billowing white clouds that were rising over the rim of the hills.

The car was parked in the shade of a swaying willow beside the mossy hump of the old stone bridge. It must have been stifling in the car, but the windows were all wound up. Exasperated, she climbed in beside Andrew.

"Why on earth didn't you open a window?"

He frowned, not answering. "Let's get home, anyway. Shall I drive?"

"I'll drive." His tone was curt.

"Are you sure you're not too tired?"

"Look, I'm all right. I'm quite capable of driving a car, you know." He ground out his cigarette savagely in the ashtray and reached for the starter.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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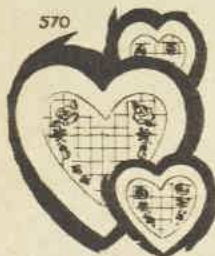
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And it's invisible! So wear it under make-up and it continues to heal and protect day and night to give a radiant, close-up skin beauty.

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LULUBELLE



"But can't you see . . . I'm TIDYING my room!"

"I'm sorry," she said, surprised. He really was absurdly touchy lately.

The car bumped back on to the road, turned toward the hills. Andrew threw the big saloon into the curves with a recklessness she had never seen before.

Why had she married him, she wondered, looking at his sharp profile, the tense mouth, dark hair sprinkled with grey falling over his forehead. It was the attraction of opposites, she supposed; he was gentle, sensitive, intuitive, attracting her against her will from their first meeting. And how frustrating that gentleness could be and that sensitivity when it came to dealing with the hard facts of business life.

For that matter, why had she married at all? Some women made marriage a tower of refuge against loneliness, insecurity, insignifi-

cance. She had felt none of these — for her, marriage was an affirmation of her own strength, a statement of power, a backdrop to the main action of her life, not just a prop to her ego.

The car bounced over the railway crossing, surged up the slope toward the house, between undulating vineyards. Royleton rose before her eyes — long, low, a grey slate roof above a white-posted veranda and the glint of french windows; two enormous Moreton Bay figs framed the house in dark green against the straw-colored hills. Elizabeth felt, as always, a sense of homecoming. Life stretched back into the pioneering past here, and forward to-

VINTAGE OF REVENGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

ward a distant horizon, golden and secure.

After their silent meal, she filled a big crystal jug with fruit juice, jingling with ice, and they sat in the cool drawing-room, looking out over the valley. The twilight was warm and heavy under a murky cover of cloud. She leaned back in her deep chair; the peaceful room, the prosperous landscape with the first lights pricking out lapped her in languid peace, out of which Andrew's voice jolted her with an almost physical shock.

"It's hard to believe that it happened," he said, "When you look at all this." He gestured with his glass toward the valley.

"It's only when you go down — there — among them — that it comes back."

"It happened." Her eyes turned toward the edge of the Harris vineyard, barely visible through the garden trees. "But it's all past now."

"Do you ever wonder if they'll catch the murderer?"

The question startled her. She turned away from the window to stare at him, perched stiffly on the edge of a hard chair.

"Does it matter? They know it wasn't you, and that's all that concerns us."

"What about justice, Liz? Or the fact that a killer is still loose?"

SHE jerked up her chin. "That's a worry for the police."

He got up, walking jerkily about the room, fingering ornaments, running his fingers along the polished surfaces, stroking the dark leather of the chairs. His restlessness ruffled her; she set her teeth.

He stopped by the fireplace, fingers tapping on the marble mantelpiece.

"All through the trial," he said musingly, "all the time I kept thinking — it could have been you. I sent you to tell Marcia I'd be late. I kept thinking — you must have been the last person to see her alive."

A heavy fog of silence lay on the room, through which the nervous tick of the little desk clock was a chattering of teeth in the sudden cold. Elizabeth's throat was paralysed.

"Sometimes I almost said it out loud. Can you imagine it?" He shook his head wonderingly.

"Then I thought of you up there in my place, trapped and desperate like me, and I couldn't do it."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, standing rigid.

"But, then, you wouldn't have felt that way. You have less imagination, you're more straightforward. You would've been planning some very efficient defence where I just sat and howled for mercy inside."

"You didn't tell me you felt like that." The words forced themselves past stiff lips, a husky whisper that came to her own ears as a shout.

"You never asked. You were too busy saving your bookkeeper from hanging."

"That's unfair — it's not true!"

"Well, perhaps it wasn't quite like that," he conceded. "But for all your protestations at the time, there was a kind of long-term coldbloodedness about it. You are coldblooded, you know," he added thoughtfully. "I didn't realise it until I met Marcia. She was warm, alive, female. She made me feel like a man."

Hurt, surprise warmed her face. "Perhaps you should have married someone like her." The trite retort came out in spite of herself.

"No. It was inevitable it would be someone like you — someone strong, competent, settled. A tower of strength."

Elizabeth flinched at this echo of her own conception of herself. He went on, resigned, a little sad.

To page 82

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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BURRAWONG PALM cone "flowers" on driftwood.



PEANUT flowers and reeds form this arrangement.



PUMPKIN SEED flowers with varied material.



HONESTY "roses" (below) have leafy background.

THE decorative arrangements on this page were designed by Mrs. C. Pickett, of Coopernook, N.S.W. Directions are below.

For backgrounds of these dried arrangements, use massed reeds, foliage, ferns, twigs, or just graceful pieces of driftwood.

The pictures at left will give you ideas, but they are suggestions only. Skill and originality will develop with practice. Aim, too, at contrasts and variety in color and texture.

Position your background in sand (dry or wet) with fine wire or needle-holders; then add the "flowers." To hold in place, pour paraffin wax over sand to depth of half an inch.

Palm seed flowers

These colorful Burrawong palm seeds can be pierced easily and wired with strong florist's wire. Use a group of matching seeds to form flower. Wire together and cover stem with crepe paper. If liked, glue in place a calyx of brown crepe paper. Smaller seeds can be used to make smaller flowers. Attach with wire to pieces of curved driftwood.

Other seed heads such as cats' tails, kurrajong pods, Illawarra flame tree pods, and twisted oleander or watsonia seed pods can also be used.

Flowers from peanuts

Select clean, attractively shaped peanuts. Make a hole sideways through stem end of each nut with darning needle or awl. Wire with fine florist's wire as shown in picture. Attach centre of reeds to one nut and secure five wired nuts together. Cover stem made by twisted wires with crepe paper.

Pumpkin seed flowers

Pumpkin seeds make attractive violet - shaped flowers or daisies. They must be fresh. Soak for several hours. Poke a fine piece of wire four to six inches long through each seed and twist wire firmly. Attach small piece of static to one seed for a centre and secure five "petals" in place by twisting fine wires together. Cover twisted wires with crepe paper to make stem.

Honesty "roses"

The silvery leaves of honesty make unusual "roses." Wire each disc carefully with very fine wire, using a darning needle to make holes. Arrange several wired discs to make flowers of desired size.

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SUI/02

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"What I didn't realise was that the love was only on my side. You were satisfied because you had all you needed, and I didn't know what I was missing."

She was angry now. "Oh, really, Andrew! After all I've been through the past few months, all I've done—"

She stopped, conscious of the world shifting dangerously underfoot, and drew a deep breath.

"Look, we're still feeling the effects of the trial. Let's not quarrel. It's all over. There'll be no more fears, no more partings, no more Marcia."

Something of her inner satisfaction must have shown on her face, because he looked at her keenly, his eyes darkening.

"You're glad she's dead, aren't you? You're actually glad!"

She looked up, startled, drawing a deep breath. Then she paused, the conventional lie unspoken.

"I'd be a hypocrite if I pretended I liked Marcia,"

VINTAGE OF REVENGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

she said at length. "I'm glad she's gone, but I certainly never wished her dead."

But had she? She thought back to the morning of the murder. Andrew was called away from home unexpectedly; he had asked Elizabeth to meet Marcia and present his apologies.

The swift sunrise of high summer was past, and the air already warm. Far down the slope she could see a small figure walking toward the Harriss boundary, vanishing behind a row of apricot trees.

Was it only the thought of the coming softball season that had prompted her to snatch up a smooth length of sapling as she passed the woodheap, and swing it idly in one hand as she walked slowly down through her vines?

She sat silent, remembering. Recalling the comfortable heft of the timber in her hand, her abandoned sandals pigeon-

toed on the path's edge, the coolness of the earth between the rows of vines on her bare feet. The providential clatter of the early morning train coming through the cutting had allowed her to come right up to Marcia unheard.

She was staring out across the shadowed valley, spear-slim in scarlet slacks and white shirt, hands on hips, lost in thought.

Elizabeth smiled at the recollection of her balanced softball stance, the delicate aim and withdrawal, the final full-blooded swing of the heavy stick. She heard in her mind the satisfying thud and crack of contact; Marcia's skull must have shattered like porcelain. She saw again the slim body pivot grotesquely from the force of the blow, before sagging to the earth. The winning hit, she thought exultantly, looking down into the blank face.

Then she'd walked calmly, unhurriedly, back to the path, slipping her feet into the sandals. Back at the house she tossed the length of wood into the trash heap, raked the rubbish over it. The scrape of a match, and it burst into bright flame. By the time she finished breakfast there was only a patch of smouldering ash and coals.

An hour later, the foreman, passing that way, had glimpsed a flash of red among the tussocks. And so the nightmare had begun.

Now she was awake again. She reached out impulsively, putting remembrance from her.

"I'm sorry. Perhaps I shouldn't have said that, but it was the truth. I didn't like her, that's all. And now we can pick up the threads and live again."

SHE got up and refilled his glass, ice cubes chiming against the crystal. "You should have walked with me this afternoon. I saw such a lot of people we know."

"I can't bear it," he said. "I can feel them nudging and whispering and peering, behind their blinds and through their hedges and behind my back. They sicken me."

"They'll soon stop," she said easily, sitting down. "When you face them. You know, John Rogers suggested we live in the city, of all things. Run away, in fact — can you imagine it?"

He avoided her eyes, staring into his drink with the corners of his mouth turned down.

"I've been thinking along those lines myself."

"You're joking!" she scoffed. "How on earth could we leave here? And why should we, for that matter? This is our life, our future."

You don't just abandon a place like Royleton."

"We could sell out." His tone was stubborn.

"But Royleton's been in the family for generations."

"Your family, not mine." He drew a long, ragged breath. "In any case, I've made up my mind. I'm going back to Adelaide. You can come or not as you choose."

"Do you mean you'd go without me?"

"Yes." The quiet word hung in the air like the echo of a shot. Elizabeth stared in blank disbelief. His white face was set in the mulish lines she had only seen once or twice before; he stuck tenaciously to any decision he was driven to making.

"You'd leave me?"

"That's up to you. Yes." He put down his glass, straightening his shoulders. He loomed over her, a blank shape against the fading light.

"I'll go down tomorrow and look for a flat. I know you can settle things here without my help. One way or the other."

He turned away.

"Where are you going?" She struggled to pull herself out of the deep chair, feeling the situation careen suddenly out of control, a giddy downhill plunge with only a crash inevitably at the bottom.

"I'm going to pack," he said over his shoulder.

She lurched forward, clutching at the table's edge, intent only on reaching him, filled with a desperate urgency, an unfamiliar panic. The table tipped, the crystal jug toppled and shattered at her feet even as she skidded and fell.

The razor-edged fragments sliced into her shin; for a moment she lay there, arm outstretched toward the

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the special toothbrush



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Page 82

Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 79. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 19, 1967

VINTAGE OF REVENGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

vacant doorway, as if in supplication. In the hollowness of her mind echoed the slam of the wardrobe doors, the thump of a suitcase.

He meant what he'd said, then. In a few minutes her life, her plans had been completely, unexpectedly, unbelievably overturned. She dragged herself up and walked on numb feet to their room. Andrew was tumbling the contents of his bureau into a case.

He glanced briefly at her, leather-backed brushes in his hand.

"You might like to think it over in peace. I'll sleep in the spare room."

She didn't answer. Her mind was a tumult of incredulity and protest. Andrew — this man she had fought for months to save from prison or worse, this man she had intended to live graciously beside for the rest of her life — was leaving her.

All she had done, all she had given, Royleton, herself, had not been enough. Marcia, a threat from without, she had recognised and dealt with; this was destruction from within.

Andrew finished packing; she made no move to stop his walking out of the room. A door along the hall slammed with a ringing echo.

She sat there for a long time, watching the blood trickle down her leg. It occurred to her that she should do something about it, but action was beyond her. In a little while there was a dark, sticky pool on the carpet, reminiscent of something seen before, somewhere else.

She lay down at last. A dull anger began to push the bewilderment aside, creeping down every nerve, banishing the numbness. Out of the fury that came boiling suddenly into her brain an idea came, white-hot, brilliantly clear. There was still something she could do about Andrew.

ABRUPTLY she rolled off the bed, glancing toward the window. It was still dark, but the hills were black against a subtle lightening of the eastern sky. The night, incredibly, was almost past.

She checked her watch — ten minutes before the early train came through the cutting. There was just time.

She put on her cardigan, shivering a little. In the doorway she glanced back at the ruin of her lovely room — the tumbled bed, bedspread dragging on the floor, the bloodstained carpet, drawers and cupboards hanging open. That would do.

She walked heavily down the hall, dragging her feet, scuffing the waxed timber. Here and there blood had splashed from her lacerated leg. At the front door she looked back with a twisted smile.

Movement had started the bleeding again; she ignored it. Down through the vineyard, moving almost dreamily. She could feel blood trickle past her ankle; she imagined it as scarlet splashes on the vine leaves, dark smudges on the dry soil. Her heels dug and twisted in the soft earth, her toes dragged little furrows. She felt dragged with exhaustion, anger, resolve.

In the dimness she blundered into the wire fence that confined the vines above the railway cutting. Her skirt caught on the barbed wire as she scrambled through; she wrenched it free, leaving a long streamer of material

dangling. She stamped her feet in the crumbling earth of the cutting's edge, scarring the ground, breaking down the weeds.

The rumble of the diesel engines came to her ears, a faint humming rose from the rails that shone in the shadows beneath.

Elizabeth lifted her head as she heard the melancholy organ note of the diesel horn reverberating between the rocky walls, the relentless tramp of the wheels drawing rapidly closer.

It was going to need a good deal of explaining, just before she moved — the disorder, the blood, the packed suitcase, another body at the bottom of Andrew's vineyard. And this time there would be no Elizabeth to defend him.

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Mrs. H. WIFE

BOOKING

PLATFORM



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Page 83



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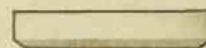
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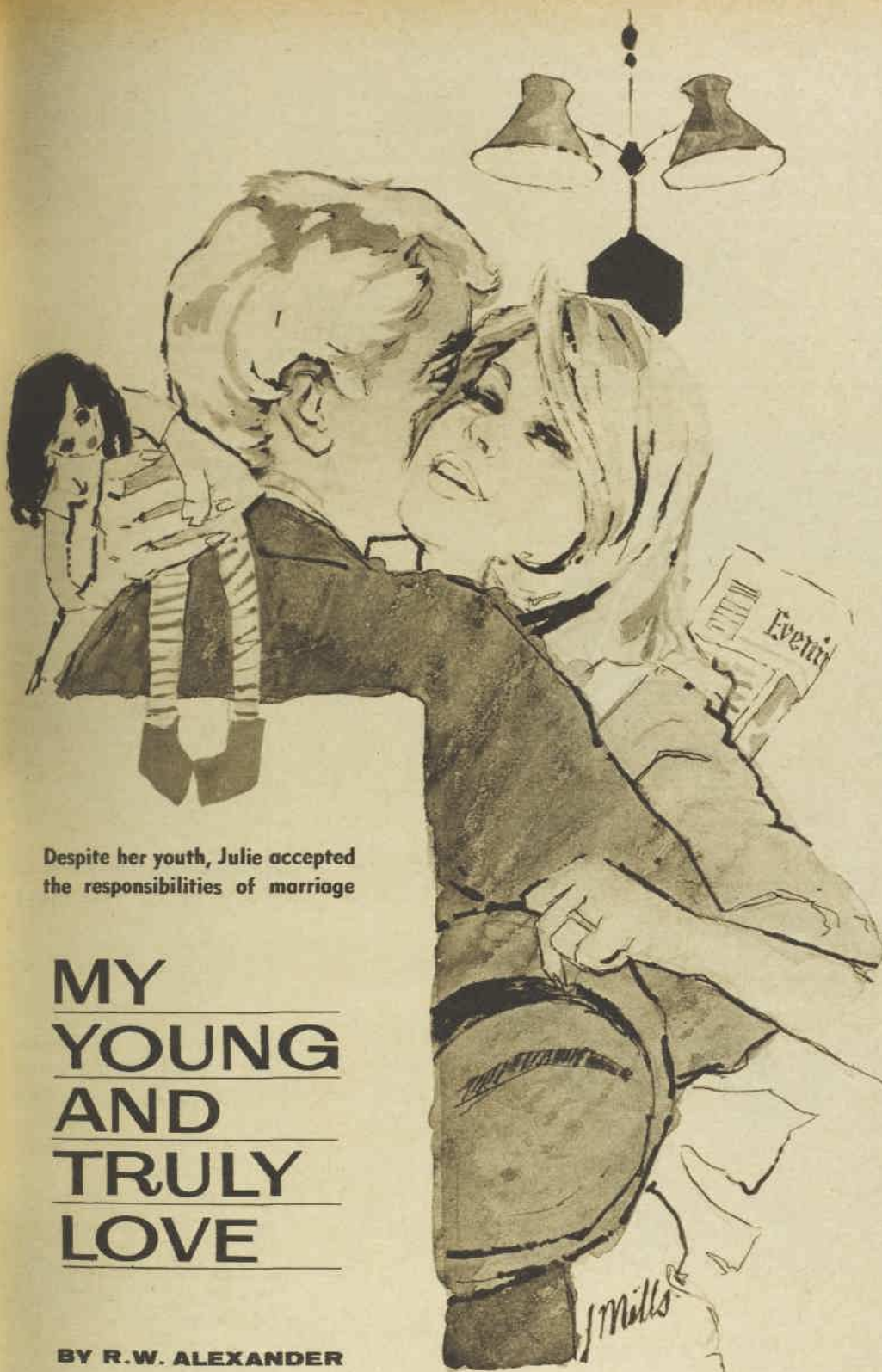


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Despite her youth, Julie accepted the responsibilities of marriage

MY YOUNG AND TRULY LOVE

BY R.W. ALEXANDER

SHE was twenty-two, but today she felt old. She was tired and her head ached and the afternoon seemed as if it would never end. She walked slowly, pushing the baby carriage where her daughter Jennifer, eleven months, sat staring around, drugged and irritable with sleep, but fighting to stay awake. Bobby, three, stubbornly refused her hand and strayed off on his own, stumbling over the grass edging the path.

Not much longer now, she thought. Twenty or thirty minutes in the park and she could head for home. By then Jennifer would be asleep, and with luck Bobby would be tired enough to lie down. Ever since he had come scrambling on to their bed that morning, long before it was time to be awake, he had given her no peace, and she felt she couldn't take much more.

"Hold my hand, Bobby," she said when he came running back to her. But he laughed and shook his head and trotted on in front, making loud train noises. He was bursting with energy and joy in a world laid out solely for his entertainment.

"Bobby!" she called. "Don't go too far!" But he ran on, his sturdy legs pumping.

She sighed and followed, a tall girl with straight fair hair, blue eyes, and a gentle mouth. Julie Mayes,

who had married at eighteen, just out of school, knowing little of herself or of life, certain only that she was in love.

Where the path branched off, Bobby swung to the left toward the lake, ignoring her calls to come back. Quickening her pace, she followed and saw the muddy waters of the artificial pond. An old woman stood by the edge, throwing crumbs to the ducks.

"Bobby, come back here!" Julie called sharply.

He ran on as if he hadn't heard a word, heading for the ducks that had waddled up on to the grass. Wise in the ways of small boys, the ducks hurried back to the water, quacking noisily.

"Bobby!" Julie cried even more sharply. "Come over here!"

But his quarry was almost within reach, or so he thought. Suddenly he slipped and fell forward, face down in the muddy water so that it closed over him; and for an instant only his feet showed above the surface.

Julie let go of the baby carriage and ran across the grass to where her son was struggling, drawing himself out into the deeper water. Already he was too far out for her to reach from the bank.

To page 86

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She stepped into the water and picked him up, and after an agonising instant, when all her being seemed to wait in terror, he got his breath and uttered a cry loud and angry enough to satisfy her that there was little the matter with him. Still breathless with fear, she stood holding him, almost knee-deep in water.

Then, as she turned to step out, she saw the baby carriage come trundling down the slope. In her haste to reach Bobby she had forgotten to put on the brake. Now the buggy lay on its side in the pond and Jennifer hung in the straps, struggling.

Julie uttered one small cry. She tucked Bobby under one arm, and with her free hand heaved the buggy upright and tugged it ashore. She was shaking, almost numb with shock, but doing what

MY YOUNG AND TRULY LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

was needed. She put Bobby down on the ground and got both hands at Jennifer, unbuckled the harness, and lifted her out.

Now Jennifer was crying lustily, so she was all right. Julie turned the buggy on its side and emptied out the water and let it drain out a moment before she righted it and put the children in. She covered them as best she could with the sopping blankets.

And then she became aware of a voice at her elbow.

"All that was your fault," the old woman said; and Julie was shocked by the sad and hopeless eyes looking into her own. "You've got no one to blame but yourself."

"I was so frightened," Julie said shakily. "So terribly frightened." She tried to fight the resentment rising in her.

"You young girls are all the same," the woman said. "Too young for marriage. Too young to take care of your children." Shaking her head, she stared for a moment at the buggy and its wailing load, then she turned and walked away.

Julie got them back on the path. "It was all Mummy's fault," she soothed as she pushed the buggy along, a trail of water lengthening behind her. "All Mummy's fault. But everything's all right now; you're not hurt at all. You're

not even frightened, just a little wet; and we'll be home in a few minutes. You're such good children not to cry."

They were only sobbing now, and soon even that ended and Bobby was smiling again — uncertainly, true, but it was still a smile. But Julie herself was crying, deep inside where it didn't show. Not because her shoes were ruined; or because a steady trickle of water drained from the buggy, splattering her ankles, and the blankets were dirty and the upholstery was soaked through and through.

It was the thought of what the old woman had said that hurt more than anything, now that the children were safe — because the old woman had only echoed what was in her own mind.

But first she had to get the children out of their wet clothes and give them both baths and put them to bed. Then she could think of herself.

In the warm water, the children laughed and splashed about. They were themselves again; the afternoon was forgotten. Their small bodies were so beautiful, Julie thought fleetingly. She lifted her children out and dried them and got them to bed, and in a moment Jennifer was asleep.

"Go to sleep," Julie whispered to Bobby, drawing up his blankets.

He made a small soft sound of laughter and sat up suddenly, reaching for his teddy bear on the table. She gave it to him and he lay back down, half laughing to himself, fighting sleep. Julie knew if she left him he might climb out of his crib and waken Jennifer. She would have to stay until he slept.

She sat down wearily and took off her shoes and stockings. She thought now of what the old woman had said, and the sting of every word came back, and all the sadness, too.

Was it true? she wondered. At eighteen, had she been too young for marriage, for children? She knew she had married because she was in love, not for the sake of the children that might come. And when they had come she had welcomed them; but had she really been ready for them?

SHE had been in love, and it had seemed so right and natural to marry. And she was still in love; but now she had three to love, not just one.

"Mummy!" Bobby's whisper was so low she could scarcely hear it.

FROM THE BIBLE

● I urge you, then — I who am a prisoner because I serve the Lord — live a life that measures up to the standard God set when He called you.

— Ephesians 4: 1.

(Today's English Version)

"Hush!" she said softly. "Go to sleep now, Bobby."

"Mummy!"

She stood up and bent over the crib and looked at her son. He was half asleep, smiling dreamily at her, reaching up with one small hand; and in his smile and that gesture were such unbounded love and trust that she was filled with a sudden wonderful warmth; and in that instant all her doubts went away.

Here was her answer, in her child, born of her love. She bent lower and kissed him.

"If I had waited," she whispered, "where would you be now? Oh, Bobby, where would you be?" His heavy eyelids drooped, hiding the blue eyes. "Go to sleep," Julie said very softly. "You're here. You're mine. I brought you here. Could that be wrong?"

She stood watching her children as they slept. They were such a part of her small world — what would there be without them? And suddenly she felt very sorry for the old woman, who perhaps had waited too long and lost her chance, and so let life go by.

While she was standing there a key turned in the lock. She went out quickly. Tim was home. She slipped into his arms and felt them strong around her, and took comfort in his kiss. Then he held her away and looked at her, as if he had read something in her expression.

"Everything all right?" her husband said.

"Everything," she told him, feeling with all her being the truth of what she was saying. "Everything's fine."

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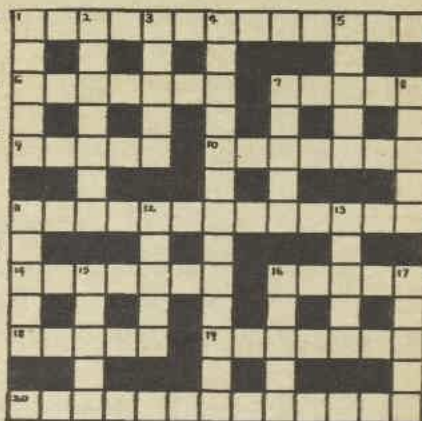
THE CHIEFS of the underworld are summoned to a hotel room and are offered two hours of complete darkness—in return for two million dollars in cash. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This Yuletide symbol may bring you the merriest chats (9, 4).
6. Languages of this type were developed from Latin (7).
7. Shropshire (5).
9. A rated craft (5).
10. A citizen of a new republic since 1948 in S.W. Asia (7).
11. Questioning tiger in a voter (13).
14. This plant could be a big one (7).
16. It sounds very old, but it is only grotesque (5).
18. Shirk (5).
19. Rests in intercalations (7).
20. This whip is not from the Isle of Man (3, 1, 4, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. A measure of weight (5).
2. Rearing (7).
3. From the time that, mostly nice (5).
4. Parapet with a series of apertures for dropping stones, etc., on assailants may claim China, too. (13).
5. Furrow on the moon's surface with sick inside (5).
7. Err as a saw-like structure (5).
8. Betting odds with frozen ending (5).
11. Tinge deeply (5).
12. Set in a row with the help of a veteran general (5).
13. Bury (5).
15. Bestow formally (5).
16. Item of property including a donkey (5).
17. Outer protective coverings (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.



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